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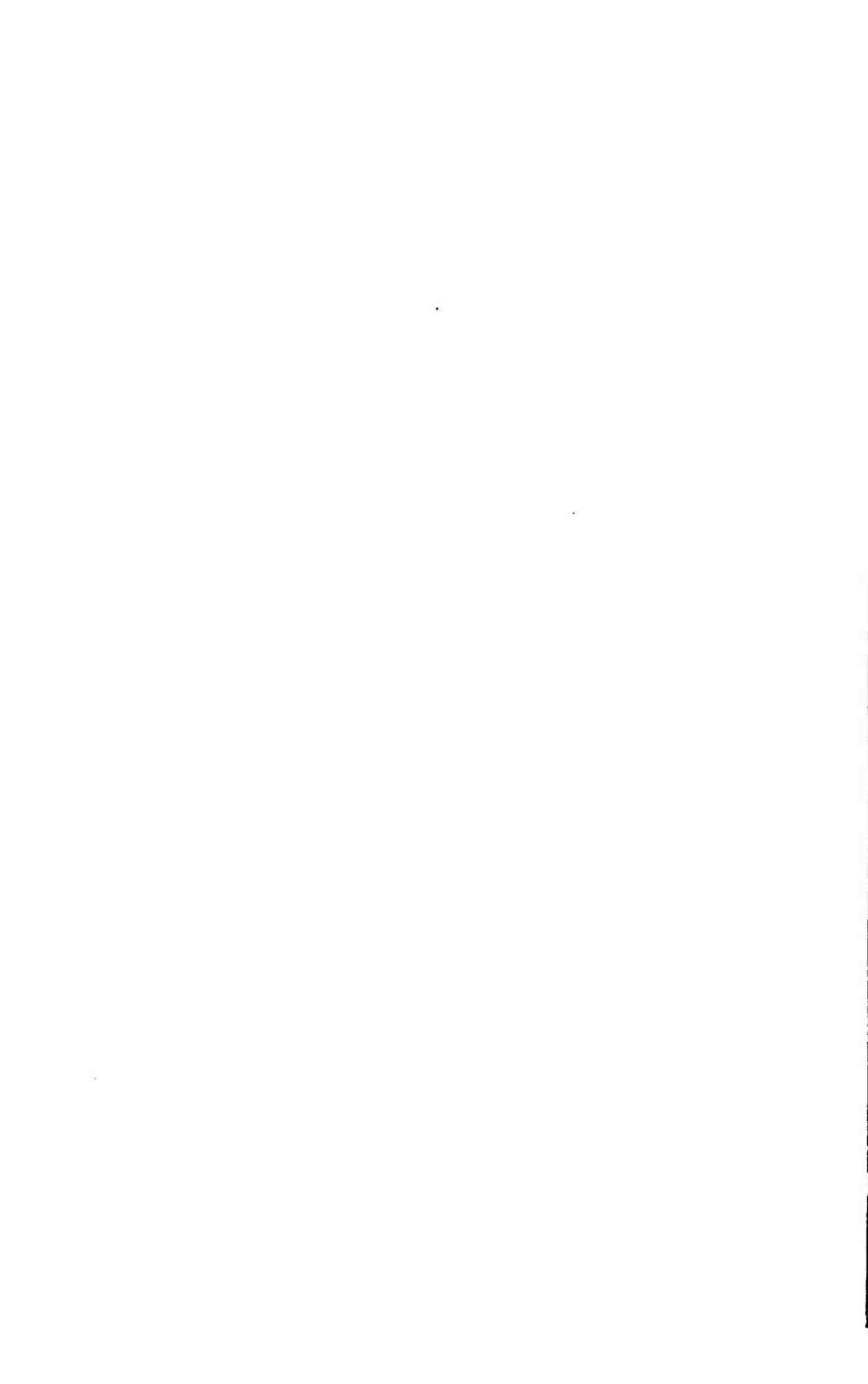
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THE
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JULY, SEPTEMBER, NOVEMBER, 1865.

"Porro si sapientia Deus est, verus philosophus est amator Dei." — ST. AUGUSTINE.

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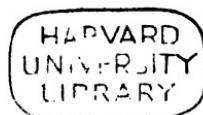
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J U L Y, 1865.

¹¹ *Potes si sapientia Dei est, verus philosophus est amans Dei.*¹² — St. AUGUSTINE.

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THE Proprietors of THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER respectfully invite attention to the following features of their Journal:—

1. Its position, held now for more than *forty years*, as the leading organ of Liberal Theology in this country.
2. Its range of topics, including the entire field of Philosophy and General Literature, together with Political and Social Ethics, and enlisting many of the ablest American writers of various professions and denominations.
3. Its series of brief articles, addressed chiefly to the conscience and religious feeling, and designed to illustrate the Method and Spirit of an unsectarian Piety.
4. Its Review of Current Literature, designed not only to contain a body of fair and independent criticism, but to include, so far as possible, some account of every important publication, or discussion, or discovery, at home or abroad, which denotes a distinct step of intellectual or scientific progress.
5. Its classified List of Recent Publications,—depending for its completeness on the liberality of publishers,—containing numerous brief notes intended as a guide to readers and purchasers of books.

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THE
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ART. I.—THE DRIFT PERIOD IN THEOLOGY.

1. *The Religious Demands of the Age.* By FRANCES POWER COBBE.
Boston : Walker, Fuller, & Co.
2. *Broken Lights; or, Inquiry into the Present Condition and Future Prospects of Religious Faith.* By the same Author. London : Trübner & Co.
3. *Thoughts in Aid of Faith, gathered chiefly from Recent Works in Philosophy and Theology.* By SARA S. HENNEL. London : George Manwaring.

GEOLOGISTS tell us of the Drift period in the formation of the earth's crust,—a period very indefinite in extent, though distinctly enough marked as to character. When it began cannot be told; when it will end cannot be told: but the importance of it is conceded to be immense. Some of the most marked features of the globe are traceable to it, and the way in which they were effected is even now visible broadly on the face of the planet. The sands of the desert, driven in vast masses before the powerful winds, have, in the course of ages, grooved or levelled large portions of the crust of the globe. Rivers have carried the uplands to the lowlands, and have cast mountains into the sea, as they rolled through thousands of miles of territory. Glaciers have taken rocks on their icy bosoms, and borne them far away to distant regions; effecting changes that, until recently, baffled the

cunning of scientific men. The flow and reflux of mighty ocean-tides, the advance and retreat of tremendous floods, the movements of sea margins,—all going forward through myriads of years,—wrought their wonders of destruction and construction silently and slowly, to the amazement of modern men. The marks of their action differ much in different parts of the globe, as the materials on which they worked differed; but the general characteristics are the same everywhere. They all indicate the action of drift, not the action of volcano.

In this respect, as in so many others, there is a close analogy between the intellectual and the physical creation. There is a Drift period in the geological history of the mind. There is a Drift period in the soul. We are in the midst of such a period now: we have always been in the midst of such a period; but now the signs of it are more conspicuous than they have been hitherto. In past epochs, the volcanic agency has been prominent. There have been great eruptions of hot, passionate thought, in which the under-world was belched out in huge volumes of liquid fire; the burning torrents of lava were poured over the cultivated fields of peaceful speculation, and the villages where tranquil people lived in the olden memory and faith were consumed. Men like Abelard, Wiclif, Savonarola, Huss, Luther, and their precursors, contemporaries, and successors, were the *Ætna*, the *Vesuvius*, the *Hecla*, or *Stromboli* of the religious world. They were vent-holes for the hidden fires. The changes they wrought were of the nature of revolutions. They modified the surface of the theological world by a sudden shock in the course of a few years. Through them ideas burst violently through the crust of the ecclesiastical and metaphysical world, and tossed the creeds of men about in wild confusion. They made around themselves first a desolation, then a garden. But the alterations which they produced were, after all, more conspicuous than radical. The mightiest changes were not of their effecting.

The volcanic period in thought seems to have ended. The drift period has come in. Quiet movements have succeeded

to violent eruptions. Changes come evenly, tranquilly, slowly; but they come powerfully, and with uninterrupted action. The intellectual period we allude to betrays its character by signs which cannot be misunderstood, and which are too palpable to be overlooked. It is remarkable, in the first place, that the intellectual, or, if we please to call it so, the spiritual movement of our generation is *universal*; not limited to particular countries, not confined in special channels, but covering the whole surface of the civilized globe. It is visible in both hemispheres. Europe and America equally manifest it. No matter where one may be,—in the United States, in England, in France, in Austria, Italy, Russia, Spain,—even, as Miss Cobbe tells us, in the oriental world of Brahminism and Islam,—the silent changes go on with the same character and intent. The same forces are impelling in the same direction. There is a wonderful omnipresence of ideas,—a startling ubiquity of thought and experience. The same questions are asked, and the same answers are given to them, at nearly the same instant, in all the parts of the globe, where men think. The mass moves.

The movement is not confined to any religious party. We often speak of the liberal school in theology. But every church has its liberal school. Every creed has its body of liberal interpreters. Every sect has its dissenters. Unitarianism, at the late convention in New York, looked very compact and stationary. The one hundred and ninety-five churches set their faces firmly against any innovation in thought or in phrase, liberalism was solemnly frowned down, and the movement party was somewhat urgently repudiated. But the individual members of the convention felt hurt when this was said; declared that it was not true; insisted that the meetings had been misunderstood; that the whole spirit of the occasion was progressive and forward-looking. There appeared to be no movement in the mass; but the particles were all astir. The body was full of unrest, and was unconsciously drifting towards the very liberalism it abhorred.

Every sect in Protestantism has its two schools,—its old and its new school: they cannot separate; and the new

school predicts the destiny of the old. The definitions must be defined, and those definitions must be defined again; and each definition places the truth in a position different from the last. Ideas detach themselves from their local connections. Doctrines slip from their moorings, and float quietly to other landing-places. Words and phrases get loosened from their associations, and lodged in the neighborhood of other thoughts. Creeds insensibly become transported from one region of the mind to another;—from understanding to imagination, from reason to prejudice, from faith to fancy; and take on very different hues as they pass through the several phases of their progress. The same doctrines are maintained, if we may credit the forms of speech; but they change color and texture as much as an iceberg does in passing from arctic to tropical seas. How does the Trinity look in the zone of philosophical speculation which it has at present reached? Does modern sentiment produce no effect on the dogma of total depravity? Has the mental friction of the last half-century modified in no degree the shape of the conception of the Christ? Does the Bible read the same by the light of our skies as it did while it lay open under the cloudy heavens of the dark ages? Men, afloat on their ark of theology, fancy the shores rushing past them, as they lie stationary on the stream of Truth; but the stationary thing is the shore. It is they that move.

In a recent article, we spoke of the Roman Church as drifting with the rest on the bosom of "thought's coursing stream," and as confessing, through her own sins, the fatal power of the movement that bore on in the direction whither the spirit of the age is driving. An anonymous reviewer thought it worth his while to combat that, and protested earnestly against the charge that the Roman Church shared in the instability of the rest of Christendom. But protest is not argument, nor is assertion evidence, nor are insinuations proof. Solemn prediction of the danger of following certain courses are, as we all know, very feeble guarantees that the "certain courses" are not pursued by those who make the predictions. The writer failed to meet our points: he

did not so much as approach our positions. He convinced us, indeed, that the Church stood, in one respect, where it had stood of old; that it was as perverse as ever in making assertions against Protestantism, and as stubborn as ever in overlooking any assertions made against itself. If there are such things as facts, and if facts are of validity in the history of the Roman Church as well as elsewhere, it is true, that even that massive and immense organization feels the force of the drift movement to which European thought is yielding. We think we are not mistaken in affirming, that there is a Catholic party in England which makes endeavor to reconcile the dogmas of the Church with the philosophy of the nineteenth century. We believe that this party had an organ, entitled "The Home and Foreign Review," and that this organ declared the opinions of the new Catholic Church.

Of the Roman Church in France, George Sand, in the preface to "Mademoiselle La Quintinie," says, "This new Church, whose countless ramifications run all over and through France, stifling and gagging the simple who stand in its way,—marching, singing, praying, mocking, insulting,—does not know what it believes, perhaps believes nothing. Ask it if it believes in the necessity of industrial progress; ask what it thinks of the benefits of science, of family rights, and so forth,—it will appear at once remarkably tolerant. For this new Church is, in spite of every thing, bound to human progress by habit, by affection, and, above all, by interest. It should live and flourish by enlarging its sphere, and making ample provision for its material well-being. You need not expect Christian renunciation from it, or Catholic austerity, or the resignation of things earthly, or the complete denial of self prescribed by the primitive Church."

In America, the Paulist Fathers give their annual volume of sermons to a Protestant publisher, and tell the world, in their pages, that Christians may be saved out of the Catholic Church; that voluntary sin alone damns; that the New-Testament descriptions of hell are figurative; and that there is no such place as heaven.

In fact, to say that any portion of the religious world in

Europe or America stands unaffected by the movement of the times is equivalent to saying, that that portion of the religious world has lost its vitality. For the whole intelligence of Europe and America is sliding. It is not in any one department of mental activity that the advance is apparent: it is in every department. And all the departments are run together. The layers are superimposed, and overlap. The geological peculiarities are intermingled. Every feature of soil and climate is found everywhere. We find saurian and mastodon far away from their natural regions, and we discover marine shells far inland. There is a very promiscuous shifting and shuffling of products. We may pick up our specimens at random, and they tell us the whole history of the period to which they belong. Open a work of fiction, and there is the last heresy in religion. Turn over the pages of a scientific treatise, and you speedily come across the latest discovery in theology. Take up a volume of poetry, and imbedded in the lines will be discovered fragments of metaphysical speculation, bits of spiritual philosophy, the newest flora of ecclesiasticism. Peruse a scientific essay, and the rocks there will be found scratched by the dogmas that have passed that way; and, between the stones, the delicate fibres of some leaf of mysticism may be detected. Whatever field one explores, he explores all fields; for the elements are so interspersed that they cannot be separated.

It is another characteristic of our theological period, that the movement goes on under the action of general forces, working with spontaneous and unpremeditated power. The advance is made as of itself, with a seemingly blind and unintelligent impetus; slow and clumsy, but irresistible. There are no leaders who gather disciples from schools, organize opinions, and direct thought in specific channels. The masses carry the teachers, rather than the teachers the masses. The great minds are collectors and distributors more than originators, interpreters more than discoverers, expositors more than creators. Martineau is a great mind, but he has no school: he either gives eloquent expression to thoughts which have been long entertained by spiritual minds; or he gives

brilliant exposition of ideas native to some foreign clime, and not yet domesticated in England. Parker looked more like a leader than any other in this country. But Parker was no original creator of opinion. We see now that his great influence was due to his powerful personality quite as much as to his ideas; that he founded no school; that, after all, he did little more than give mighty voice to thoughts and sentiments which had long been seething in the popular heart. He was one of the boulders borne on the glacier's bosom, not the glacier itself. He moved with the current, and in the same precise direction as all the rest. The Broad-Church-of-England men, Maurice, Jowett, Stanley, Williams, and the rest, are reporters, not creators. They indicate the depth and width of the stream; but they do not start it, nor do they turn it far aside. Herbert Spencer is an expositor, a wonderful expositor to be sure; still an expositor of the ideas of a large class of scientific men who have been studying and speculating for years. We have no Abelards or Luthers to-day, who initiate new and startling movements, break out upon the world with grand jets of genius, and congregate men around themselves and around their system. The impelling forces are universal, not individual; as, in a period of such general movement, we should expect that they would be. Stuart Mill is disposed to complain of this: he thinks it a sad omen for the future, that great individualities no more stand out conspicuous above the multitude, educating, swaying, and governing them. But this is one of the features of the period, and as such it is to be accepted as good. We take his word, however, in evidence merely of the fact that it is so; that we are in a drift, and not in a volcanic epoch. Thinkers move with the mass, and in consequence of its moving. The method of the divine grace may be defined as a *transpiration*, as distinguished from the method of inspiration which other ages illustrated.

The grand movements of modern thought in religion, as in every thing else, are started by the action of universal forces. One of these, not the principal one by any means, though in time it may become so, is popular education. The instruction

of large bodies of the people in letters, the training of the mental powers even to a low average of discipline, the opening of science and literature and practical knowledge to even an ordinary degree, effects a change in the whole intellectual and spiritual attitude of the people which cannot be overestimated. Nothing less than a new world is opened, and the whole mind awakes to the admiration of its beauty and the exploration of its wonder. A knowledge of the alphabet shakes prejudice to its foundations, and undermines all theology. It is not so much that people doubt and deny, as that they lose their interest, and forget. The older thoughts are not repudiated: they are outgrown. Instituted ideas are not discarded: they are set adrift. The book, the magazine, the pamphlet, the newspaper, are all so many levers which the mind, instructed in the alphabet, uses to pry dogmas from their resting-place, and unseat the mighty masses of creed which have lain for centuries, like portions of the mind's primeval structure, on the surface of intelligence. There is no intention to disturb or dislocate the existing order, on the part of the world's educators. They may purpose something exactly the reverse of that. Their motive in educating the people may be to make them conservative of established thoughts. But the effect is always unsettling. The mind cannot move without moving whatever lies on the surface of the mind. ●

A more powerful disorganizer than education is the active intelligence which is generated by universal industry. Nothing quickens the intellectual faculties like the work that calls on them, and uses them. An industrial age, in which all men must earn their own livelihood, and in which all men of genius, talent, perseverance, may become distinguished, will inevitably be an age of inquiry, of experiment, of inventive resource, and quickness of self-reliance and self-assertion; and these qualities will not be limited to any sphere. The mind that thinks for itself will think for itself on all subjects. The will that asserts its own independence will assert its independence in every sphere. The reason that moves freely amid sensuous objects will soon insist on moving freely amid

supersensuous objects; and one kind of authority will be as easily dislodged as another. No aggressive temper need come in. As the tide of intelligence rises, Church and Creed will be lifted from the Rock of Ages, whereon they seemed to repose, and will begin to float lightly down stream. Facilities of communication assist this tendency of general intelligence. The railway, the cheap postal system, the frequent lines of steamships from place to place, rapid regulations of trade, local and national exchanges, the electric telegraph, are so many conductors by which these funds of intelligence are equalized and distributed, and the great stream of thought widened.

With these grand agencies, local agencies conspire. The central stream has tributaries. In Germany, the political system that prevailed drove men of large capacity for thought into the fields of speculative inquiry, abstruse philosophy, criticism. The consequence was that an immense force of intellect was brought to bear directly on the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments. The industry, patience, research, sagacity, genius, that in other countries are turned to practical affairs, spent themselves in historical and literary investigations. Eichhorn, De Wette, Paulus, Strauss, Schwegler, Baur, and the rest, put their shoulders against Church, Creed, Bible, and pushed them out into the current of general thought. They started with no purpose of unsettling the traditions of Christendom. They did not deliberately meditate the loosening of any bonds or associations. Their work was done because it was the only work they were permitted to do. They did it to save their sanity; and they were rather disturbed than otherwise when it came to them, that they were detaching any portion of the common people from their landmarks of faith. The state of society in Germany is responsible for "The Life of Jesus," "The Post-apostolic Age," the "Theologische Jahrbücher." But the movement now started went on till it affected the whole intellectual world, and heaved the old Bible everywhere from its place in the regards of thoughtful men.

In France, the scientific spirit spread through all depart-

ments of literature, and produced a school of rationalism peculiar to the genius of the French people. Entirely different from that of Germany, more plain, practical, realistic, but even more fatal than that to the stability of ecclesiastical and dogmatical traditions, M. Renan had no purpose to set forth a new view of Jesus, or a new theory of the composition of the New Testament. Nothing was further from his mind than the idea of putting himself in opposition to the religious authorities. He was a student of the Oriental languages and literatures,—a scientific student. The course of his studies led him to the New Testament, and he wrote his "Vie de Jésus." Under the pressure of literary necessity, under the destiny of the French mind, he was almost as much surprised, apparently, at finding himself writing it as others were to finding it written. The "Strasburg school" is equally a child of the region and the century. It could have had no other parentage, and it was necessary that it should be born in its time.

In England, a great middle class—active, intelligent, inquiring, reading, thinking—arose, felt the limitations of the national Church and Creed pressing against them at several points, became restive under the imposed authority, broke away in different forms of dissent, started native schools of speculation,—“Secularism,” “Rationalism,”—and set the popular English mind afloat on a sea of opinions over which the winds of political and social agitation were continually blowing. At the same time, a class of professional scholars, fellows of the universities, having nothing to do but read and criticise, reproduced the scholarship and criticism of Germany in certain “Essays and Reviews,” and launched the Church on the tides of popular thought and life. The “Broad Church” of England is simply the Church afloat on the times, and drifting with the currents of the working intellect of the age. It is the Church dragged into the stream of modern history, modern reform, modern science, modern practical experience. It is the Church unmoored from the safe shores of the Past, and borne no man can say whither.

In America, the unrestrained liberty of the people in all the departments of life, their complete emancipation from establishments and traditions, their entire absorption in practical pursuits, their general and eager intelligence, their daring enterprise, their inexhaustible impulse, their fertility, their self-reliance, have wrought an insensible change in all habits of mind, usage, and feeling. Nothing can stand still in the powerful current of their common energy. Disintegration goes forward everywhere. The people are not unreligious; on the contrary, they are "very religious;" but they are always desiring "some new thing." The word "progress" is continually on their lips. They move all over. While the feet run, the soul runs also. They carry their houses with them. The Americans are driven by the Spirit, and go whither they know not. They are, under Providence, men of destiny, hardly knowing what they mean, what they wish, what they believe, or what they worship. They drift in masses, the sport, apparently, of the winds which blow where they list. They are irresponsible for their creed. They "believe as they go along;" and they go along so fast that it is not easy at any moment to say, "Lo here!" or "Lo there!" The masses distance the leaders. The teachers toil on after pupils. The guides follow, and bring up the rear. Nobody can talk fast enough to say what is in the people's mind. They feel further than he sees. The great elements of influence travel and impel more rapidly than individual thinkers can march. Trained, cultivated, and careful thought must act the part of conservative. The minds that go in advance of the great public, and seem to guide it, are minds that are more sensitive than the rest to the finer currents of thought that permeate and control the century; minds more readily detached from their old connections, more responsive to breaths of air, and more nimble in following out the direction that is appointed.

Besides such general influences as we have mentioned, incidental and special influences come in. We will say nothing about the antislavery movement, the effect of which has been so apparent in modifying the theological opinions, and

breaking up the ecclesiastical relations, of great multitudes of the people. It is now clearly understood, at least by all readers of the "Examiner," that the rushing of the mighty wind of moral reform into the hot vacuum of the South has made dogmas and opinions swirl about fearfully, and has driven crowds away from stationary and stubborn establishments. Orthodoxy has had no more formidable foe than reform, which, at the start, was fully Orthodox itself. The earthquake that shook the Church was an agitation which hoped to make the Church Christian. More potent in its disintegrating power than reform, was the phenomenon called "Spiritualism." The effect of this phenomenon was amazing. It generated currents of air which swept the land like a tornado, carrying all before them. Never did such vast and radical results proceed from a cause apparently so slight. The theological atmosphere was seemingly still. The communions were unbroken. The sects maintained their integrity. The people looked stupidly acquiescent in the doctrines that were taught them by their clergy. No signs forboded a slide. Unitarianism and Universalism were unpopular. Disbelief was unpopular. The religious life of the masses presented an exception to all their other life. Intellect, feeling, conscience, faith, hope, love, were active in every field save that of the spirit. The soul was lethargic. No new ideas on spiritual things were in vogue. All on a sudden the "rappings" are heard, tables begin to tip, mahogany vibrates, and one whole side of the calm mountain of the common mind comes down in fierce avalanche, and rushes across the continent, depopulating churches, desolating homes of faith, scattering communions, burying shrines, and covering the fair gardens of religion with heaps of ruin. There seemed no very visible connection here between cause and effect; but the rationale of the movement is, after all, obvious enough.

The spiritual calmness we have described above as existing in the churches existed only in appearance. The churches were undermined by indifference, doubt, and silent disbelief. Great bodies of the popular intelligence were ready to become dislodged from the accepted faith, and waited but the

jostle which should effect the dislodgement. A new growth of opinion, almost a new philosophy of divine and human things, had been coming up beneath the existing habits of thought, till those habits were scarcely more than a crust over the fresh earth, and very little disturbance was necessary to remove it. The rappings and tippings furnished the needful occasion, and started the mass. The popular mind, always credulous, and inclined to superstition, always craving the supernatural, jumped at the inference that a spiritual agency was at work; that intelligences of another sphere had found access to this, had instituted means of communication with mortals, had torn away the veil, had broken down the partition, and made the next world and this world one.

The fact, imaginary or otherwise, the inference, just or not, moved the received theology to its foundations, unseated every dogma, made the churches tremble, and set the creeds driving headlong down stream. For the establishment of communication between this world and the next contradicted at once the Orthodox assumption, that those worlds were separated by an impassable gulf; that probation ended with this term of being, and that retribution began with the opening of the other; that this world was one of trial, and the other was a world of doom. Both worlds ran together. Both lives ran together. The thread of existence was not snapped by the grave. Death made no break. Existence simply went on in another sphere; and progress, development, was its law. Thought, affection, sentiment, remained unimpaired. Consciousness was not suspended. Vital ties were not weakened. There was a family in heaven and in earth. Of course, hell was abolished. Eternal punishment was abolished. Punishment, in the vulgar sense of retributive suffering, was abolished. This world and its relations were legitimated at once. The Devil was cast out of it. The curse was removed. What became now of the depravity of human nature? What became of the atoning sacrifice? What became of the deity of Christ? What became of the sacraments, and other appliances for securing the salvation

of souls? What became of the priesthood? Clearly every dogma had received a shock. The cords of tradition were all cut at a stroke: the axe was laid at the root of the tree, and down it came. No matter what the spirits revealed, or whether they revealed any thing. The communication might be important or unimportant, wise or foolish. It made no difference. The spirits were there, in that room; not shut up in an inaccessible heaven or in an inaccessible hell. They were there; there was no gulf between. The illusion of ages was dispelled in an instant; and the popular mind broke away from its ancient beliefs, or carried its ancient beliefs with it into new climates, where the substance of them was decomposed by the light and air. The effect which Spiritualism has produced on the spiritual life of America cannot be exaggerated in language. It is very indefinite; but it is very profound. It has caused a stir and ferment in the whole religious mind. Believers in Spiritualism are found in all sects; but, wherever they are, the position of the sect is totally changed. A new view of truth prevails. Dogmas are set in a novel light, and theology is found many leagues removed from its ancient localities.

If we inquire for definite and positive results, it must be confessed that they are hard to find. The Drift period exhibits the process of becoming. The products will appear by and by. Spiritualism has done much to clear away the old theologies, and make an open field for speculation. It has not only covered the intellectual plain with ruins, but it has succeeded to a great degree in removing the ruins it has made. It has set the mind free, as well as laid a course for it to travel over. Spiritualists are open to new ideas, are eager for them, are sure they can be attained. Their prejudices are gone, their connections are dissolved, their memories are dissipated. If the movement had done nothing more than give the intellect, the faith, the hope of man, a fair opportunity to revise their records, recover their breath, and re-adjust their relations with the Infinite, it would have conferred an inestimable benefit on us. If it had given us no new ideas, but only demolished old ones more effectually than

any other agency had done, we should be grateful to it for evermore. When we consider the spirit in which it has done this,—the spirit of aspiration and glad courage,—we are sure that it has more than justified its existence.

How far it has succeeded in doing more than this will be a debated point. Spiritualists have no accepted creed, though their unisons of faith are neither few nor unimportant. The several schools that exist indicate pretty plainly the different estimates of value that are put on the movement by its friends; but they do not indicate any radical discrepancy in doctrines. Some prize their belief for the opportunity it gives them of keeping up intercourse with their departed. It is a source of consolation in loneliness and sorrow, a guarantee of life beyond the grave, a pledge of perpetuity for their personal affections and their social relations, a comforting assurance of the vitality of their organic feelings, and the nearness of the spiritual sphere. Others, less interested in this aspect of the faith, look for revelations of truth from the spiritual world; take down communications from the spirits on questions of social, moral, and philosophical interest; and hope to publish a complete system of knowledge dictated by the sages of all time. Others, again, satiated with the first of these satisfactions, and hopeless, perhaps, of attaining much from the second process, content themselves with developing the general ideas suggested by the movement. They devote themselves to the study of the laws of order, harmony, and progress in the world of matter and of mind. These different schools pursue very different methods, and interest themselves in very different lines of thought; but they do not necessarily differ. They may hold a great variety of beliefs; and yet their beliefs, so far as they go, may coalesce.

In 1856, a patient believer in the revelations from the other world made what he considered a fair digest of the principal doctrines put forth in ninety-nine one-hundredths of the communications of trustworthy spirits throughout the country. This summary was contained in seven very general articles:—

1. There is one only God, an infinite Spirit and the Father of spirits, loving all, and unceasingly promoting their good.

2. All human beings are, as internally constituted, spirits, who, after death, continue their distinct, conscious spiritual identity; having bodies, forms, and properties as obviously cognizable to each other and distinguishable from each other as those in the flesh.

3. All human beings possess certain qualities, partly constitutional, partly incidental, and partly acquired, which, for the time being, determine their real character, and the degree of their approach to the divine standard of perfection. And the sphere in which a person happens to be at death is the sphere he enters the moment he resumes his consciousness in the spirit-world. He takes up the next life where he drops this.

4. There are seven spheres, inferior to the celestial; and each sphere has several degrees. Man is by nature capable of progress, from lower to higher spheres, under certain moral and spiritual laws. Death does not change a man's character, nor the sphere to which he belongs, nor his capability to make progress, nor the laws under which progress is effected. No man who leaves this world passes into a worse state on entering the next. If there is any change, it is for the better. There is no state of unmitigated, hopeless misery. The lowest enjoy their existence, such as it is, though they are wretched in comparison with the pure spirits of the celestial circles. And no one, however low and inactive, will fail at last to be attracted upwards by God, the angels, and all the higher spirits; passing from one degree to another, and from one sphere to another, till the heavenly mansion is reached, though ages on ages elapse before that end is accomplished.

5. Spirits in the higher spheres are employed in three kinds of exercise: 1st, In worship and aspiration, in seeking a more perfect knowledge of God, and a closer communication with him by faith and spiritual intuition. 2^d, In study, meditation, contemplation of truth, and acquisition of knowledge on all subjects. 3^d, In aiding the progress of spirits in the

lower spheres and on the earth. Spirits in any circle can descend into all inferior circles, but can only by special permission ascend to higher spheres until they are qualified by their spiritual progress.

6. Mankind, as the offspring of a common Father, are one family of brothers and sisters. Their duty is to love God with all their heart, and each the other as himself. The good of each is the good of all, and the good of all is the good of each. All tyranny and oppression are sinful. So is all war, violence, and vengeance. So is intemperance, debauchery, and incontinence. So is falsehood, covetousness, fraud, extortion. So is all pride and assumption, all bigotry, persecution, and sectarian bitterness. The good spirits are all reformers and regenerators of the earth, reconcilers, promoters of harmony, vindicators of the great principles of truth, purity, wisdom, justice, and love.

7. Every person is accountable for himself, with supreme reverence for God and his moral perfections, following his own highest convictions of truth and duty. He must try all spirits and their communications; all pretended prophets, philosophers, and teachers; all profession and assumption whatsoever. The minds of moral agents should be swayed by reason,—the suasion of wisdom and truth.

We find nothing new or startling or profound in this summary of doctrines. They have all been in the world before, largely entertained and professed by people who lived before Spiritualism was heard of. Some of them were in possession of certain sects, not large or widely known. Some of them clung to the name and school of Swedenborg. Some of them were the natural heritage of spiritually-minded men and women, and had been held by such time out of mind. Some of them were products of the life of the age,—creations of the modern genius and modes of experience. The movement known as Spiritualism did not start them into being: it started them from the corners where they had lain bound and embedded, and set them drifting among the people, in the sea of whose affluent sentimentality they now float prodigious. We read, some time since, a very bulky octavo

volume, whose seven hundred closely-printed pages purported to contain the teachings of a grand association of the sages and philosophers departed, who had combined for the purpose of instructing the world in a complete body of essential truths. We found in the book nothing but the cheapest commonplaces of the transcendental philosophy and of modern naturalism, diluted in an ocean of the most brackish and unpalatable English. So far as we have discovered, the spirits echo the ordinary voices of the flesh. Lord Bacon answers for the truth of the nebular hypothesis, and commends the "Vestiges of Creation;" and other authorities countenance emanation-theories which the disciples of Pantheism have been familiar with for ages.

We have been speaking of Spiritualism merely as a source of revelation. We pass no judgment here on its claim to hold open intercourse with intelligences in another condition of being. That claim may or may not be conceded. The significance of it, if conceded to the human intellect, we hold to be exceedingly small. If no vital and original truth is communicated by the spirits, the mind will be little interested in knowing that intercourse with the spirits is open. It is something, indeed, to have bridged over the gulf which separated this life from the next, and to have deluged the popular mind with ideas which have been confined to the higher intelligences of men before. For this result we may give it our thanks. But, as a fountain of original revelations, it is not exceedingly precious.

If we can find no final results in Spiritualism, we certainly shall find none elsewhere. All Christendom and extra-Christendom is in a state of flux. There is not a doctrine that is a finality, or any thing like it. Not a definition defines. The ice is all broken up. The sand-fields are all flying in the air. It is not certain that the most ancient axioms are fixed in their places, or that primitive truths hold their own, immovable amid the convulsions that disturb the foundations of thought. We cannot say that the mountains themselves will not be dissolved, the Rock of Ages overflowed, and the shores of eternity's sea be moved from their everlasting mar-

gins. The age must settle before the residuum of credence can be discovered.

In a Drift period it will be useless to search for final results. But we may look for tendencies. We cannot tell where things have stopped; but we can tell in what direction they are moving. Yet here again we must confine ourselves to generalities, and not be too positive in regard to details. Theodore Parker used to say, that Theism was destined to be the religion of the next thousand years; and it is the hope of his disciple, Miss Frances Cobbe, "that the truth of Theism will gradually permeate the thoughts of the age, leavening them by degrees." We cannot, for ourselves, indulge in any such brilliant anticipation. To us, Theism seems not only far off, but aside from the road. We have not reached it, and we are not going thither. Theism demands too much intellectual power and too much intellectual culture to satisfy the religious wants of any very large number of people in this or in any generation likely soon to come. It is the religious belief of the pure reason; and how many live in the region of pure reason, or ever ascend into it? How many are able to dwell in the atmosphere of serene ideas, or even to breathe in it for many moments at a time? How many know that there is such an atmosphere? But the Theist must be more than a thinker: he must be a man who is satisfied with thoughts, and feels a crying need of nothing else; he must be a passionless man, and passionless men are rare. He must be a man with whom ideas fill the place of images, dreams, fancies, superstitions; with whom thinking is a substitute for longing, loving, adoring, supplicating, confessing; who has no tumults of emotion, no agonies of feeling, no convulsions of conscience, and no agitations of soul. The multitude will always crave a religion, and Theism is only a faith,—faith of the calm and thoughtful few, not of the passionate many. The multitude will have symbols, rites, sacraments, a cultus and a priesthood. Theism rejects them, because they imply a necessity of reconciliation between man and God. The multitude will yield to the impulse of prayer, Theism cannot: it can aspire, but it cannot implore; for prayer implies that

the Will to whom it is addressed can be moved and changed by expressions of human desire. The multitude will have stated and formal worship: and, under Theism, stated and formal worship tends of necessity to decline; for, in its view and under its influence, all life becomes worshipful, all service is divine, the distinction between sacred and secular is abolished, all days are holy days, and all work is holy work. Theism establishes a sublime and majestic monotony throughout the universe. Fancy is allowed no room for play in the immense spaces between the worlds. The central Being blots out subordinate divinities as the sun blots out the stars. The silent laws sweep on from end to end of the world; and secondary causes, solemn or sportive, but always human and attractive, make haste to slip out of the way. Jacob's ladder, on which the spirits ascend and descend, is taken down; and men must watch, wait, and labor under the cold light of the one great Eye. The multitude cannot bear this. They want sign and miracle and angel-forms; skies full of guardian spirits; helpers, inspirers, comforters in the air. There is no intimation at present that this ancient want is diminishing. Spiritualism has revived under more modern shape the dæmonology and angelology of the Roman Church: it has set up the Jacob's ladder again, which Rationalism had pulled down, and has re-established communication with beings in another sphere. For this the millions love it, and cling to it, and give up their old religion for it. Faith in the supernatural has changed its base, but it has not lost its charm; and it will hold the world spell-bound for many and many an age to come. Philosophers may be multiplying, and, as they multiply, Theism will be their faith; but this generation must pass before they will represent any considerable number of mankind.

If the tendency of the present period of speculation is not towards Theism, still less is it towards Atheism. The number of blank atheists, the number of people who believe in no controlling will or law or intelligence or force, in no personal or impersonal Cause, we are persuaded is diminishing steadily and rapidly. "We are born loyal." Men will neither be

defrauded nor bullied out of their belief in God. If all the knowledges were to combine to prove that there was and could be no God, their fancy would straightway invent one; and the writer of the knowledges would be the most quick-witted in invention. In former times, science was "atheistic," because it overturned the idols that men worshipped, and showed that they were logs of wood or blocks of stone, bundles of paper or masks of pasteboard. The Bible-God of the theologians fell; the creed-God fell; the altar-God fell; the church-God fell; the Jupiter and Apollo and Diana of Christendom came down in dust and noise, and men shuddered. But modern science reinstates the Supreme Deity, by revealing order, harmony, law, growth, progress, development, intention, use, beauty, in every department of the world. Wherever there is cause and effect, there is the living God; and science demonstrates the working of cause and effect to the utter and final confusion of the old Atheism, which took refuge in the numberless hiding-places of chance. The modern tendency is to believe in too much God rather than in too little; and science is answerable for the tendency. Theologians are trying with desperate toil to stake out the limitations of law, and to fence in some little nook where they could allow men to disport themselves without being overlooked by Deity. Atheism, indeed! We believe, that, were the race to be polled this moment, there would be found more intelligent, rational believers in God than ever were suspected of being in existence before.

The tendency of modern speculation is rather towards an undefined Pantheism. From every quarter the voices that come to us speak of law as originating, directing, controlling. Even the English mind would fain be pantheistical if it could; and would succeed in becoming so but for the adamantine stubbornness of the English individuality, which stands out against all invasion even of the Supreme, and cannot lose itself even in the ocean of the Infinite. The Englishman is constitutionally a Theist. The European mind, on the contrary, is saturated with pantheistic sentiment and thought. So is the American. In fact, Deity has become so immense in our view,

so illimitable, so all-pervading ; it has so mingled its life with that of the world ; so identified its will with the forces of the universe ; so associated its being with the elements of human existence ; so completely taken up into itself the interests, thoughts, endeavors of society ; so insinuated its energy into all the forms of active influence,—that it is difficult to give it individuality or personality in the ordinary sense, and too late to snatch any portion of our individuality from its possession. The multitude, feeling Eternal Arms about them, and the breath of all-pervading Spirit in their very souls, can do nothing but resign themselves to the absorbing influence. Pantheism is the fascinating element in Swedenborg, in Spiritualism, in Transcendentalism, in the new forms of Christianity. Theodore Parker was as much Pantheist as Theist. He would have been wholly Pantheist, if his adamantine personality had not brought his speculation to terms whenever it threatened to carry him off his feet.

Pantheism falls in with and encourages the vague, vast longing and aspiration of our time. It does not confine like Theism, nor chill like Atheism. It is warm, nebulous, expansive, with a rich, inexhaustible atmosphere. It is at once mighty and mild, terrible and tender. It is a philosophy, a faith, and a religion. It fills the mind with awe and mystery. It excites the imagination with conceptions of the supernatural, with vague, shadowy images of power. It admits of an infinitely varied symbolism, borrowed from nature, all whose forms are emblematical of spirit. It awakens adoration, homage, worship ; it suggests prostration, self-humiliation, self-abasement, self-denial, and sacrifice, absorption in the Supreme.* It is infinitely soft, tender, and gracious, rich in consolations, opulent in patience and hope and childlike trust.

* "I accept the charge of pantheism," says Professor Hedge, "not in the cheerless, impious sense of a God all world, and a world instead of God, but in the true and primary sense of a world all God ; i.e., a God co-present to all his works, pervading and embracing all,—a God, in apostolic phrase, 'in whom and through whom are all things.' If this is pantheism, it is the pantheism which has ever been the doctrine of the deepest piety ; it is the pantheism professed by devout men in every age of the world."—*Reason in Religion*, p. 81.

Interpreted by it, the creeds of the world, which Rationalism had deprived of their significance, have a deep and wonderful import. Fall, redemption, incarnation, sacrifice, faith, atonement, endless bliss, and perdition, clothe themselves with majesty once more. The doctrine of inspiration assumes a noble character. There is no rite, ceremony, or observance of the Church that does not, when tended by it, shine with a new beauty, and attract by a new fascination. The Pantheists of Germany—Strauss, for instance, in the closing chapter of the "Life of Jesus;" Baur, in his "Doctrine of Trinity"—reinstate the popular theology, under the form of symbolism, with an unction that is worthy of the elect. Philosophy and faith meet on this ground, and kiss each other. Sage and devotee alike are satisfied. One may be whichever he chooses, a Mystic or a Rationalist, and be either honestly. He may be Catholic of the Roman Church, or Protestant of the liberal school. Champions of fate and free-will need not quarrel; for to be free under laws of nature is to be bound, and to be bound by the laws of spirit is to be free. The wilful is fated; the servant is delivered. The doctrine lends itself to every spiritual exigency, offers a solution for every spiritual problem, and opens a path by which all can travel to the realms of light.

The grinding movement of the great wave of thought, as it is driven on over all surfaces, has a grand levelling and obliterating effect. Artificial lines are rubbed out, local peculiarities are effaced, and certain broad marks alone remain to indicate the character of the action which has been at work. The word "sect" is unpopular. The thing "sectarianism" is more unpopular still, and must defend itself as it can against the hostile regards of modern men. Ideas are more respected than opinions. Truths command more interest than doctrines. People look for principles that reconcile rather than for dogmas that divide, and go hunting everywhere for the long parallel or concentric lines that indicate the track of an intellectual impulse. Discussions turn less on incidental than on radical points. The ground of unity,—where is that? men ask: how do thoughts stand related to

one another? and where is the trace of connection? for somewhere a connection there must be. However various, divergent, and apparently opposite the effects may be, there is a cause for them all, and one cause, if we will take pains to find it. This is, perhaps, the most encouraging single sign of our epoch. We all know that we are moving, and that we are moving together under the same general impulse. We are all prepared, too, for changes; and for changes that may assimilate us very nearly with forms of thought which now seem strange and unattractive. Hence a diminution of bigotry; hence a decrease of jealousy, distrust, suspicion, apprehension, and fear; hence an increase of hope, and a feeling of expectation, even in troubled times, which will outlive feeling a multitude of disappointments. We are sure, on all sides, that—

“If our bark sink, 'tis to another sea.”

We have no fear that the pantheistic tendencies of modern thought will weaken the foundations of ethical principle among the masses of the people or in individual lives. It has been made abundantly clear, by studies on Buddhism and Brahminism, that pantheistic ideas may consist with personal and social morals of a very noble order. In spite of the restlessness, the lawlessness, the license, the tameless audacity of the American mind, the rage for innovation, and the impatience of custom, there are good reasons for believing that moral ideas are gradually purifying themselves; and that the standards of moral conduct are insensibly conforming to rational rules. It would be interesting to compare the ethical dicta of our shifting period with those of former stationary epochs, and trace the influence of the respective ages on each. We have no time for that here; but we affirm our belief that the advantage, in point of elevation and justice, would be with ours.

Miss Cobbe declares the fundamental canons of the faith of the future to be obviously these three great principles: The absolute goodness of God; The final salvation of every created soul; The divine authority of conscience. The last

article we should modify materially in statement, and perhaps in meaning. If Miss Cobbe intends to say, that men are coming more and more to believe in the divine authority of the moral sense of mankind when opposed to the arbitrary ethics of a special people or epoch, or theory of religion, we assent most cordially to her position. The tendency is to place natural sentiments before artificial codes, and to apply the sound common sense of the healthy heart to all moral problems whatsoever. But if Miss Cobbe intends to say, that the divine authority of the individual conscience is to be respected henceforth more than heretofore, we demur. It is an illustration of the universal basis on which truths are settling, that the verdicts of the individual conscience are yielding steadily to the convictions of the general conscience, and that these consult the constitutional laws by which society is regulated. Not the sentiment of justice in the individual heart, not the sentiment of justice in the heart of a particular community, but the law and fact of justice, by which the relations of men with one another are kept peaceful, orderly, secure, and sweet, will, we are persuaded, dictate what shall and what shall not be accepted against all codes, sacred and secular,—against all prejudices, institutions, and traditions. The private conscience is capricious; the general conscience of a period may be inconstant and treacherous: but the constitution of society, and the obligations to preserve it, remain unchanged; and social science reveals to us what this constitution demands. The tendency here, then, is, we should say, to substitute moral *science* for moral passion and prejudice.

The phrase, "salvation of every human soul," may convey a just thought, if we are predicting the phase of eschatological belief which is to succeed the dogmas of Orthodoxy. But we doubt if it describes quite accurately the mode in which the future-destiny question will be held in the coming time. Instead of the words "salvation of the soul," men will use the words, "perfection of the individual man;" and, instead of arbitrary grace as the means by which that can be secured, they will substitute growth, progress, development,

expansion, culture. The problem of immortality, and of blessedness after death, will be taken out of the "religious" sphere, and committed to the care of natural reason, which, on grounds suggested by knowledge, experience, hope, and aspiration, will assure the indestructibleness of personality, and the necessity of completion in spiritual attainment. The perpetuity of influence, the imperishableness of moral forces, the persistency of causes, will be the assurance of immortality; and the steady advance of mankind, individually and collectively, under the law of progression, will be a sufficient pledge that the immortality will be a noble boon, worthy of giver and receiver.

The tendency is already, and will be more and more, to abandon theological methods in the treatment of moral and spiritual, even of theological and Christological subjects; to dispense with theological phrases, and approach all topics from the scientific point. From the known, inferences will be drawn to the unknown. Literature will apply its laws to the Bible. Human nature will give the key to the character of Jesus. Creation will explain the Creator. The order, harmony, and beneficence of the physical and social world will be demonstrated in a way that none can dispute; and all controversy about the divine attributes will become obsolete.

The signs all point to grander beliefs than we have had hitherto, and to nobler foundations for belief. Orbs of the first magnitude are evolving themselves from the star-dust. The Drift period is, under some aspects, confusing and sad. We see the pulverizing of systems, the grinding-down of credences, the dispersion of communions, the overriding and crushing of precious landmarks. Individual influence seems to be of no avail. The rudder is without a steady hand: the compass is broken. The human intellect drives on blindly, recklessly, with no purpose to go hither or thither, and in imminent danger of rushing on destruction. But there is always this comfort to cleave to. They that drift are borne on the broad providential currents which set towards the infinite sea. No meddlesome oarsman tries to pull against the stream. No self-sufficient steersman keeps perversely to

a zigzag course. No wilful commander attempts to set at defiance the laws of wind and wave. The movement is slow, without pride or pomp; the track is devious, but the freighted mind keeps by necessity to the deepest current; it avoids the rocks by the instinct which compels it to observe the tidal flow; and, wherever it may come to land, it is sure not to come to wreck by the way.

ART. II.—THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN PULPIT.

Annals of the American Unitarian Pulpit; or, Commemorative Notices of Distinguished Clergymen of the Unitarian Denomination in the United States, from its Commencement to the Close of the Year Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-five. With an Historical Introduction. By WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D.D. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers, 530, Broadway. pp. xxv., 578.

Two circumstances combine with the late Convention to win attention to the Unitarian denominational history. The first of these is the fact, that we are now completing the first half-century since the denomination in America was known as Unitarian. The article in the "Panoplist" of June, 1815, reviewing the recent reprint of Belsham's "American Unitarianism," which had been published in London in 1812, made a great excitement in New England, especially in Massachusetts; and at once scandalized the liberal churches by the charges of infidelity made against them, and alarmed the Orthodox at the spread of deadly heresy among their neighbors and themselves. Dr. Channing's Letter to Rev. Samuel C. Thacher, dated June 20, 1815, was an indignant protest against the aspersions of the "Panoplist," and is regarded by no less an authority than Andrews Norton as virtually accepting the name "Unitarian," and founding the denomination as a distinct body. Whatever the exact time when the liberal clergy were called by this name, there can be no doubt that

the article in the "Panoplist" and the Letter of Channing to Thacher mark the origin of the Unitarian controversy proper, in this country, and the open drawing of the lines of separation between the Trinitarian and Unitarian churches. So it appears that we are now closing the first half-century of the denomination as avowedly Unitarian in this country.

This fact, however, is attended and illustrated by another of great significance,—the ample testimony given by Dr. Sprague's "Annals" of the existence and influence of Unitarian views, for a century and a half, in New England. If we take the ministry of Rev. Ebenezer Gay, who was ordained at Hingham in 1717, as the starting-point, according to the authority of the "Annals," the Unitarian denomination is now closing the third half-century of its history in America. But, important as names are, they are not the main facts in the history of opinions. Dr. Sprague gives us ample proof that Unitarianism has virtually existed almost from the beginning of New-England colonies; and he finds it hard, in some cases, to fix the exact line of division between Unitarians and Trinitarians. We doubt very much whether Drs. Bezaleel Howard, Hezekiah Packard, and Jeremy Belknap, would be now excommunicated from any moderate Orthodox Church; and we do not know of any Unitarian Church, however extreme, that would be willing to listen to the doctrines of Joseph Priestley in its regular ministrations. The charm of Dr. Sprague's volume, however, lies not mainly in its controversial niceties or polemic details, but in its truthful narrative, impartial temper, and entirely kindly and candid spirit.

We know not where to find a book of ecclesiastical sketches so wholly unobjectionable, and withal so very interesting. The writer's aim evidently is to gather laboriously, arrange carefully, and state concisely the important facts in the life and labors of the eighty Unitarian clergymen under consideration, and to throw upon this narrative the various and interesting lights that are given by letters of their friends or relatives. Thus the several chapters have the rare combination of historical point and biographical attraction. We find all the data that we need in the narrative, and all the

charm that personal affection can lend or ask in the supplementary illustrations. None but a Christian gentleman could achieve such a success. If the author's mind were not wholly truthful and charitable, it would be impossible for him, on grounds of mere policy, to resist the temptation to color events and opinions according to his own prejudices; and in all cases of doubt or difference, imply, if he did not state, his own convictions or preference. We are truly grateful to Dr. Sprague for the impartial and wholly Christian tone of this volume; and we thank him not only for ourselves, but in the name of the sainted dead whose worth he has so faithfully recorded in a form so substantial and enduring. He has given the elder Unitarian clergy a place in the record of the Church Universal such as partisan hands, however loving, could not secure for them.

Some of the sketches are almost full enough to rank as biographies. Among the most satisfactory, we place those of West, of New Bedford; Kirkland, Buckminster, and Channing. We could desire more fulness and point in the notices of Mayhew, the Wares, Norton, and Greenwood; but the limits of the book were of necessity fixed, and very generous measure is given on the whole: nor must we forget, that the very men who represent critical phases of thought are the most difficult to treat impartially. A full article on Andrews Norton, for instance, could not be made out merely of the facts of that recluse and devoted scholar's life; while to treat of his relation to American philosophy and religion might not add as much interest to the book as it would add perplexity to the writer. It might be equally embarrassing to present fully the precise character of the evangelical service of Henry Ware, jun., and his relation to the old Orthodoxy and the new latitude. Greenwood's ritual tendencies, and their bearing on the ancient Puritanism and the rising ecclesiasticism, might open difficult questions, and occupy space otherwise appropriated. The volume is true to its title, "Annals," and keeps its promise as the chronicle of the years as they pass, and of life in its obvious developments, without rising into that more ambitious study which binds years into

ages, and gives the history of the ideas and powers that rule the destiny of men and constitute the kingdom of God. We at first were a little impatient of the practical, little speculative turn of the author, and desired more light on the standpoint, training, and mental affinities of the men treated of; but, on second thought, we acquiesced in the author's policy, and commended him for his wisdom in giving such truths as readers could at once understand and accept, and in leaving further philosophizing to thinkers and writers favored with more leisure and a more open arena.

We confess, that it seems strange to us not to see some names on this list which we have usually ranked among the Unitarian fathers, and which are generally ranked among our liberal leaders,—such as Colman and other early ministers of Brattle-street Church, who virtually founded Boston liberalism in 1698, and the famous Dr. Osgood, of Medford, whose fame is in all our churches. But these men did not call themselves Unitarians or Arians, and accepted the doctrine of the Trinity in the form thought orthodox by their contemporaries. We do not surrender these, however, from the ranks of the liberal clergy; and, so far as they contended for religious liberty against the old Puritan exclusiveness, we hold them in equal affection with those who came out in name from the old Puritan discipline and creed. Nay, so far as they manifested a generous catholicity, and resisted the disposition to preserve Christian character by a harsh dogmatic standard, we like them better than the class of nominal liberals who have held the so-called liberal views in an illiberal temper, and brought to the new theology the intolerant spirit of the old confession.

Considering the historical position and influence of the Unitarian clergy in America, we cannot but notice, first of all, their peculiar civic and social relations. The Unitarian denomination has appeared in America, especially in its early stages, more as a social class or congenial community than as a theological sect or definite Church. It consisted mainly of the liberal minds within the Congregational churches of New England, and especially of Massachusetts, who could not sub-

mit to the rigid discipline and exacting creeds of the old Puritans, and who, at the same time, had strong Christian principles and a very high sense of their personal responsibility. They meant to stay within the Church: but they were determined to keep their liberty of thought and action; and, long before they were designated by any denominational name, they were a marked and powerful body of liberals, who possessed a large share of the wealth, culture, civic influence, and social distinction of the community. Nominally, they are usually regarded as having had their first marked triumph in the election of Henry Ware to the Professorship of Theology in Harvard College; but, virtually, they carried the day more than a century before in the defeat of the Mathers, and the ascendancy of the Brattles, Willard, and Leverett, in the administration of Harvard College. We do not say that the founders of Brattle-street Church, who led the protest against the old Puritan exclusiveness, and so powerfully controlled the Cambridge school, were Unitarians; but they headed the social and intellectual tendency that developed itself in Unitarianism. Their first move was towards liberty of conscience as against the prescription of severe doctrinal tests and relations of experience in order to admission to the Lord's Supper. That such assertion of liberty usually goes with Arminian views of moral agency, no student of ecclesiastical history will need to be told. It is clear that, as soon as every serious believer in the Christian religion is free to approach the Lord's table upon making his desire known, the view will prevail that he has freedom of will enough to come within the means of divine grace, and need not wait for any startling experience or irresistible call. The sensitive point among the liberal Christians in the eighteenth century seems to have been more in practical liberty than in speculative doctrine. Their Arminianism was a practical protest, before it was a metaphysical theory. The coming of Whitefield intensified the protest by making the demand for striking conversions and obtrusions of personal experience more aggressive; and stout old Dr. Gay, who heads Dr. Sprague's "Annals of the Unitarian Clergy," was apparently more vehemently

exercised by that great revivalist's disturbance of the decent quietude of the regular church methods, and the preference of strange emotions over calm obedience, than by any of the speculative tenets of the new experimental theology.

Clearly, the liberalism of Massachusetts, in the eighteenth century, was more the calm, independent spirit and practical habit of a cultivated and influential class of society than a sharply defined doctrine. We make a great mistake if we put out of sight the characteristic life of the liberal community, and judge of its power by theological opinions alone. The lay and clerical leaders did not wish to go out of the old churches, or to have any peculiar mark set upon them. They wished to do their work, and educate their children, and worship God after the way of their fathers, in the institutions that had come down to them, with the least possible interference from spiritual dictators. Their leaders, indeed, did not lack polemic ability, and struck heavy blows at the old and the new champions of Calvinism; yet the polemic aspect of the body is its least conspicuous aspect. The leading secular and intellectual power of the community was in the liberal ranks. When we read the notices of such men as Chauncy, Mayhew, Eliot, Lathrop, and other leaders of the Boston liberal churches, we must remember that they were the mouth-pieces of the ruling social orders, and their controversial labors were a small part of their influence. Very probable it is, that secular dignity preponderated over doctrinal zeal, and especially over church caste, in many of the magnates of the liberal Arminian and Arian body. In that transition period in which the body passed from its first stage of mild Orthodoxy into the second stage of avowed liberal Christianity, it evidently carried with it the aristocracy of the community, and especially of Boston and the leading towns of the neighborhood.

Buckminster is to be regarded as the conspicuous representative of this transition stage in the history of the Unitarian body. He was less conspicuous as an Arminian or Arian, or Unitarian, than as a liberal Christian, his favorite phrase. We look in vain for any sharply defined ideas to account for

this great influence. He did not claim to belong to or to found any sect; and there is little if any thing in his sermons that might not have been preached by Paley or Sidney Smith, or any mild theologian of the Church of England. He was master, indeed, of a charming style, and of a learning quite affluent after the standard of the day; but he was not so rich in philosophical ideas and spiritual insight as in evangelical fervor and rhetorical grace. His sermons charm, but do not so much impress or instruct us. In their estimate of the nature and work of Christ, the power of the Holy Spirit, and the office of the Church, they would fail to satisfy many of the earnest and pious Unitarians of our day. His wonderful power over the people is to be accounted for by his personal piety, his rare eloquence, rich culture, and not least by his being the mouth-piece of a refined and dominant class, who led public opinion, and rejoiced in the classic tastes and learning that were rising into sway. It was the day of the "Renaissance" of New England. Buckminster, Everett, and their gifted peers and followers, inaugurated the new age of classicism that seemed destined to displace the hard old Puritan scholasticism. It would be a great mistake to estimate their significance merely or mainly by their doctrines, when they were little desirous of assuming any polemic name, and thought more of winning honors from universities at home and abroad than of building up a new sect or revolutionizing the creeds and churches of the land. A poor idea would be given of their position and influence by separating their speculative teaching or characteristic doctrine from their personal talents and culture and social relations. Think of a man of common gifts, without social fellowship, depending mainly upon the doctrinal views of Buckminster's excellent sermons to produce, in a strange and perhaps hostile community, any thing like the effect produced by that pure and devoted spirit among a people prepared by the habits and culture, and even the pride, of nearly two centuries of historical antecedents, and by all the charming enthusiasm of the rising school of letters, to appreciate and believe them! Yet this is precisely the mistake that has often been committed. More

than one earnest young man has been amazed and heart-broken to find, that the mild liberalism of early Unitarianism does not take root in new and strange soil at the West or South, or even in the Middle States, as it did in its own native ground, under such continuous tillage in such well-guarded enclosures. Even in the New-England States, out of Massachusetts, the social conditions did not favor the Unitarian cause. In Connecticut, for example, the views that were so early set forth by Sherman and Abbot have found little response, perhaps partly from the rise of a more liberal type of Congregational Orthodoxy there, and partly from the early adhesion of the Arminian party and a large part of the conservative wealth and culture to the Episcopal Church.

Channing, although belonging to the same favored class as Buckminster, marks a new era in the popular position of Unitarians. He was the leader of the more democratic and ideal school of Unitarians. Much as he inclined to aristocracy, by taste, position, and training, he is virtually the head of the party of progress and reform; implicitly, though not explicitly, the father of Unitarian rationalism in America. It requires the observation and insight of a contemporary to understand and state fully the relation of Channing to the elder Boston clergy, and especially to the classic school and conservative caste of Buckminster and his admirers. We have seen proofs of a certain difference (we will not say hostility) between the two classes, even before Channing offended the old conservatives by his antislavery movement. But it is evident, from the whole nature and culture of the two noble leaders, that their tendencies were widely different. Buckminster was the conservative liberal churchman of the old *régime*, and as little prone to radicalism as any bishop in the parliament of England. No English churchman could have berated Milton's radicalism more stoutly than he did in his famous Phi-Beta-Kappa oration. Here is a specimen of this onslaught on the blind old patriot whom Channing eulogizes:—

“The life of Milton, however, is a memorable instance of the temporary degradation of learning. For notwithstanding the sublime

fiction of Gray, that the loss of his sight was occasioned by the brightness of his celestial senses, it is, alas! nothing but a fiction. Those fine orbs were quenched in the service of a vulgar and usurping faction; and, had they not been 'closed in endless night,' the world perhaps would have wanted the 'Paradise Lost,' and that master-spirit of England have been wasted in more praises of Cromwell and more ribaldry against Salmasius."

Nothing could be more in the face of Channing's portraiture of Milton than this, or more opposed to his whole attitude towards modern reform. In fact, few if any living English writers could now speak of Milton and Cromwell with the contempt that the pet of Boston conservatism spoke at Cambridge on the 31st of August, 1809. Yet both Channing and Buckminster were perhaps equally opposed to the radicalism of the eighteenth century, especially that of the French revolutionary school; and it is surely one of the advantages of the political Federalism of the early Unitarians, that they had no affinity with the materialism and infidelity of the French and English radicals. We apparently owe to Channing, more than to any other man, the rescue of Unitarianism from the keeping of a somewhat aristocratic caste, and opening its spirit and truth to the mind and heart of the people.

How far he went in this positive purpose, we cannot exactly say; but it is evident, that he was more and more inclined, during the latter years, to confide in the thought and movements of the progressive party outside the Orthodox Church, than in any new ecclesiasticism or any renovation of the old creeds and discipline. We could wish that he had had more social fellowship in his teaching as well as his habit, and given the power of genial sympathy to the noble ideas which are identified with his name. His delicate health, as well as his temperament, undoubtedly kept him more aloof from the people than his convictions warranted. If so honored and cherished a friend as Dr. Dewey could write of his natural reserve as in the admirable letter on page 372 of the "Annals," we must not wonder or complain that we sometimes desired more of the electricity of hearty companionship than he usually gave.

Yet he was always kindly and encouraging. No young man surely ever failed to find ready hearing and kind and cheering counsel from him. We regard him as marking the third period in the social history of Unitarianism in this country. Whilst the old Arminian Arians, such as Gay, Chauncy, and Belknap, were a powerful social order of liberalized Orthodoxy, and Buckminster and his school headed the community of classic humanists with high aristocratic prestige, Channing led on the new order of progressive Unitarians. Within his Arian theology and conservative affinities, he bore the seeds of all the new ideas that have given such life, and at times threatened such mischief, to the Unitarian body.

Yet, even while speaking of Channing's influence, we cannot leave wholly out of account the local and personal influences that gave such power to his ministry. In Boston he held a position that enabled him to state boldly views of doctrine and duty, which, in a community with different antecedents, would have fallen to the ground without notice, or been rejected with horror. They who expected to see at once, in New York and Baltimore, the same response to his radical Unitarian preaching as in Boston, found themselves signally mistaken; so true it is, that antecedent training and local associations prepare the soil for the seed. Only when these new times have educated new ideas and associations have we seen the old barriers removed. The downfall of slavery and the rise of more generous views of human nature have given the name and thought of Channing welcome throughout the land. Wise will his followers be if they know how to use the opportunity, and present liberal religion with the power and constancy of organic institutions, and with the persuasion of social sympathy.

When we look through these "Annals" of Unitarian Clergymen, and ask for a distinct statement of their specific doctrines, we are not surprised at meeting with difficulty. There is no exact statement of belief upon which they all agree; and, what is more, the leading minds never meant that there should be such a statement. They never wished to make a new and exclusive creed, after being so tormented by the old

one. In this they were undoubtedly right, and their followers will be wise if they do likewise. At the same time, there is a certain *animus* to the whole Unitarian body that gives it historical unity. It is the religious life of an earnest, intelligent, liberal community, in different stages of development, undertaking to interpret itself into conscious thought. It has always affirmed the unity of God, the supremacy of the Father, the freedom and moral worth of man, the divine mission of Christ, the universality of the offer of salvation. American Unitarianism has, in respect to moral freedom and the relations of the soul and the body, been free from the errors of its English namesake. The school of Priestley and Belsham has found little response here; and that little has died out in spite of the predictions of the "Panoplist" fifty years ago. Even our radicals, instead of taking after Priestley and Belsham, have been more of the school of George Fox, and have sometimes distanced orthodox revivalism in earnestness and efficiency.

We may as well acknowledge openly, that Unitarianism never was and never meant to be in America a sect in the usual sense, and is perhaps further from it now than ever, since the promised organization of its churches will be likely to substitute a practical for a speculative union, and allow and encourage various thinkers to work together under a generous standard of liberty and union. This book records a range of opinion that gives historic dignity to the most generous charity. We are not certain that all the preachers named in Dr. Sprague's volume are Unitarians in the sense of being Antitrinitarians, so various are their views and so rich in lessons of tolerance. Such men as Belknap and John Eliot rejected the Athanasian scheme of the Trinity, and accepted the "indwelling scheme," as it was called, without assailing the Trinitarian theology as such. They could speak of God as Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; and so also can a portion of our living Unitarians. Prominent scholars among them, and, we think, manfully and wisely, refuse to be called Antitrinitarians, and regard themselves as true to their Unitarian name if they reject all Polytheism or Tritheism, and

accept no doctrine of the plurality of persons in the Godhead that is inconsistent with his unity. We are not alarmed, that a portion of the Unitarian clergy prefer Athanasius to Arius, and regard the great Alexandrian champion as effectually demolishing the virtual polytheism of Arius, and setting forth a Trinity of divine powers or manifestations, which is the effective evolution, or the differentiating and integrating, of the unity of the Divine Being. This idea has been expressed by leading Unitarians here and in England, and has been set forth in our own columns; yet the authors have not lost caste with their brethren, nor are they likely to lose it.

Whilst the historical roll of Unitarian clergymen proves thus that they have wished to keep a liberal spirit towards their Trinitarian neighbors, and not sacrifice their proper catholicity to Antitrinitarian prejudice, it proves equally that they have not been willing to shut out of their fellowship the new and somewhat radical elements of Christian thought. The fathers, whose lives Dr. Sprague has recorded, were not tried by novel speculations precisely as their children of the present generation have been. These "Annals," which stop with the year 1855, do not include any of the transcendental theologians who have figured in the new school of Unitarians; yet, in their day, they were obliged to maintain their toleration, in the face of great provocations, of the views of the authority of the Scriptures, and of the nature of Jesus Christ, that were held even by such able and eminent spirits. Andrews Norton and his school were apparently quite as great an offence to the old Unitarians of the Arian order, as the more ultra views of Theodore Parker and his clique have been to the existing community of conservative Unitarians. Norton was far too destructive for Channing's mind, and avows that he met with decided coldness and opposition from him. Yet the Norton iconoclasts were not thrust out of fellowship. Great good has come from many of their interpretations of Scripture, not by any means unmixed with evil from their unphilosophical, and sometimes unspiritual and generally unideal, theory of religion. It is well that equal toleration has been extended to the transcendental wing of the

Unitarian body; and no mistake could be more fatal than that of thrusting out, by a sweeping ban of excommunication, the large and living class of men who have built their faith upon the indwelling God, affirmed the constancy of inspiration from the spirit, and the authority of intuition as the interpreter of the Divine Mind. The historical school has undoubtedly much grievance to complain of at the hands of the transcendental school. The fair-minded champions of the positive revelation in Scripture, and the divine manifestation in history, have shown with great conclusiveness, that, if God is with us now, he has been with our fathers; and, if we would know him truly, we must study his entire revelation to our race, and believe, that, to the chosen ages of our race, as to gifted minds of our own age, there have been especial gifts of illumination and grace. In the study of nature, we keep the historical method in our new science, and teach the principle of the correlation and conservation of forces. Why not apply the same principle to moral and spiritual forces, and believe that in life, as in nature, all existing forms of power may be traced to opening æons of the race, and the new type that began with the creative act of God has been afterwards evolved in the regular order of history? We may justly reject as folly the individualism that looks to its own instincts for absolute truth, and slight the revelations of God in history. Nothing can be more unphilosophical, as well as unamiable, than the egotism and scorn with which upstarts put themselves wholly upon their own intuitions in religion, and set aside the convictions and usages that affirm and repeat the communication of God with mankind.

But why wonder at the excesses of the new school, when we remember their grounds of provocation and the onesidedness that is so characteristic of our poor human nature? We certainly can remember times in which we, who have since learned what seems to us a broader and deeper wisdom, were provoked by the prevalence of a belief that seemed to regard revelation and inspiration wholly as facts of the past, and to resolve religion solely into the scholarly interpretation of words that were once vouched for by miracles. Religion

was made wholly scholastic and documentary, as if God once spoke to men, but had for ages ceased to speak; and his Word had surrendered its eternal prerogative to the words of the sacred books. This has never been the faith of the living Church,—never been the faith of the vital Unitarian clergy; yet public teaching once looked in that direction, and had a narrowness that called forth the transcendental protest. That protest did not come very conspicuously in the writings of the fathers who died before 1855, and who are noticed in these "Annals." Many of them indeed imply it; and the whole Channing School is less a clique of doctrinaires than it is a band of champions of the human mind against all forms of oppression and exclusiveness. We do not regret the rise of New-England Transcendentalism, little as we like any isms, and wish it were more thorough-going and consistent and constructive, instead of being so partial and destructive. Let the new school not only affirm the intuitions of their individual reason, but look for the eternal light, the absolute word, that is the just object of intuition. Let them not only affirm the agency of the human will, but the reality of the divine will or the Holy Spirit, in which the human will has its true breath. Let them not only see God in nature, but in history and in the immortal kingdom of God's children, or the Church. Let the new seekers carry out their principle thus, and they will be good Christians instead of harsh egotists, and will do much to enlarge and exalt the faith and charity of the brotherhood.

In recording the impression which these "Annals" have made upon us, we may be excused for going a little further into the science of religious history than would seem to belong to a review of lives so inviting in personal portraiture and lessons. But why not own the fact that we have here the precious sketches of some of the most advanced and independent body of Christian thinkers in America since the beginnings of our American Church, and are enabled thus to see the drift of religious opinion from the time when the old colonial tradition began to show the action of the new conditions and tendencies? May we not discern in the Puritan

churches, from the beginning, a certain want which to this day their disciples have been trying to meet? It has been acknowledged and accounted for in various ways, but has not been ascribed as freely and fully as should be to leading historical causes. What is more evident than that the Christian religion, alike in its own truth and in the dispositions of the people who first accepted it and made the original Christendom, presents two chief elements,—the one more Semitic, the other more European or Indo-Germanic? The Semitic mind rested mainly in God, the Creator, as dwelling above creation, and as communicating his will by specific messages, with especial signs and wonders, and had an aversion to all beliefs and usages that tended to bring him down among men. The European or Indo-Germanic mind rejoiced to believe in the indwelling of God in nature and man; it tended to multiply legends of his incarnations, and was in danger of losing man and nature in the almighty presence or presences, that is, in utter pantheism. The Mediæval Church carried this tendency so far as to crush human life under those ghostly powers that claimed to incarnate God, and make the confessional his oracle and the bread of the altar his actual being. The modern age tried to throw off this weight, and in various ways. Rome, in the Renaissance, went back to Greek Humanism, and tried to shake off the terrific might of her priestly Buddhism by the arts of Phidias and Apelles, and the elegance and wit of Plato and Cicero. The Reformation struck more at the root of the mediæval superstition. Germany and England succeeded in dismissing the ancient priestly despotism, without giving up the idea of the incarnation upon which it had grown up. The Puritans went, in some respects, too far in their protest; and our American Congregationalists — noble examples, as they were, of European character, especially of Germanic independence — began in a very thorough-going war with the European elements in Christianity, and a surrender of faith, with little reserve, into the keeping of the Semitic standards. The Old Testament became the great authority; and, in the interpretation of the New Testament, the Gospel of John, with its glorious doc-

trine of the Word of God manifest in man, and Christ as the bread of life, was lost sight of in the Epistles of Paul and their Old-Testament bearings. The Puritan Congregationalists fell back upon the Levitical law. While they, of course, did not reject the incarnation, they interpreted it chiefly in relation to the expiatory death of Christ; thus slighting his chief work as the living atonement, and moreover tending to exaggerate the distinctive personality of the Son or Word by presenting him more as a victim to the Father's justice than a manifestation of the Father's love.

The idea of sin and the legal penalty of sin were the dominant idea of the Puritans; and the great Catholic faith that God came to be one with man, not merely to give an offering for sin, but to complete his original work, and crown his creature with the perfect presence, was too little pronounced. The great jubilant hymns of the incarnation, such as the "Te Deum" and "Gloria in Excelsis," were set aside; and penitential dirges took their place. Their children saw the error; and New-England Orthodoxy has, for over a century, been trying to regain its Christian birthright of joy,—not without considerable success.

Of course, the liberal Congregationalists felt the want, and, in their way, tried to meet it. They repudiated or ignored the Puritan ideas of total depravity, original sin, expiatory atonement, and irresistible grace, and sought to meet the Levitical narrowness of the reigning creed by following in the track of the old prophets. They looked not to the law and the priests, but to the law and the prophets. The liberal fathers tended to regard religion mainly as revealed law, through chosen messengers backed by signs and wonders. They were more an historical than experimental school, and were rather disposed to regard God as having of old revealed himself to men than as ever revealing himself. Their Arianism and Arminianism were, in one respect, proofs of this tendency, and signs of their unwillingness to believe that God himself was directly one with man in Christ, and seeks to repeat that union in every believer by his spirit. The re-action must come; the European mind within us must have its free play.

It did come, and is coming. For over a half-century, our liberal minds have been feeling their way towards a more profound and living sense of historical and vital Christianity, and a more genial and devout conviction of God's indwelling Word and Spirit. The historical school of theologians, in spite of its occasional antagonism, has been manifesting growing affinities with the transcendental school; and the Broad-Church leaders, who rest their faith upon God in Christ, regard the historical incarnation, not as the monstrous interruption of the providential order, but as its rational consummation and the regular fulfilment of the plans of the Creator for the perfection of his creatures. They regard the Holy Spirit as the continual witness of the incarnation, and as the continuity of its power in every faithful soul. They are not discouraged by the extravagances of the transcendental school, and are no more discouraged by the presumption that claims for every man the power to know, by intuition, the indwelling God, than they were by the old Orthodoxy that denied to men any inspiration outside of the rigid letter of Scripture.

Thoughtful Unitarians may take some comfort from the very excesses of the champions of the doctrine of the divine immanence, as leading to more sober and rational views; and, if some of our new lights seem to be very near to the Buddhist Pantheism, it is to be hoped, that they will take the old road out of that darkness, and accept the true idea of incarnation, which affirms the indwelling God, and yet saves the personal life and immortality of the individual soul. With us, in signal cases, the great work of early Christianity has been repeated; and our finest and strongest minds owe their faith and experience to a generous union of the European and Semitic elements under conditions so peculiar and precious.

Without using any scholastic language, or venturing upon any ambitious speculations, the solid sense of the Unitarian denomination has adopted the broad policy, and has at once retained its historical root, and given free scope to the new growth. It has followed the method of God and Nature, and been willing to evolve all its principles and powers fully, and

allow true life to integrate apparent diversities. The Unitarian denomination is thus showing itself to be a truly liberal Christian body. In spite of a name which is often regarded as narrow and sectarian, it will hold more and more generous relations with the Church Universal without begging favor from the old Orthodoxy, or lowering its tone to win adherents from the new radicalism. It is to be hoped, that its leaders will not be content with any easy acquiescence in old systems, and, alike in their approachings and their protests, will preserve all the freedom and variety and inspiration to which God has called them. We do not see why there are not encouraging grounds for a marked awakening of thought and action in the body, now that so many old walls are broken down, the new and old elements move so freely together, and the whole nation is so ready to accept their views of man's dignity, and to recognize them as having done at least their share in the redemption of the country.

The times and these "Annals" bring before us all the fathers of the Unitarian faith; and who does not feel, that the eighty men whose lives are here brought before us have left truths and influences that have been working mightily in the convictions and purposes that have given the Church its inspiration, and the nation its triumph? With them before us, we shall not be in danger of losing either our freedom or our faith. Let these precious historic powers, that are so mighty in our letters, education, art, science, and religion, keep and combine their forces, and help us in assimilating the new elements of our civic and religious life; and the God of our fathers will be sure to be the God of the children, and the new age will be mature fruit of the age that we are beginning to call the past. Even their old antagonists we may learn to interpret more charitably in our larger fellowship; and, with so thorough a Christian scholar and gentleman as Dr. Sprague for our guide, we shall not find it impossible to see new affinities between the two sections of the old Congregational body, and renew the ancient fellowship of good-will, if we may not restore the old order of association.

ART. III.—HORACE MANN.

Life of Horace Mann. By his Wife. Boston: Walker, Fuller, & Co.
1865. pp. 602.

To a thoroughly successful biography, one of two quite opposite conditions is indispensable,—the biographer must either have been in intimate personal relations with the subject of his biography, or have known him *solely* through the medium of other minds.

The advantage of the first condition is in the ability it affords to present and interpret the external life and acts by a private knowledge of the internal life and character; thus often harmonizing apparent contradictions, and explaining many circumstances and transactions otherwise inexplicable. A biography constructed under the second condition, while it will lack this valuable element, and be wanting in the warmth and lifelikeness of its portraiture, is likely to be free from prejudice and personal bias, and to be more judicial in its summings-up of character or performance.

The result under the first condition is similar to the effect of a carefully modulated light on a picture: it brings out all the evident beauties, and suggests others not so evident; it diminishes faults, not by concealing them, but by making them foils to excellences. The second condition is as if the same picture were placed out of doors in the full glare of the unsparing sunlight: not only are its defects and beauties brought out with equal distinctness, but it is robbed of its perspective, and made to betray by the evident marks of the brush, that it is only a picture after all. Any third condition of partial acquaintance, eked out by the record of others, will most likely combine in its results the infelicities, and not the advantages, of the other two: as if, to continue the figure, the painting were badly hung,—losing, on the one hand, the advantages of a modulated light; and, on the other, that of perfect illumination.

The life of Horace Mann was one especially requiring the former style of treatment. A man of strong nature, quick perceptions, decided convictions, indomitable will, tenacity of purpose; a man impatient of half-measures, scorning all compromise with expediency, so identifying his opponent with what he believed to be the errors espoused by him, as to give to every controversy the complexion and tone of a personal contest,—it was particularly needful that we should be carried below the surface of fact into the current of motive and principle, of general habit and private thought, that prejudice might be dispelled, and justice done.

That the biographer has felt this is apparent from such passages as the following:—

“ When his is called a ‘ rugged nature,’ because he could not temporize, and because he made great requisitions of men upon whom were laid great duties, I see only his demand for perfection in others as well as in himself; and no man ever made greater requisitions of self. He could forget his own interests when he worked for great causes; and he sometimes wished others, who had not his moral strength, to do likewise. But the very requisition often evolved self-respect to such a degree as to bring forth the power to do the duty, as many a man who has come under his influence can testify; and what greater honor can we do to our fellow-man than to expect of him the very highest of which he is capable? It is true of him, that he had not much charity for those who sinned against the light; but it is equally true, that his tenderness for the ignorant and the oppressed was never found wanting, and that the first motion of repentance in the erring melted his heart at once. Love of man was so essentially the impelling power in him, that it cost him no effort to exercise it; but he had no self-appreciation which made him feel that he could do what others could not, if they would.”

Mr. Mann’s active life divides itself into three distinct periods. As Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, as Representative in Congress, and as President of Antioch College, he was called to the discharge of duties more diverse and onerous than often fall to the lot of one man; and these duties were discharged with a painstaking fidelity and self-sacrifice, an almost reckless indifference to

present reputation or personal comfort, an intelligence, sagacity, and ripeness of wisdom which entitle him to the gratitude and admiration of posterity.

Those familiar with the common-school system of Massachusetts in its existing condition only, will be amazed, not alone at its low estate when Mr. Mann commenced his labors in this field, but yet more at the state of public opinion thereon. When, in November, 1837, the Secretary, in his lecturing tour, reached Salem,—

“A friend who was present at this convention says it was remarkable to see the apathy with which it opened. One gentleman, who made one of the first speeches, questioned the expediency of endeavoring to get the educated classes to patronize public schools. . . .

“Another gentleman said he thought, that, preliminary to all things else, the Secretary should go round the State, and pass a day in every public school in it, and then make a report of their condition.

“After several sapient speeches like this had been made, Mr. Mann rose, and said, that, if the gentleman who made the last proposition would take the trouble to do a short sum in arithmetic, he would find that it would take sixteen years for the Secretary to do this work, if he never intermitted one day. A general stir in the assembly intimated, that suddenly the immensity of the work to be done struck their minds for the first time.”

It would be easy to fill pages with similar extracts from Mr. Mann’s Journal or letters, showing either the deadening torpor on the subject of education with which the Secretary had to contend, or the active and often virulent partisan or theological opposition to his plans, and indeed to the whole conception and theory of the Board of Education as constituted.

In the Journal, under date of Sept. 15, 1840, we find:—

“Wellfleet! a miserable, contemptible, deplorable convention. This morning, on arriving, I found that not the slightest thing had been done by way of arrangement; absolutely nothing. To-morrow I will shake the dust from off my feet in regard to this place. Thus far I have found things in a deplorable condition in this county. How will it be ten years hence? Such a state of things was not to be an-

ticipated anywhere in Massachusetts. But I see every day how much is to be done. On Wednesday, the 16th, I came, through Eastham, Orleans, and Brewster, to Dennis. Visited several schools and schoolhouses, and found both schools and schoolhouses very miserable."

Again, the locality being Pittsfield :—

"Oct. 2. The day of shame is over. At ten o'clock, the time appointed for the convention, not an individual had come into the place. At half-past eleven, eight or ten made their appearance from other towns, who, with about a dozen on the spot, constituted the convention. This afternoon, I lectured to about a dozen women and some hundred men ; and, immediately after I got through, the company dispersed like a flock of birds that have been shot into."

Five years later, Mr. Mann had appointed a Teachers' Institute at the same place.

"When he arrived in Pittsfield, and entered the schoolroom assigned for the purpose (all the common schools were in vacation), at seven in the morning, to make arrangements, he found the room had been left unswept, and had not been put in order for his reception. A hundred pupils, the teachers of schools, were expected at nine o'clock. Governor Briggs, then actual Executive of the State, who felt great interest in Mr. Mann's plans, and had accompanied him to the schoolhouse, borrowed brooms in a neighboring house ; and the two gentlemen swept and dusted the room, and had all things in order at the appointed hour."

The Journal from which these extracts are made was persevered in many years. It is a record of facts of inestimable value, not only as illustrating Mr. Mann's life, but as shedding much light upon our general educational and national affairs, during the whole period which it covers. It is of yet greater importance as illustrating the interior structure of Mr. Mann's mind and heart, the motives which actuated him, the hopes and fears, the incentives and discouragements which in turn had dominion over him. No more triumphant vindication can be made or is needed of the sincerity and disinterestedness of his labors, or of his essential humanity, kindness of heart, affectionateness, and consideration for the rights and opinions of others. Mr. Mann has been accused of hardness, of bitter-

ness and rancor, of an unscrupulous and remorseless temper in pursuing his opponents. It has been said, that he so identified abstract right with his conception of the right in specific cases, as to regard opposition to his views as hostility to established and immutable principles; and resisted such opposition accordingly. That he had all the ardor of an intense nature, and a highly sensitive, nervous organization, is doubtless true. That, plunging into whatever enterprise for the time engaged him, with an enthusiasm and devotion which knew no limits of effort, either in attaining information or working out results, short of utter exhaustion of the subject or of himself, or both, he was impatient of the shallow criticisms which questioned his conclusions, or impugned his motives, or resisted his innovations, and used his remarkable powers of satire and personal denunciation in defence of what he believed right and true, is beyond question. But no candid person can read this Diary and private correspondence, revealing as it does the inner workings of his mind, betraying his underlying motives, reasons, plans, and desires, and displaying all the *minutiae* of fact, circumstance, condition, and obstacles, impossible to be known at the time by others than himself, but which so manifestly colored and controlled all his actions, without a constantly increasing respect and admiration.

On the 1st of May, 1843, Mr. Mann sailed for Europe to visit European schools. The educational results of this tour were wrought into his Seventh Annual Report. As he remarks in a letter to Mr. George Combe,—

“ My Report caused a great stir among the Boston teachers: I mean those of the grammar schools. The very things in the Report which made it acceptable to others made it hateful to them. The general reader was delighted with the idea of intelligent, gentlemanly teachers; of a mind-expanding education; of children governed by moral means. The leading men among the Boston grammar-school masters saw their own condemnation in this description of their European contemporaries, and resolved, as a matter of self-preservation, to keep out the infection of so fatal an example as was afforded by the Prussian schools. The better members dissuaded, remon-

strated, resisted ; but they are combined together, and feel that in union is their only strength. The evil spirit prevailed. A committee was appointed to consider my Report. A part of the labor fell into the worst hands. After working at the task all summer, they sent forth, on the 1st of September, a pamphlet of a hundred and fifty-four pages, which I send you, and leave you to judge of its character. I was then just finishing my Annual Abstract, a copy of which I send you, and which I commend to your attention for its extraordinary merits. As soon as the preparation of the Abstract was complete, which was my *recreation* during the hot days of summer, I wrote a ‘Reply to the Boston Masters.’”

This was the inception of the well-known contest, of which many interesting particulars appear in succeeding pages of the Life.

Mr. Mann was almost unequalled in his capacity for unremitting labor. He could “toil terribly.” Says his biographer,—

“During all his educational life, Mr. Mann had never allowed himself one day of pure recreation. If he made a visit to a friend, some educational errand was sure to lie in ambush, or some plea to be entered for the furtherance of his cherished plans. He had not the art of lying fallow, and thus gathering new strength for labor. His love of children was the only natural outlet for his native hilarity ; and this blessed resource was all that saved him when the outside world seemed bent upon harassing him. He never could turn his back upon them : others had to defend him from their loving inroads, hunt them in his study, and pick them off his writing-desk, and out of the back of his chair, where they would be found perched.”

Of Mr. Mann’s career in Congress, to which he was nominated in March and elected in April, 1848, as the immediate successor of John Quincy Adams, we shall say little. The principal points of interest in that career are well known ; the Webster controversy, the contests on the Texas boundary, the Wilmot proviso, and the Fugitive-slave Bill, being the most prominent. Of the letters written at that time, we are told :—

“Many remarks upon Mr. Webster are published in these letters, because the spirit in which Mr. Mann held up his testimony against

him is often misrepresented. In his subsequent life, he often said, that, if he had never done any thing else purely for the love of truth and his country, the course he had pursued in regard to Mr. Webster had the sanction of his later conscience and judgment; that he acted consciously against his own immediate interests; and that society would finally justify him, though he never expected justice from the men who followed so closely in Mr. Webster's footsteps in sacrificing the cause of freedom and truth for party, or political or personal considerations.

"On the day when he left home to take his first letter against Mr. Webster to the printer, he said, 'I am going to do the most reckless thing, on my own account, which I have ever done, in publishing this letter. A thousand of the most prominent men in Massachusetts will never speak to me again. But I must do it; and I shall probably follow it up with more.'"

It is instructive and encouraging to read the record of this Congress, so apparently given over to the very spirit of darkness, passing act after act, which, to the small band of loyal antislavery men, seemed to "put back the cause of freedom half a century," and contrast it with the record of the Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth Congresses, just closed, and which has been so admirably summed up by Senator Wilson.

While Mr. Mann was performing his duties in Congress with his accustomed zeal and devotion, he was not unmindful of his first love. For a season he retained the duties of his Secretaryship, and was in constant correspondence with teachers and others on educational matters; occasionally delivering lectures before associations of young men, which gained for him the warmest encomiums of friends and strangers.

As early as May, 1852, overtures were made to him with reference to the Presidency of Antioch College; and, on the 15th of September following, he was chosen President of that Institution; being the same day also nominated for Governor of Massachusetts, by a convention of the "Free Democracy," assembled at Lowell.

It is impossible to approach this period of Mr. Mann's life without sadness and pain. The sacrifice of personal comfort,

and of the society of cherished friends; disappointment in the condition of matters at his new field of labor; discouraging apathy among the responsible friends of the college; personal opposition from some of the officers of the institution; the almost incredibly low tone of society, and the vulgar, not to say boorish, habits and manners of many of those with whom he was thrown in daily contact; and, finally, the deplorable financial failure of the enterprise, just when all the other obstacles were nearly surmounted,—form a burden of discouragements, painful even to read of, disheartening to the most sanguine and buoyant temperament, insupportable by any one of Mr. Mann's organization. It is no wonder he sank under it.

We make a few brief extracts from this part of the biography, to illustrate the various drawbacks under which the enterprise was prosecuted:—

"The ambitious brick towers of Antioch College were the first objects to be seen on approaching the spot, and its unfinished aspect was symbolical of the unripe condition of all its affairs. . . . The stumps of the trees still remained standing at the very threshold of the college. . . . No house had been built for his accommodation, as had been promised; nor had he received any intimation of the fact. No provision had even been made for a temporary residence of ten persons. . . . It was long before the college-building was put into comfortable order. It was a year before any provision was made to furnish fresh water to the students, who were obliged to walk a quarter of a mile with their pitchers to procure a draught of the clear article. . . . Many cold weeks elapsed, after the opening of the college, on the 5th of October, before the stoves arrived which were to warm either the main college-building, or the close dormitories of the students (ventilation having been entirely ignored in the structure).

. . . Mr. Mann persisted in presiding over the common table, hoping by his presence to give a better tone to the manners of the young people, which, by all indications, would otherwise have disfigured the establishment. . . . His presence insured order and decency at the public tables; and for this end he continued to deprive himself and family, for the first year, of the luxury of any private life, a measure of which he might have enjoyed through the privilege of a private table.

" But he could not prevent the Ohio pigs from walking through the dining-room, as there were no fences around the college-buildings, no doors to the hall, and no appointed homes for the animals. Water stood over shoes between the main college-building and the dining-hall (where there is a covered arcade in the picture), so deep that boards floated on it. . . . The disaffection of the superintendent still delayed the building of the college-manso; and his uncomfortable quarters, the self-denial he practised about personal comforts (for only in the privacy of his own bed-chamber would he partake of a little food that he could digest, furtively prepared in an inconvenient manner), the absorption of every moment of his time (for no waking hour was his own), and the anxiety he began to feel lest the institution would become bankrupt, proved too much for Mr. Mann; and, towards the end of the first year, he was laid upon a bed of suffering, from which only his iron resolution finally roused him. . . . The seats at the tables were round, four-legged stools; and Mr. Mann would not have a chair for himself, even after some ladies of the teaching corps ventured upon that innovation for their own accommodation, and at their own expense. . . . Many laughable incidents growing out of the primitive simplicity of log-cabin life at the West, made the Eastern residents in this hitherto uncultured region realize the difference between the two states of society. Mr. Mann, in his Western lecturing tours, had often slept in the one apartment of a log-cabin (the owner worth, perhaps, a hundred thousand dollars), in which a row of beds were turned down at night to accommodate the household, guest, and all: therefore he was not alarmed when a very demure young lady — not particularly young, but a student of the college — came to make the request that she might make up a bed on the floor of her apartment for her brother-in-law, who had come to visit her."

The theological composition of the Board of Managers added to his embarrassment:—

" The body of the Christian denomination was represented by men of limited education and narrow views, but a little in advance of the general ignorance, and who cared more for the advancement of their sect than for the advancement of learning and virtue. Mr. Mann accepted ignorance as one of the evils he must necessarily combat. He did not despise it: he only pitied it, and bent every energy to removing it. But he had no respect for bigotry."

The low state of morality among the students was a source of infinite anxiety to Mr. Mann; and his labors in public and private, to elevate and strengthen the moral sense of his young friends, could only have been performed by one who felt deeply his personal accountability for every moment of his time: —

“ Many a student was dismissed from his institution for the vice of persistent lying,—not always publicly, but winnowed out through private admonition to friends; for that was the most hopeless form of youthful vice in his eyes, and he did not think it right to allow its contaminating influence in such a community. Our national vice of intemperance he treated like a physician, and shared with his students the vigils held over the few cases that came to an alarming crisis in the institution.”

The financial condition of the college, meanwhile, was deplorable; and the various letters of Mr. Mann show how heavily the burden of this perplexity pressed upon him. In a letter of Oct. 16, 1857, he remarks,—

“ There must be some reason that draws so many students here, notwithstanding the horrid pecuniary death we have been dying for four years, and notwithstanding every student who came was not without some reason to believe that the college would tumble down on his head. . . . I am living on short allowance; have not had a cent from the college for a year and a half; and it costs me about two thousand dollars a year to keep up my ‘ public house.’ ”

The “ reason ” referred to, it is not difficult to surmise. Indeed, the insight afforded by these letters into the working condition of the institution is convincing as to its admirable management. Never was so great a success coupled with so mortifying and disgraceful a failure.

The following extract from a letter to Rev. S. J. May, Feb. 27, 1858, is in pleasant contrast to the condition of things a few years before, and indicates the effect of Mr. Mann’s paternal watchfulness and care: —

“ On the east side of our grounds, and immediately adjoining them, is a farm of four hundred acres, with garden, vineyard, and orchard of twenty or thirty in addition. On the north-west, Judge Mills has a large flower and fruit garden. On the south-west, a hundred and

fifty rods from our doors, a Frenchman raises choice fruits for the market. Not one of these for two years has lost an apple or peach or grape. . . . Our dormitory, nearly filled with male students, has no tutor or proctor or overseer. In study-hours, it is as quiet as your house. We have no rowdyism, no drinking of intoxicating liquors, no gambling or card-playing ; and we have nearly succeeded, notwithstanding the inveteracy of these habits at the West, in exorcising profanity and tobacco."

The pecuniary failure of the college seems to have been inevitable from the beginning. In a letter dated Aug. 18, 1858, Mr. Mann writes :—

"The college was bankrupt on the day it opened,—miserably bankrupt : but its moneyed accounts had been kept in such a manner, that the fact of its utter bankruptcy was not then known, and could not be to any but its agent ; and, if he knew it, he kept it to himself.

"The scholarship system, as here undertaken, was a ruinous and suicidal system. It undertook to give a college education perpetually, without interruption, for six dollars a year ! The children learning A B C in this town have paid that sum *per quarter* since I have been here.

"Now, the college being bankrupt, secretly so, when it was opened, and the scholarships being too few in number to bear one-half its expenses, the trustees administered it for four years, hoping that donations, &c., would rescue it, but running in debt all the time. At last, all plans for its relief having failed, and the public having lost all confidence in its pecuniary management, so that all donations ceased, there seemed to be no alternative but to assign the property for the payment of its debts."

Mr. Mann's fatal illness fell upon him immediately after the extraordinary labors incident to the graduation of the class of '59. The memoir closes with his Baccalaureate Address of 1859. It is full of the author's felicity and fertility of illustration, and his brilliant antithesis. Some lines might be quoted as epigrams : for instance, that describing an unworthy member of the legal profession as "a pettifogger, a chicaner, a picaroon,—one whose study and life it is to *throw the cloak of truth over the body of a lie*;" and this, "The United States are mighty, but they are not almighty." We copy the

concluding words of solemn and genuinely religious appeal :—

“ You are in the kingdom of a Divine Majesty who governs his realms according to law. By his laws, it is no more certain that fire will consume, or that water will drown, than that sin will damn. Nor is it more sure that flame will mount, or the magnetic needle point to the pole, than it is that a righteous man will ascend along a path of honor to glory and beatitude. These laws of God pervade all things, and they operate with omnipotent force. Our free agency consists merely in the choice we make to put ourselves under the action of one or another of these laws. Then the law seizes us, and sweeps us upward or downward with resistless power. If you stand on the great table-land of North America, you can launch your boat on the head-waters of the Columbia, or the Mackenzie, or the St. Lawrence, or the Mississippi ; but the boat, once launched, will be borne towards the selected one of the four points of the compass, and from all the others. If you place your bark in the Gulf Stream, it will bear you northward, and not southward ; or though that stream is as large as three thousand Mississippis, yet you can steer your bark across it, and pass into the region of the variable or the trade winds beyond, to be borne by them.

“ If you seek suicide from a precipice, you have only to lose your balance over its edge, and gravitation takes care of the rest. So you have only to set your head right by knowledge, and your heart right by obedience, and forces stronger than streams or winds or gravitation will bear you up to celestial blessedness, Elijah-like, by means as visible and palpable as though they were horses of fire and chariots of fire.

“ Take heed to this, therefore, that the law of God is the supreme law. The judge may condemn an innocent man ; but posterity will condemn the judge.”

It may be that the volume from which we have so freely quoted will not convert the numerous educational or political opponents of Mr. Mann into admirers and friends. But they cannot fail to do very much towards placing in its just and true light before the world a life which, for untiring service in the cause of human elevation and advancement, for unswerving devotion to truth, justice, and righteousness, and for utter disregard of personal considerations in the pursuit of duty,—is among the finest examples in our history.

J. L. Maxey.

ART/IV.—FORSYTH'S CICERO.

Life of Marcus Tullius Cicero. By WILLIAM FORSYTH, M.A., Q.C., Author of "Hortensius," "Napoleon at St. Helena, and Sir Hudson Lowe," "History of Trial by Jury," &c., and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. In two vols. With Illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner & Co., 1865.

THE biographers of Cicero may be divided into two classes, according as they have aspired to exhibit the perfection or to expose the defects of his character. Mr. Forsyth endeavors to reconcile the contradictions of both classes, and, unbiassed by a theory, accepting the facts of his history as they present themselves, to depict the orator and the man alike in his littleness and his greatness. And though he has produced in many respects an interesting book, however much it may be lacking in that fulness of detail and that vivid portraiture which are so necessary in a great historical work, yet, in a critical point of view, his success has not been great. If his work has the merits, it has also the defects, of brevity. If it may claim to be occupied exclusively with the personage it portrays, it suffers, nevertheless, from the want of that background in the circumstances and condition of the times without which an ancient writer or statesman must always remain to us but a shadowy form, or at best a marble figure.

Given his letters and diaries, it is comparatively easy to record the life of a modern writer. His words and his works speak for him; but then, on the other hand, it is harder to determine his place in literature, to estimate his influence as transitory or permanent, to judge much or at all of the degree to which posterity will accept our applause or remember our blame. But when two thousand years are gone, when the civilization he helped to mould, and the religion he attempted to explain, have passed away with the very race to which he belonged, the statesman stands in an altered relation. If he is remembered at all, it is because he was pre-

eminent in his day in illustrating the splendor or in shaping the career of his nation and his age. It is not merely his own independent merits, but his connection with the history of his time, which interest us. The poets, indeed, and historians, we value for the beauty or the importance of their works. But the orator and statesman and general cannot be separated from the people they lead, are one with the movements they stimulate or control.

Mr. Forsyth devotes his book almost wholly to a sketch of Cicero's political career, to the causes he defended and the orations he spoke. There is indeed an effort, and it is claimed to be one of the objects of the book, to exhibit him in the privacy of domestic life, to portray the "gentleman" and the father; but there is little allusion to that other claim which Cicero has upon our regard as a man of letters, no analysis of his literary merits, and no representation of his philosophical position. In this respect, therefore, we think the book defective. It is, however, juster than Middleton's Life; and, for popular use, availing itself as it does of the researches of later scholars, especially of the exhaustive learning of Drumann, it is both trustworthy and entertaining. And we are glad to feel assured, by the enterprise of the American publishers in reprinting it in so exquisite a manner, that the interest of our people in the great men and the famous ages of antiquity is in no wise abated; but that we are wise enough to be ever willing to learn the lesson which is taught by the greatest of the old republics in its fall, to the greatest of the new in its rise.

Without question, the age of Cicero was one of the most dramatic, as it was one of the most important, in the history of Rome. In the year in which he was born, the war with Jugurtha was ended by Marius, and the jealousies out of which sprang the civil wars that decided the fate of Rome began their deadly work. From beginning to end, his life was a tragedy. Bred in all the traditions of the Republic, proud of its glories, anxious for its safety, he lived to witness both the disappointment of his ambition and the overthrow of his country. It was but eight months

before his death that he uttered those words, in one of his orations against Antony, which may be taken at once as the explanation of his career and the confirmation of his glory,— “Such is my fate,— I cannot conquer without the Republic, nor be conquered except with it.” Yet nothing surprises us so much in the contemplation of his life as his utter inability to apprehend the real condition of the Roman people, and the inevitable tendencies of the Roman government. Cæsar did not create the empire: the need of empire created Cæsar.

It is impossible to read the accounts which have survived of the profound corruption of the age, of the rapid rise of the factions which drenched the Roman streets with blood, and the terrible nature of the vices which filled the Roman palaces with horrors, without a feeling of relief as one passes from the anarchy of the Republic to the order of the Empire. The wonder, rather, is that civil society itself could endure the burden of this general profligacy and this wild ambition. But that a man like Cicero, who had studied in the schools of Greek philosophy, and been taught the secrets of Roman statemanship, should have failed to appreciate the altered relations with the world into which conquest and wealth and luxury had brought the Roman people, is a fact of sad and singular significance. In a rude way, Polybius had indicated, almost a century before, the centralizing office and the exalted destiny of Rome, in its relations with the countries about the Mediterranean, and in its influence upon the general condition of the world. But Cicero seems never to have got beyond the ancient traditions. He saw in the Roman Republic a vast power, in the city of Rome an august and permanent theatre, for the acquisition and the display of honors. He was ever looking back. In the midst of terrible convulsions, when there was no longer a question whether there should be a Republic, but only who should be the despot, Cicero, returning from his Cilician province, hovered on the outskirts of Rome, and wandered up and down the country with his laurelled lictors, vainly seeking the honors of a triumph, at that moment so pitiable a spectacle, so contemptible a shadow of the old greatness and glory of Rome.

A persuasive orator and a brilliant writer, Cicero was wanting in the qualities which go to make up the statesman,—that rarest of all characters on the stage of human history. He lacked foresight and judgment, not of individual character and particular acts, but of the spirit of the age and the tendency of events. The example of the past was ever before him. He could not see that the past was gone irrevocably with the ancient loyalty and virtue. Never sure that he was right, he lacked the firmness to adhere to the course he had once taken. In the closing period, indeed, of his career, in his terrible denunciations of Antony, and his adherence to the cause of the Senate, he showed a moral courage and a strength of will great enough to redeem many errors and to excuse much adulation. But for the rest, all through his life,—more thoroughly known to us from the correspondence which has been so amply preserved, than that of any other statesman or writer of antiquity,—his weakness and vanity and irresolution are everywhere apparent and everywhere painful. “He bore none of his calamities as a man should,” said Livy, “except his death.”

With a vigorous understanding and a good memory, he had also that vivid imagination which lends so great a charm to eloquence. *Instar sui generis*, it is difficult to compare him either with ancient or modern orators. No one has disputed his claim to be the greatest wit of antiquity; and there was a freshness in his thought and style which we should hardly expect in our day from an overworked advocate or the harassed leader of a party. But, as he says himself in the *Tusculan Disputations*, it is with the mind as with the soil,—the most fruitful must be cultivated, otherwise it will produce nothing. And he never forgot the boast of Solon, that he grew old in daily learning; or the precept of Aristotle, that as the horse is made for running or the ox for ploughing, so man is created, as it were a mortal god, for activity and knowledge. As Pliny said of him, he was indeed a light in the field of learning; and the laurel he really won was worth more than the triumphs he sighed for, by as much as it is nobler to extend the circle of intellectual activity than the

bounds of an empire. And if, as Plato said, and he was fond of repeating, one bond binds together all knowledge, Cicero, more than any of the ancients, had exhausted, at least in ambition, all branches of study: to use his own words, "he wrote more books than others could read." What the elder Scipio Africanus said of himself was true of Cicero: he was never less idle than during his leisure, and never less alone than when solitary. It is common to charge him with selfishness; but, for our part, we can find but little of that weakness in him. His nature was too much Greek and too little Roman to live for himself. Though he must have read in Euripides how the poet hated the wise man who was not wise for his own benefit, he acted rather upon the precept of Plato, that we are not to live for ourselves, but for our country and our friends.

But, with his immense mental activity and his commanding fame, there were two things which neutralized his great power. He hated war: nothing, as Pliny said, was more repugnant to him; and he could not in the least understand the future. It was said of his prophecies in the civil wars, that the contrary of what he had predicted almost always occurred. Unlike Cæsar, therefore, comprehending neither the present nor the future, he had no practical influence upon the course of events. Seeking the causes of the political decline, not in the general corruption, but in the ambition of single men; blind to the fact that it was not the popular or patrician party that sought for mastery, but Cæsar and Pompey,—he clamored for the execution of the criminal, in order, by so extirpating the crime, to secure the Constitution and save the State. Catiline was killed, but the ferment was worse than before. Cæsar perished, but slavery lived. The remembrance of the Gracchi, of Sulpicius and Marius and Sulla, made Cicero none the wiser. He was never weary of preaching death to usurpers, and never weary of exulting in their fall, though he saw that tyranny survived the tyrants; that whosoever conquered, the Republic was dead.

Yet, in considering the life of Cicero, while we cannot but pity him for his delusion, we are also not to forget the condi-

tion of the age in which he lived, when every Roman legate felt himself above monarchs, and even Cato found it not out of place that a city like Antioch should greet him as king; his disgust being only that they intended the same honor for a freedman of Pompey. Nor are we to forget the fact, that, if worse than Sulla, Cæsar could affirm that one might do violence to the law in order to assure his supremacy; and yet if even Cæsar, with his vast genius for affairs, with his steady reliance upon his genius and his destiny, "the greatest name in history," as Mr. Merivale claims, could not find his way out of that terrible labyrinth of political contradictions and moral death in which the Republic was breathing out its life, it was not likely that any one else could find it;—if Cæsar, moreover, could declare to the assembled senate that the immortality of the soul was a vain chimera, yet could crawl up the steps of the Capitoline Temple on his knees, to appease the Nemesis which frowns upon earthly prosperity, there was not much to be hoped for the superstition of the masses, when religion had so wholly died out of the hearts of their leaders.

Notwithstanding his political ambition and his philosophical tendencies, it was to the character of a perfect orator that Cicero mainly aspired; for in oratory — triumphant at last over that relentless prejudice which, in the midst of the Punic wars, dictated a decree expelling all philosophers and rhetoricians from the city — was found not merely the best avenue to the great distinctions of the State, but to that power over men which was as the water of life to the thirsty Roman soul. Taught by the best teachers of his age,— by Scævola, in that stern science of jurisprudence whose original records were but the simple laws of the Twelve Tables, which, with regard to the source and principles of equity, as he himself makes Crassus say in the *De Oratore*, were worth more than the libraries of all the philosophers; so well by the poet Archias in *belles lettres*, that, if he had not been called to other tasks by his restless ambition and the exigencies of the times, posterity might have compared him with Virgil; by Phædrus and Philo and Diodotus in the doctrines of the Epicureans and the Academy and the Porch,— there is a touching beauty

and nobility in the fervor and courage with which, at the age of twenty-six, reckless of danger, with no presentiment as yet of the bloody experience that was to come, he leaped from the ranks to challenge Sulla himself to combat as it were, in the cause of Roscius, the mere defending of whom was itself an accusation of the dictator. And from this first youthful success, all through that long train of orations which followed the accusation of Verres,—which have remained to this day almost unrivalled monuments of eloquence,—the controlling purpose of his life was to obtain oratorical success: but, to obtain it, let us always generously remember in spite of his vanity and pride, in the cause of justice against despotism, of learning against superstition, of morality and honor against barbarism and corruption, as ready to grapple with Hortensius, when no one else dared to dispute that great orator's title of King of the Forum, as he was to brave the Scipios and the Metelli, though backed by a swollen and defiant aristocracy; ever bold enough to laugh at the menaces, and ever pure enough to scorn the bribes, of cities and provinces and kingdoms, bidding for existence at the hands of the Roman rabble. He had seen Marius enter upon his seventh consulship, and had witnessed the bloody proscriptions of Sulla: at the battle of Mitylene he had detected the rising genius of Cæsar, and watched the unfolding of the talent of Pompey in the war against the Cilician pirates. But there was nothing in all the terrors of the time which he was not willing to face,—the whirlwind that was gathering over the State, the rushing tides of corruption that were sweeping away all private virtue,—if so be he might uphold that sacred inheritance, the accumulated treasure of nearly seven hundred years of conquest and rule, that ark of the constitution in which were garnered the liberties of Rome. It was for this purpose and with this hope, not as has been so unjustly charged in order to make his oratorical genius subservient to his political ambition, that he came forward to recommend Pompey for the conduct of the war against Mithridates,—that veteran chief who for twenty years had set at defiance the whole power of Rome, and defeated army after army of its

best legions, men who had marched under the eagles of Marius against the Cimbri, and fought the Samnites under Sulla.

But the time soon came when dispassionate reasoning and polished wit were powerless; when a fiercer invective and a louder tone were wanted to make the orator heeded amidst the roar of the multitude that surged so madly up against the rostra. Beneath all the luxury of the nobles, and all the turbulence of the people, lurked the terrible elements of revolution and ruin. The lighter graces of his earlier efforts disappeared; and when the chief conspirator—so well described in the brief words of Sallust, “*Magnâ vi et animi et corporis, sed ingenio malo pravoque . . . alieni appetens, sni profusus, ardens in cupiditatibus, satis eloquentiae, sapientiae parum*”—fell fighting for his crime, he insisted, with a vehemence that amazes us upon the sacrifice of his associates,—a sacrifice required by every consideration that bound a Roman to defend his country; by the faith that animated the Decii, and kept Cocles at his post on the Sublician bridge; by the honor that sent Regulus back to Carthage; and by the justice that in the dictatorship of Cincinnatus, plunged the sword of Servilius into the body of Spurius Ahala. Yet Pompey spoke no more than the truth when he paid him the compliment of saying, that he should have conquered Mithridates in vain if Cicero had not preserved the Capitol for his triumph. It can hardly be doubted now, however, that Cæsar—obedient to the principle which Cicero himself so well lays down in the *De Officiis*, “*Sic multa que honesta naturâ videntur esse, temporibus fiunt non honesta*”—took a wiser because calmer view of the question in all its bearings. The laws of the Romans were never sanguinary. The bloody code of Lycurgus was repugnant to their nature. The prerogatives of a Roman citizen were equally his pride and his protection; and those prerogatives seemed incomplete till guaranteed by immunity from capital punishment save in extreme cases, and those only to be determined by the voice of the people. Exile was the severest punishment that could be inflicted upon a Roman citizen. Cicero himself, when evil fell upon him, so sadly forgetting at once his philosophy and his manhood, preferred death at Rome to existence in Macedonia.

Of his love of virtue, and his devotion to truth, no one who has made a thorough study of his life will ever doubt. That withering invective against Vatinius in which abuse is shorn of its grossness by taking the form of ridicule; that satire, more dreaded than personal insult, which made even Lentulus and Cethegus quail; that bold vindication of Milo, when the ground was slippery under his feet with the blood of thirty years of proscription, and the swords of Pompey gleamed in his eyes; the sturdy defence of Ligarius, which made even Cæsar's countenance change, as he presided at the trial, and his limbs tremble, and the papers drop from his hands, while Cicero's vivid picture of the horrors of Pharsalia recalled to the dictator's mind the scene of one of his bloodiest triumphs,—could have sprung only from the intense convictions of a righteous soul. It was this earnestness, not bought with a price, but spontaneous and genuine, which acquitted Mu-ræna, though impeached by the greatest lawyer of the time, and in the oration for Archias pleaded the cause of letters with a grace that was itself the most convincing argument; making every one feel, from that day to this, how the triumphs of the mind are more glorious than those of arms, in that the former make the memory of the latter eternal,—in that the life of the past is in the remembrance of the living. And, though in his outbursts against Catiline and Antony he lowered his notions of senatorial dignity to a level with his rage, we can never forget the patriotism so ardent and so persistent that pleads in excuse for all his vacillation, and, disarming malevolence, mingles reverence for intellect with sympathy with virtue.

In his philosophical writings there is observable also the same honesty and the same unwearied zeal to lift his countrymen from their material pursuits to purer contemplations. He grasps the practical maxims of the Epicureans and Peripatetics and Stoics with the same sagacity that fathomed the devices of Catiline. It was the aim of much of the Greek thought to take man out of the world; it was Cicero's to regulate his life in it. Caring nothing for systems, which were ephemeral, he made no attempt to adjust the operations

of nature to his own theories of its origin. He was assiduous, indeed, to traverse the whole field of philosophy; but it was in the true Roman spirit of tolerating all sects and belonging to none.

It was a sage remark of Plato, which Cicero must have pondered, that he who can overtake wisdom and attain a right sense of things, though extreme old age should overtake him first, is a happy man. Late in life, when reason as well as experience had in a measure failed, he seems to have abandoned the liberal principles of the Old Academy, which taught the certainty of knowledge, for the sceptical tenets of the New, which taught its absolute uncertainty; but, though he saw in general the futility of dogmas; that, if the problem of nature were not inexplicable, so many centuries of toil must have contributed something to its solution,—still there were obvious deductions of experience and reason in which no scepticism ever shook his faith. The being of God, and the immortality of the soul,—its separate existence after death in a state of happiness or misery,—were quite as present verities to him, when, at his Cuman villa overlooking the harbor of Misenum and the shores of Baiae, he speculated upon the nature of good and evil, as when, in the last sad hours of his eventful life, betrayed and hunted down by a wretch whose life he had saved, he stretched out his neck on the strand at Formiæ to the assassins of Antony. The three great sects of Greece, whence all philosophy came, represented to him the irresistible conclusions of the human mind, however much encompassed with error, rather than any distinct or logical systems; but, driven from dogmatism and scepticism alike by the mutability and the permanence of nature and experience, he was constrained to take refuge in probability, which, if it did no more, at least did away all presumption derived from nature against the existence of God: and if Christianity, as has been maintained, is but a sanction of the results to which the experience of man in virtue will lead him, assuredly we may claim for Cicero a place among the purest and best of men.

ART. V.—THE IDEAL CHURCH.

AMONG all current objects of attack and defence, none perhaps awaken more strenuous antagonisms than those points of religious administration which are comparatively static in their character and operation. The fixity of doctrine and the perseverance of institutions provoke at once the zeal of those to whom change means progress, and of those to whom it implies deterioration. The Church is upheld here, denounced there, equally with a religious intention. To one, it is the symbol of superstition; to another, of enlightenment. To this man, it means slavery and tyranny; to that man, it intends protection and deliverance. It is now a refuge, now a prison. But where opposite parties, with equal piety and sincerity of purpose, attack and defend the same thing, we may be sure that there must be a misunderstanding on one side, if not on both. Proximate objects may not only seem, but be, good for one person, and hurtful for another. But the ideal objects of the race represent what must seem good to all, in proportion to their powers of discernment. When these, therefore, are sincerely decried, it is reasonable for us to believe that they are sincerely misunderstood.

When the man of progress affirms that the Church is a nuisance, he merely considers it as an unchristian and irreligious institution. The Romanist, the Episcopalian, shut up the Church within their own limits. The Dissenting sects, perhaps, do the same. But liberal thought and religion are bound to do better than this. These, in the little that is accomplished, must take account of the great things attempted. From the poverty and partiality of the Church actual, they must rise to the consideration of the Church ideal, which is the true complement and explanation of the real. It is with a view to such consideration that the suggestions following are offered.

First, the mediating or reconciling function of the Church. The complexities of thought in all departments increase

so rapidly with the extension of culture, and the adoption of every point recognized as sound suggests so many possible directions into which opinion and effort may run, that statements have to be examined, reviewed, and recast, and all the ideal fabrics of science and of society need continual repair and occasional remodelling. For, while we have but one foundation and one material for these ideal structures, the progress of minds already active, and the conversion of inert into energetic natures consequent upon the spread of education and its onward movement, continually enlarge at once the resources and the requisitions of the human mind, and require continual adjustments of the one to the other. The inconstancy of human expression and opinion does not intrinsically affect the cardinal points upon which the persuasions of the race rest. Opinion is but the changing form of this persuasion, whose spirit does not change. But the war of opinions does react upon the energy and moral inspiration of the individuals professing and defending them. Endless question brings doubt and disturbance. It therefore becomes necessary that points of reconciliation should be established, and that the separations of unavoidable difference and dissent should be finally included in the classification of a supreme and victorious harmony. The separations and differences of men, their errors, passions, and illusions, are too valuable in the dynamic economy of history to admit of other than partial and temporary meetings and adjustments. The actual segregation of human minds, pursuits, and occupations, is indispensable to the co-operation and efficiency of the race. Equally indispensable is a final unity of interest and accountability. The administration of this unity is the office of the Church.

That we must regard the authority and the direction of morals as a unity will be clear to all who have given the subject thought. And this unity of emanation causes, in its efficiency, a corresponding unity of reception. The Church receptive represents this second or resultant unity. The Church preceptive represents the primal unity. The Church, in its totality, lies within and without the region of interest

and opinion, in which no two men, active or passive, have absolutely the same attitude and object. The Church preceptive lies within it; her mission, doctrine, and object being a single one. The Church receptive lies beyond in its action, whose results are all capable of harmonization. But its faith lies or reaches within the region of dispute. The mystical bond of charity, which is the true spiritual sense of that which is beyond bodily sense, gives man this perception of the one divine from which results the ultimate oneness of the human. So much for the *status*, or habitual and necessary position, of the Church.

An intelligent recognition of the two great correlative aspects of truth gives us the exceptional souls dedicated to the culture of wisdom and piety. From the first-named of these classes the outer circle, or Church receptive, is continually recruited. From the last-named, the Church preceptive draws her saints and apostles. Between the two, the heathen or alien region of personal object and activity is subject to continual diminution; and a slow process of Christianization goes on, which gradually reclaims the extra-moral region of mankind, giving to activity a new sanction, and to delight a serene and eternal steadfastness. So the world all lies between the centre and circumference of the Church; and the change from an unconscious and inert, to a voluntary and energetic membership, constitutes the whole truth of a religious, as distinguished from an irreligious, experience.

Into this Church we are all born; some of us in one way, some in another. To create it forms no part of our office or duty on earth. Its laws are eternal; its necessities are inevitable. The greatest human intellect cannot modify either the one or the other. But we can appreciate its laws, and justify its necessities; and, as far as we do so, we have an intellectual part in the government of the world, and a sympathetic part in its experience. But to these are our offices limited. We can change no law, annul no result. Bodies of men come together to create a Church, to make a creed, a discipline of duty for themselves. There is no need of this, and no room for it. Church, creed, and duty already

exist. Our true business is to find out where they are and what they demand. Religion, therefore, is not an invention, but a discovery.

We have said that religion is a discovery, not an invention. This only with regard to its obligations. These are not arbitrary, and are of no private interpretation. Without a fixed standard of duty, social and personal, the coming-together of men upon any ground whatever would be a moral Babel. But the religious principle, in its efficiency, is a creative one. The religion of each man, therefore, to be genuine, must have in it something original and individual, not necessarily in doctrine, but in experience. And the freedom and permission of this experience is the only source from which the poverty of creeds can be filled up. For the Church preceptive can only give a man the tools wherewith to build a religious life. If he fail to build it, he, not the Church, is responsible. No creed, whether burthened with dialectic subtleties, or straitened by intellectual simplifications, can do more than acquaint man with the highest recorded experience and intuition of the race. The experience and intuition which constitute personal religion must be built by him on the basis which these supply. Those, therefore, who complain most bitterly of the deficiencies of systems of belief and of religious instruction in general, have left out of sight the work which the individual himself must supply, and which, like the processes of natural life, must be performed by each for himself.

We know indeed that the middle region of opinion has been made to stand for the true sanctuary of the Church. Upon this ground the passions of men have attacked the consciences of their fellow-men. Blind themselves to the inner light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, they have been the leaders of those as blind as themselves. The true insight which really links together the divine and human has been contraband to their rule. But their rule has, after all, been a temporal, not a spiritual one. The limits and dogmas of their special Church have been swallowed up in the mighty sweep and comprehension of the true Church.

They might build as high, and dig as deep, and fence off as straitly, as they would ; the great centre, which is God, the great circumference, which is man's recognition of Him, did not change. The largest and mightiest organization the world has ever seen may say, "There is but one Church, and I am that Church." But the true Church rebukes her through an hundred babes and sucklings of smaller dimensions. Everywhere is divine comfort, divine duty, divine hope. Everywhere are men striving to honor the truth and to help their fellow-men. And the true mother of souls replies to her ambitious daughter, "There is but one Church : it is enough for thee that thou art in it."

The true Church, then, is at once intra and extra-theological. Its true office is neither to intensify nor to eradicate the differences of human thought, action, and intention ; but to maintain a primal and a final unity beyond them all, whose acknowledgment is the morality, and whose sway is the moralization, of the human race.

The Ordinances of this Church necessarily take precedence of the separate prescriptions of sects and denominations. In order that each of us may fill the sphere of his task and labor, it is necessary that he should limit his immediate interest to the matter in hand. Your zeal for this society or that, your co-operation in this scheme, your support of this representative or advocate, is an artifice of nature which for the time cuts you off from the generalities of philosophical thought or moral consideration. But when do you enter the sanctuary of religion ? When are you actively and consciously in the Church ? Not when you are occupied with A's zealotism or B's latitudinarianism. It is not while you are making an ingenious heaven and hell of your own, fenced with curious intellectual devices for excluding this man, and imprisoning that. It is when you let all this drop, — your own sins and those of others, — and turn to a far-reaching fact, which these cannot darken ; when the peace and power of this contemplation make you believe in the value of life, the dignity of conscience, and the efficiency of conviction ; when the newly created worth and sacredness

in your own person make you aware of a similar worth and sacredness as ideally existing in the persons of others. Then, for the time being, you are in the Church; and so far as the efforts of your active life are regulated by the influence of those considerations, in so far you are acting and living in the Church.

Hence we see why the mere discussion, adoption, and rejection of opinions produces so little religious life, adds so little to the moral power of the race. The fact that such a one is wrong does not put you in the right. The narrowness of his creed does not widen your heart. The satisfaction that you take in contrasting the supposed justice of your views with the supposed insufficiency of his is not a religious one. If you wish to be in the Church, you had better not try to put him out of it, since the first consequence of your true membership will be your recognition of his. Nor will it do for you to seize upon certain points of opinion, miscalled articles of faith, and impose them either upon his recognition or upon his repudiation. In the religious dogmatism of mankind, many things are assigned to the jurisdiction of faith which lie strictly within the province of opinion. All circumstances established by evidence must be matters of opinion. It is every man's right and duty to weigh and decide these for himself. If he allow another man or set of men to decide them for him, he only adopts the opinions of others, in accordance with a secondary opinion of his own. He will deal with this class of facts according to his intelligence and opportunity, for neither of which he is responsible. They have not in themselves power either to advance or retard the process of his redemption from the absolute dominion of nature, and the slavery of self. The power they have rests in their symbolical and sympathetic relation to religious truth; and this is an important, but not a primal power. But religious truths are truths of reflection and of consciousness. They have their slow development in the region of human society. All their steps prove to be necessary and sacred. Wisdom is justified of all her children,—of her babes as well as of her full-grown men. These truths elevate, enlarge, and enlighten opinion.

But they distance man's power of conception and of expression too far to be adequately embodied in any thing that he can utter or formulate. Their true embodiment will be found in the sincerity of zeal, the disinterestedness of effort, and the perseverance of hope and endeavor. Even these give the ideal truth a very imperfect illustration.

The religious progress of the day proves to be more efficiently represented by the party dismissing traditional authority, than by that retaining it. The advance of human intelligence in our time sees clearly that the conception of the divine lies entirely beyond the question of the so-called "supernatural." The divine is not historical, but intuitive; not demonstrated, but discovered. The unity and height of persuasion by which a man builds out of human materials a life of transcendent purity, piety, and power, is a divine fact. But it is a fact of moral efficiency and of personal inspiration. The literalness of the truth of conscience; the simplicity of the real values of life, and their surpassing delight; the power of the human to apprehend standards of excellence far beyond its experience, and to work after them; the capacity and dignity of the weak as well as of the strong,—these considerations were united in the splendors of Christianity. They are beyond the resources of worship and the formulas of doctrine. A life of patient, useful Christian days is evidence that the individual believed them. To give them full expression and illustration was a task beyond his human powers, and one never appointed him.

While the true progress of faith is from the temporary and special, towards the substantial and eternal, one thing is to be remembered; viz., that the reality and exigency of this faith should leave us little time and energy to spare in attacking the limitations of others. If we would show what religion is, we must not waste too much of our power in showing what it is not. Nor must we overlook the appropriateness of symbols to truths that philosophy cannot formulate, nor language express. The ideal philosophy, the only one of the present day that will stand the test of time, acknowledges the substantial justice of the modes of thought which created such

landmarks, while it removes the rubbish of their material interpretation and slavish enforcement. True religion, in the least cultured individual, brings that which is wiser and freer than these, the mere bandages and envelopes of experience. But, while there is religion in going beyond myths and symbols, to their meaning, we shall not necessarily find it in their mere intellectual disproof and dismissal, especially where this is imbibed by contempt and uncharity towards those who still hold them. Such contempt and uncharity do not lie within the scope of the true Church, either in its preceptive or in its receptive function. To reform institutions, we must first understand them. He who has never seized the delicate sense, the moral truth, and spiritual justice veiled in the hitherto popular theology, is not in a position to put any thing better in its place. As a proof of this, we may assert, that, in the denomination which admits the most liberal construction of religious dogmas, those most distinguished by efficient zeal have usually made the whole circuit of the Christian faith, beginning at the literal and arriving at the spiritual interpretation. "First that which is natural, and afterward that which is spiritual." We have all a religious as well as a physical childhood to pass through. Baptism comes before communion, and we must enter as infants where we hope to abide as men.

In order that those who come after us shall inherit our progress as well as our starting point, it becomes us to ask what the true attitude of faith should be, for them and for us. We need not fear to affirm, that it will be an attitude intent, humble, and receptive,—intent upon the ever-new revelation of what each day leaves little understood, receptive of its great lessons, humble before the magnitudes of duty and of possibility in which we fail, yet towards which is the only outlook of the soul, shrouded and prisoned else in the fallacies of self and of sense. This attitude will leave us little polemic bitterness towards others. Their shortcoming and ours will not seem so very different, when measured by the absolute standard which forms the culmination of our moral and religious thought. St. Paul's "more excellent

"way" of charity leads us towards this recognition of the Supreme which makes men brothers in weakness as well as in strength, fellows in infirmity as well as in capacity. It is on this ground that the saint can sit down with the bandit, that the Saviour's feet can be washed and anointed by the woman of sin.

It is not erroneously charged upon the denomination to which we have referred, that its work has hitherto been more critical than creative; that it has shown itself better trained in the outward gymnastic of argument than in the inward exercise of devotion. A new period is, however, dawning upon its responsibilities. While no human organization can hope to be free from human imperfection, it is not the less bound to deserve, in as great a measure as possible, the epithets of Liberal and of Christian. It is no part of our present purpose to attempt an exhaustive definition of these two terms, nor is it necessary or wise to record any such definition as adequate and final. The growth of culture and the accumulations of experience cast a changing light upon our mental obligations, and a creed which is liberal to-day may be narrow and intolerant to-morrow. The form, therefore, of what is liberal and Christian is continually undergoing modifications, whose growth is insensible, and whose culminations are sudden. But the spirit of what is liberal and Christian does not change. It was the same in the days of Jesus, of Paul, of Dante, of Luther, and in our own time. And as all forms and opinions have made a wide circuit since the beginnings of Christianity, it will be safe to conclude that the spirit of the liberal Christian Church lies not so much in what we believe, as in the manner in which we believe it. Where faith is fervent, people are always much more absorbed in the substance of belief than concerned with its formulas. And where social culture is not retarded and perverted by political ends, the believing man seeks to extend to others the divine peace which he himself enjoys. If his neighbors are poor, he is beneficent; if they are malignant, he is magnanimous; if they are inordinate and luxurious, he is moderate. And, though he may have little familiarity with those

about him, he will in the end prove, like the leaven hid in the meal, to have exercised a subtle influence over them, to have wrought a noiseless metamorphosis. And this, though he may have been taught to believe that those who differ from him in the letter of their creed cannot share the benefits of his faith. His intellectual limitations may shut out those wide views of human fallibility which make all opinions secondary ; leaving zeal, service, and sincerity as the true tests of a man's religiousness. His judgment may be compelled to condemn those who differ from him ; but his heart will not repudiate them, and his concern for them will be constant and benevolent.

It cannot be necessary for us in the present day to stand and say that a man is not saved by the form of what he believes. The dominant religious sense of the community no longer sanctions the transfer to the Divine of passions and modes of thought and of action which belong to humanity. It is more important for us to assert, that neither is a man saved by what he disbelieves. When you have unmade the intellectual foundation of a hundred creeds, you have made no Church for yourself. When your newer or nicer logic has overturned the fallacies of no matter what councils or canons, you have yet not given man a guide for faith or an example for life. If you try to do this, you will find that the ground of religious experience lies beyond the shortcomings of other men, and your own. No fault of yours need deprive you of the comfort of recognizing an eternal standard of perfection which is always present for your study and endeavor; and no fault of theirs absolves you from the necessity of measuring your own thoughts and efforts by that standard. He who is religious believes in the efficiency of faith. He knows error to be as inevitable to himself as to others. But he knows that the results of faith are so much greater than the hindrances of error, that he seeks, in the culture of the one, the true and only remedy against the incursions of the other.

This two-fold recognition of the fallibility of human thought, and of the infallibility of moral instinct, will not allow

any party of men to assume a certain set of opinions, assertory or negatory, and to insist that religious progress lies inevitably in the direction of those opinions. If such opinions are the best one can arrive at, and if he have stated and supported them with all the power and honesty of his nature, he has done a creditable work, and has lent one individual's assistance to the world's progress. For this progress is forwarded only by genuine activity. It is the real movement of mind alone that stirs and stimulates the inert masses, led by sympathy, and insisting always that you should touch, if you would teach them. But, when you have rendered this service, it is not at all certain that the direction of your efforts was, singly and in itself, the true and ultimate direction of progress. In order to know this, you must know something more. The world's progress is a very complex matter; and your settlement of its direction is at best but a subjective one, binding to yourself, but not incumbent on others. In fact, this attempt to enforce upon the community conclusions satisfactory to yourself, and this want of perception of the inevitable limits in the final virtue and justice of any one direction, is in our day the cause of much that is fantastic, and inconsistent with the harmonious evolution of society.

Individual minds are much like the energized broomstick of Goethe's fable, which, having been ordered to bring water to wash the floor, brings enough to drench the house and those in it. Many a student can give the watchword of action to his energies; but only the master knows the word of recall. Many know how to begin: few know where to leave off.

Two eminent Americans of the present day may exemplify for us these antithetical differences. One of these, Mr. Sumner, at the commencement of his humanitarian career, looked around him for an object, and was at fault. Like most young philanthropists, he began with a purely critical and negative mode of action; attacking the shortcomings of society in its military régime; upholding the ideal duties of peace and non-resistance; and shivering more than one lance against the imperfections of prison discipline. These works proved to have

little objective justification ; but the honesty and energy, the moral and mental resources, made evident by them, soon won the sympathies of the public. Mr. Sumner was promoted from a fanciful to a substantial sphere of action, and in the death-grapple of his country with slavery did eminent service ; filling up the imaginative sketch of his youth with years of solid achievement. Mr. Phillips, on the other hand, was sooner fortunate in finding a beast to bestride, and vaulted with one leap into the saddle of a great and practical reform. But, that reform once handsomely under way, he shows an indiscriminate love of the steeple-chase, which will bring him in contact with more than one windmill. He attacks vital and trivial questions with the same zeal and with the same ability ; is as eloquent in defence of a sophism as of a truth. The only lesson we wish at present to draw from his course is a practical one,—that of the limitations of direction necessary to social uses. The tool that undermines and removes a nuisance, in the undiscriminating continuance of its office, will make its mark upon institutions most useful and venerable. What we want here is the master wisdom, which with a new word imposes a new task and a new direction. This self-critical power is not often found in the man. To enforce it is one of the lessons of the Church.

Sincere advocates of progress who rail at the intrinsic imperfections of the visible Church, and exclaim at the largeness of the territory she still leaves unreclaimed, forget that the Church is, like the State, a representative institution. It is an ideal creation, that proves to be justified by a real necessity. Divine perfection is the object of its pursuit, never of its attainment. The eternal steadfastness of the object consoles the perpetual deficiency in its accomplishment. But this is not a failure, since the effort towards the divine proves to be the real source of moral power in man ; as the unsatisfied effort of the earth towards the sun enters into the dynamic conditions of its real and legitimate movement. The doctrine of the Church represents the highest religious consciousness of man : its practice represents the average faith and

virtue of the masses. It were vain and absurd to ask, that either the one or the other of these should be conclusive and perfect. This would be to shut the doors upon progress at once. Yet progress in the Church is a greater fact than progress out of it. Besides standing for the best attainable discipline and doctrine, the Church stands for the unattainable glory, not to be spurned either in doctrine or in discipline, which offers its immortal prize for the study of the race.

The Church actual, in the sum of its representation, cannot go beyond the standpoint of its constituency. Nor can the Church ideal wholly impart the secret of its virtue to any one man, class, age, or period. So, what we commonly call the Church will necessarily represent the ignorance as well as the knowledge of mankind,—their superstition as well as their illumination. This proves nothing against the validity of its office, which rests, not upon the perfection of its attainment, but upon that of its ultimate object.

Of Greek art, Immanuel Kant says, "The age, as well as the people, in which the quick impulse to legalized sociality, through which a people forms a lasting commonwealth, had to struggle with the great difficulties surrounding the hard problem, how to combine freedom and equality with a constraint more esteemed and obeyed through duty than through fear. Such an age and such a people were obliged first to discover the art of the reciprocal imparting of the ideas of the most cultured to the ruder portion of the community; the toning-down of the extension and refinement of the first to the natural simplicity and originality of the last. In this way only could they discover that medium between the higher culture and self-sufficing nature, which constitutes the true standard for taste, as a universal human sense."

This average of Greek art is also the average of Christian faith. The true mission of the Church in all ages is to find this common ground between the highest and the lowest moral culture, between the subtlest and the simplest spirituality. For religion is not a science, since its fundamental

truths neither ask nor admit exact demonstration. It is the *Aesthetic* of morals, made up of Art and of Nature, founded upon the evolutions of the Law; but reaching also to that impenetrable secret of individual action and delight which transcends all the rules of the understanding and the reasons of experience. It is thus obligation and freedom, inherence in the body corporate, and transcendence in the soul individual. It is at once the largest and the loftiest efficiency of that sympathy, in virtue of which the advance and the rear-guard of the human army march to one music, and acknowledge one discipline. The most eminent natures only discern its reasons; but the most ordinary ones acknowledge its justification.

The condition from which human society starts is one of universal antagonism, implied or overt. If human beings can be supposed to exist together at a period previous to the development of moral consciousness, they must exist either as declared foes and rivals in all personal objects, or in those forms of suppressed enmity which give us the relations of master and slave, in all their modifications and varieties. Of course, the existence of such a state of things in its entireness is a merely supposititious fact, unestablished, so far as we know, by historical observation. But the elements of this primitive barbarism are so held in solution in the constitution of the race, that their presence, under circumstances unfavorable to civilization, is easily recognized. New societies exhibit these traits on a large scale: ill-trained individuals show the same phenomena in their singleness. American civilization—with all its wealth and luxury, with all its study and ambition—has in its phenomena much of this barbarism. The universal “every one for himself;” the defective perception of family and social obligation; the surly or humorous protest under which service is rendered,—these are conditions which antedate a true and thorough civilization. Carry this state of things a little further, and the child becomes the enemy of the mother; the sick and infirm, of the robust and healthful. All who need help are the enemies of

those able to afford it. The want of a standard betrays people into the most disgusting arrogance and disheartening stupidity. Society will be nothing better than a mob, continually bound over to keep the peace on grounds of personal convenience.

To this state of things the Church presents the true antithesis and antidote. It begins by acknowledging a standard before which all men are imperfect, and by adopting an object to whose attainment all men are singly inadequate. It marks the perception of a common good far higher and more stable than any individual advantage can claim to be. The imperfection of each now becomes an element of good and of pleasure. An æsthetic commerce of gifts now rises up. The interchange of thought, the refutation of error, occupy the restless energy of the human mind. A way is found in which all can work together. This co-operation is built upon the sense of a transcendent unity in which the differences of thought converge, and of an efficient unity in which the differences of interest are reconciled. In this point of view, the Church must come before the State, since the Church alone makes the State possible. Self-government is a moral before it becomes a political feature. Unless the individual can check the absoluteness of his personal desires by some standard of duty and self-restraint, his power to control the administration of public affairs will be of little avail, either for the State or for himself. He who will not govern himself by reason will be governed by another through the medium of his own passions. And to teach this intimate and initial form of self-government, upon which all others rest, is the business of the Church.

The means by which the Church proceeds to effect this are twofold. A part consists in defining and applying the moral law, in its critical aspect towards the passions of men. This does one-half of the work. Another instrumentality is a continual appeal to the highest æsthetic sense of man, which points to the conservation of nature, and holds the stormy forces of individuality bound and united in the silken leash of

a high and ever-ascending delight. The application of the moral measure alone brings discouragement or self-glorification, according to the character of the person. Administered alone, it will be apt to run into a routine of observances and abstinences, at once mechanical and arbitrary. The world has seen this more than once. The religious dogmatism of the Pharisees, of the Romanists, and of the Puritans, were all alike formal and unspiritual. It is the addition of the element of pleasure, in its purest form, that gives the human soul its truly devout aspect. To receive so large a joy in proportion to so small a merit, and to enter upon an ever-increasing joy with an ever-easier performance, — this is so great a boon as to leave the soul dumb with gratitude before its unknown Benefactor. Its first attitude is one of passive recipiency; its second, one of energetic impartment. For this joy can only be maintained by unceasing activity. And the medium of this activity is sympathy.

In speaking of the representative function of the Church, we touched a theme whose roots lie deep in nature. So much in human life is representative, and the thing represented is often found in such wide separation of time and place from the symbol that stands for it, that all institutions, and even the common usages of society, often present us with an immediate falsehood, while still standing for a remote truth. The sceptics of institutions are those who, penetrating the mask of usage, and finding the unsanctioned features of the face beneath, do not look further, — persuaded that the truth is somewhere, and more zealous to encounter her than to unmask her counterfeit. To those who have a steadfast perception of the values of life, these deceptions mark only the poverty of the human resources already realized in the view of objects of transcendent scope and virtue. This poverty is rather a pathetic than an outrageous circumstance, and draws more largely on the compassion of the wise than on their vindictiveness. To fill up the measure of this lesser desert by greater sincerity and earnestness is the true task which the unavoidable shams of life impose. If the poor human heart

knows that there is a substantial good somewhere, do not upbraid it too severely for not knowing where it is. Many an abode of luxury has not the true wealth of solvency; many a brilliant reputation is empty of true desert. Skill is mistaken for art, tact for genius, facility for inspiration, intolerance for virtue, superstition for piety. But the homage which the human heart renders is to the truth of these things, whose existence it does not doubt, although it may misplace them.

As the different parts, so the sum of what is venerable in human character and effort is recognized to exist by the unanimous sense of the race. And, with our usage to a local habitation and a name, it is very natural that we should place it here or there, according to the differences of our tastes or circumstances. So with the Church, we should be glad to define its limits with a creed, and to shut up its power within an institution. This creed, this institution, represents for us an abiding fact, and our steadfast faith in it. But we forget that we bring the Church within the church walls when we come in, and take it out when we go out. And, wherever we go, we carry so much of the Church about with us. And so the Church exists only formally in its representation, but substantially in the conscience and consciousness of mankind.

Great Mother of souls; great unity which we try to include in our little lives, but which includes us in its grand eternity! Rome, Geneva, England, and New England have tried to represent thee, and have honored themselves in nothing so much as in this endeavor. Thou art,—in this they are not mistaken; but thou art not within the limits in which they have striven to place thee, any more than the true Athens lies within the scene-painter's presentment of streets and houses. Thou art otherwise. They contain not thee, but thou containest them. All sincere faith lays hold upon thee: all true effort expresses thee. But that faith and that effort are happiest which admit the largest communion, the widest co-operation: For in thy love and wisdom, in thy provision and in thine ordinance, nothing less than the whole human race is included.

ART. VI.—HEDGE'S REASON IN RELIGION.

Reason in Religion. By FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE. "Keine vertrautere Gabe vermag der Mensch dem Menschen anzubieten als was er im Innersten des Gemüthes zu sich selbst geredet hat."—*Schleiermacher.* Boston: Walker, Fuller, & Co.

THE armor in which religion has been clad, the war-footing on which, for four years past, we have been forced to put our Christianity, seems to have revived the image of the Church militant in those aggressions upon superstition and sin which are made without carnal weapons. The cry now is for organization and drill. From our ecclesiastical generals comes the word of command to march in a body against the hosts of error. We are told we have ammunition of truth enough; and the only business now is to apply it to the wide regions of ignorance, and through all the moral wastes of battle. The recent convention has this import,—that it is a roll-call or reveille to muster the troops, and so momentous in this light as to be held by some almost as the sacred image that fell down from Jupiter, which it is profanity for any criticism to touch. It is even suggested, that the common belief, the average opinions in which clergy and laity can agree by a sort of compromise or verbal conformity, will suffice for all our operations.

This spirit of union for philanthropic ends we hail and bless, and by all means in our power propose, not to hinder, but help. We would only suggest the vital part in its success which the Christian teacher as well as the executive officer must play. A just word in a fresh statement carries further than any gun. That is a false antagonism by which doers and thinkers are set against one another. Who is it that *does*? "He prays who labors," says the Latin proverb. But who *labors*? He that travels round, is conspicuous at public meetings, his voice heard in every stir of the public mind, his name printed in every issue of the press? Yes, if

it be a humane or patriotic errand on which he goes, to spread light and comfort, may he have speed of God. But not he alone, or most effectually, compasses the end. At the head of all benevolence as well as knowledge stands the seer of truth and good. The seer is always a sayer, and the sayer a doer, provided the seeing and saying be real and sincere. It is as true as ever, that, "where there is no vision, the people perish;" while the converse of the proposition holds equally, that the *visionary*, as he is called, feeds them from what he beholds as with bread of life. Not only, as Goethe says, does action *narrow*: it also often lowers, lets policy and worldly ambition creep in, and tempts the performer to sacrifice his purity that he may carry his point. So, on the other hand, thought not only widens, but raises; and just in proportion as we are bent to further any busybody undertaking, and distracted with its details, we need the calm surveyor to adjust our lines, and remind us of our drift. Besides, it is a quite incorrect notion of truth to imagine it can be gathered like fruit, accumulated in a lump, borne about in a spiritual knapsack, or divided like a loaf or any merchandise among all that may come for a share: Truth is a living thing, whose essence is caught only in our ever-fresh sight. Like the old manna, it spoils by lying on the ground. It cannot be laid up in store. It will not keep in our cellar. It is a spirit that floats, the bride of the soul, before our watch. If the soul slumber, it is gone. The quiet and lowly student that waits and looks patiently out of the windows of the morning, that he may catch new glimpses to quicken and gladden all the workers' hearts and hands below, discharges an office which no other surpasses in the common concern. He is a doer too, if doing is stillest but most intense activity of heart and brain. What was the doing of Jesus himself? Less in the works he did with his hands, gracious as they were, than in the words he spoke,—from what vital and matchless intercourse with God, for the condition of utterances which lose nought by translation into all tongues, and whose significance thousands of years and changes of custom cannot exhaust!

For the observer of spiritual objects, then, as well as for the enactor of principles, we may be allowed to put in a plea, and to maintain that the man in the observatory, no less than he in the field, has his lawful post. In an exigency, he may rush down from his instruments to the fray, like the noble, lamented Mitchell to the right side, or the otherwise deplored Maury to the wrong one. But, spite of strife and death, the telescope must be tended, and the celestial discoveries announced. Nay, on vision, seeing the thing as it is, the most practical utilities first of all and immediately depend. The geologist must decide the actual or improvable properties of the soil, or the localities and *leads* of mineral treasure, ere the farmer or prospector can arrive at his utmost thrift. He finds in this State of Massachusetts, for instance, a bed of emery, and straightway the importation of the costly material shall be stopped by the native supply. We know that, in war itself, the bloody engagement is not half the hinge on which the decision turns. Grant and Sherman, we say, have fought for us. Very little, if any, gross fighting have they personally done. By their thought and strategy they have pre-arranged and foreseen conflict and victory. The struggle of hundreds of thousands of combatants has been determined in their brain. In that wonderful invisible theatre was rehearsed what afterwards befell. There Vicksburg was reduced, and Richmond besieged, long before the beleaguering troops arrived at the trenches, or the sorely pressed foe held out the white capitulating flag. There the old western base was left, communications cut, the long hundreds of miles in imagination traversed, the Atlantic shore felt as a rest, and every artery of hostile supply severed for the rebellion to bleed to death, ere at the drum-tap the veteran soldiers, now covered with their commander in a common glory, took with their waving banners one eastward step. Organization is needful; the organic, self-organizing power, indispensable.

These illustrations are adduced, to show not only the lawfulness, but lofty height, of the religious student's function. We require his help to restore and regenerate the creeds and forms which will else sink into sectarian tyranny, and the

mere mechanics of worship. Complaint is made of a want of interest in ordinances, as those of Baptism and the Supper; and they are urged upon us as having intrinsic virtue and obligation. But what is it to trust to their material quality but a sort of idolatry? They are falsified, and for every good purpose destroyed, when made for young or old the foundation of the convictions which it is their only use to express, and which they can express only so far as they are instantly and ever anew enlivened by their administration. A ritual can serve the soul, not as a faucet turned by a priest's hand, but only as it is made natural by the feeling of the moment, flexible to the want of every new occasion, and held in solution by the pious sentiment of the breast. The spirit of Christ, which is the spirit of God, must precede and pervade all services and exercises to preserve in them either enlivening efficacy or a genuine sanctity. Let us thank God, that, amid divisions of the land, through the tumult and turmoil of civil war, and among all disputes with foreign nations, while every maxim of domestic rule, military procedure, and international liability and law, has been called in question, one sacred image—North and South, East and West, from America to Europe, betwixt rival denominations, and on every civilized shore—has remained unhurt in the reverence and love of men. The robe of the Crucified was, indeed, rent for chance distribution at the casting of the soldiers' lots; but how busy the generations of all tribes and kindreds have been to weave its cruelly parted fragments again together! The Saviour's body was torn; but how well the wounds have been knit and healed in the tender care all time has had of them! The spirit of the Lord is not only one, but all-uniting.

It is the peculiar prerogative of religious scholarship to pass upon all that is documentary in the evidence, or personal in the authority held by Christianity in its embrace. Whatever is external must submit to its decree. It seeks a ground so broad as to comprehend even the claim of the individual Jesus to our faith and obedience. We must either follow him blindly, or see why we follow him, and to what end; and the assumption, prior to all intellectual judgment, of a lordship

for him which is not only leadership but deity, surrenders the very influence it would seem to maintain. Only when we are persuaded of its rightfulness does any sway become mighty, as our consent is necessarily co-ordinate with all mental control.

We need not say, therefore, with what pleasure we greet any new attempt, such as we consider the present volume to be, to establish in reason the title to our continued honor of the religion we profess. Dr. Hedge's "Reason in Religion" is a rich supply to our ideal want. Never was a book whose title was better justified by its contents. Of reason and religion in equal proportions, and harmonious relations, it is compact. All the great questions of theology are treated in it with a grasp of intellect, wisdom of judgment, soundness of moral sense, thoroughness of learning, and clearness from sectarian prejudice, which we know not in what volume besides, of recent publication, on the same themes, to find so well combined. We are alike struck with the grandeur of the topics and the greatness of their handling. God; in his hiding and showing of himself, his sovereignty and mercy, the virtue of prayer, the mystery of evil and of the chief and special evil of iniquity, the fear of death and hope of immortality, the common cause of reason and faith, the personality of Christ, miracles, the spirit's revelation and the letter containing it, atonement, salvation, predestination, judgment, the Greek and Jewish types, and the moral ideal,—all these, preceded by two profound discussions of "Being and Seeing," and the "Natural and Supernatural," are the fundamental matters which in these pages reward the attention they task. The reader, with this author, must fain be a thinker. Yet needless obscurity there is none. The depths of every particular subject are unveiled as far as lucid conceptions and the sunlight of thought can reach. Metaphysics, which have been called a refuge for second-rate minds, are here at once clear of mist and free from barren ingenuity. The philosophy of Dr. Hedge is no finer in its leafing, than sweet and abundant in its fruit. *This fig-tree will disappoint no hungry traveller by whom it is sought for nourishment or shade.*

Might we venture to characterize the genius, of which this production is full, we should call it that of the scholar. All the mental faculties, in exquisite refinement of perfect training, are here. But the understanding, art, fancy, imagination, analytic and still more synthetic ability, are applied to no new problems. They rather grapple with those that have long engaged the attention of mankind. Dr. Hedge feels the breath of God in all History. He owns his presence in the Church. He is a critic, but a constructor more. If he does not inspire, he informs. He is affirmative, and never in the least a denying spirit. In his composition is no touch of that diabolic temper so common, but only divine magnanimity. This Unitarian chief in theology is of an undenominational soul. Trinitarian, Universalist, and Roman Catholic will nowhere than from his pen find justice more exact, or appreciation more generous, of the providential meaning of their various movements, and the dogmas or rites for which they stand. Indeed all the schools and parties of the past, in this Rhadamanthine hall, have their several merits or faults adjudged with an impartiality as conscientious as if living figures, and not shadows of things that have been, were in presence of the court. The rare learning, which is not only of facts, but thoughts and systems of the universe, runs through our writer's periods, it were hard to say whether, in its vast tide, with more might or ease. The significance of what has been, in action or speculation, is ever in his view. He surveys with reverence both the intellectual and circumstantial annals of the race, in which, united, he seeks to penetrate the benignant design. This course of things we live in, to the superficial eye so aimless, is to his gaze stamped with Almighty purpose in every part; and he would as soon fancy the Atlantic or Alps an accident, as the floods of passion or upheavals of opinion that have furrowed and moulded the moral sphere. Augustine and Athanasius, Plato and Moses, Christ and Paul, represent to him activities as authentic, and of more consequence, than the processes of water or fire that have determined the circulation or

shaped the vertebral column of the globe. If it be the naturalist's province to inform us how glaciers and earthquakes have ridged and rounded the planet, it is this spiritualist's function to account for the present condition of the human mind by the working of supernatural forces and laws; and a better authority or more satisfactory guide, in this line of investigation, our land or age does not present.

The style answers in gravity to the work. It does not flame or flow. It is built. But with architecture how splendid, foundations how solid, beams and rafters how trusty, and rooms how ample, the edifice ascends! Though seldom impassioned, a tender heart throbs through these transparent lines. As the softest grass is found on the mountain-side, peaks of not infrequent sublimity are neighbored by succulent growth of sentiment in these better creations. But the main impression is — plenty of space, unbounded hospitality in the structure, which our master-workman occupies while he rears. We can get into no small place in this house. His folding-doors swing open to entertain the largest company. At an extension-table his guests sit, and there are always chairs for more. "And yet there is room" should be his motto, expressive of the feeling we have as we contemplate whatever is unconfined, like the starry heavens, and conclude there will be no lack of accommodation for the myriads of souls we hope will survive.

We speak of the positive traits in our author, more than the negative, which we should not care to define, even if they did not fade away before the lustre of his actual claims. Of the two elements of momentum, doubtless he has less velocity than weight. His blood is temperate, and seldom on fire. In his coolly classic pulse is no fever. Of exaggeration or wilful eloquence no particle can we detect, of affectation or pretension not a jot. When the popular orator's glow is over and his sweat wiped off, we have to abate the rage into which, as we say, he has worked himself up. The statements of Dr. Hedge expose themselves to no such deductions. There is a voice in them always of nature and

truth. A singular sincerity of intellectual conscience denotes his positions. He would be ashamed of over-emphasis or empty logic as a sin. It was once said of a senseless talker, that he was as hollow as a quill. In this discourser of ours, there is hardly husk or rind enough to hold the meat and kernel. We never have to take him with a grain of salt. The true savor is in the dish already, and has not to be added. If his style is no river, it is because it is too broad to rush. If he does not kindle, he sustains. Failing to excite, he gives us the peace better than any stir. Yet one, that can distinguish enthusiasm from gesticulation and rhetorical trick, will discover no defect of healthy warmth in his manner, which any throb of weak fanaticism appears never for a moment to have disturbed. By nature and culture our author is equally possessed of the spirit, and self-possessed. A Webster-like poise is in this churchman, though the statesman's was in a lower realm. The antinomies of fact and principle, ideas and institutions, business and the inner life, history and prophecy, earth and heaven, are steadily and uniformly reconciled in his musing mind.

We must praise this twofold power, this honest and consistent duplicity. The coinage of truth is doubly stamped on its diverse sides. If one face bear fresh emblems of ever-living things, the other is inscribed with an old establishment and a date. On the issue from our author's precious mint we read intuition and tradition too. He is not less ready to receive what any one may bring from the mount of vision because he himself stands in the pulpit of instruction. He vindicates the function of teacher as well as seer. But no private whims can expect to pass for insights with this judge, who prefers a good *outsight* to a spurious apocalypse. Our cant term, of *genius*, he will restrict from the wide assumption or application it may have in the reckoning of the juvenile mind. With him all fancies of pretended originality fade before the "Reason in Religion" of which he is the unsurpassed advocate. The title has in it something subtile, as though pointing to that immense reality of being which no reason in us

fathoms or includes, but we can only bend to in awe, as we seek it with love. If he sometimes seems to speak of special dispensations, of Christianity itself as intervening or interpolated in the universal order, rather than unfolding in it, and no more distinct from it than a blossom from the stem on which it is held, we attribute this to the lowly wonder with which, even in him, intellect is ever chastened and subdued. Amazement transcends science. Far as our perception may reach, it will never sound to the bottom our own constitution, far less the constitution of things.

We refer our readers to the book itself for vindication of what thus in general we have said. But some extracts we must fain make. From the "Cause of Reason the Cause of Faith," we take a passage:—

"Rationalism is regarded as in principle unbelief, in practice sacrilegious. This abuse of the term, and consequent disgust to the thing, is partly due to the old association of the word with a class of theologians now extinct, and whose methods and conclusions rational criticism itself disavows. But the misapplication of a principle does not invalidate the principle itself, nor ought the mistakes of a Paulus or a Strauss to discourage the application of reason to religion. Rationalism means that, and nothing more. Reason may err in some of its conclusions; but reason is none the less the supreme arbiter in theology. Its errors can be consistently refuted by Protestants, only on rationalistic grounds. Only the Romanist can with consistency speak of rationalism in the way of reproach. Protestantism assumes the application of reason to religion as the basis of its ecclesiastical life. Whoever calls that principle in question, whoever finds or intends reproach in the word Rationalism, abandons the Protestant ground, and confesses himself in spirit and temper a Romanist. Whoever allows that principle at all, and allows it in himself, must allow it in others, and allow it without stint, while even rejecting the conclusions of those who adopt it. Reason or Rome,—there is no middle ground."

From the essay on "Miracles":—

"There may be errors respecting the nature of the light, and false theories there may be concerning its source; but what of that? As-

tronomy may be mistaken in some of its calculations : is the sun, on that account, less glorious or less dear ? I need no astronomy to tell me what a blessing it is. And suppose we have not, in these biographies, unmixed historical truth ; that some errors and misstatements have crept into the records,—is the character of Christ, on that account, less noble, or his word less divine ? The question is not whether Jesus said precisely this, or did precisely that, in each particular case ; but whether Christianity, on the whole, is divine,—whether this light, which for so many ages has irradiated the world, and given us such guidance as we have had in spiritual things, is God's truth,—a ray of heaven conducting to endless day, or a meteor born of the night, and misleading the blind. And this is not a question of logic, but a question of experience, which every soul must answer for itself. Christianity is not a matter of records and parchments, but a light and a life : which, if a man has it not, no logic can reason into him ; and which, if a man has it, no logic can reason out of him. Nay, if you could prove that this record which we have of the sayings and doings of Jesus is a fable and a myth, even then you would not have destroyed Christianity. In that case, I should say, Whether fable or fact, the mind that could conceive and give to the world such a portrait as that of the Christ, is itself the Christ. The product of that mind would still be the wisdom and the power of God. Suppose you could prove that no such person as Michael Angelo ever existed ; that the name is not historic, but mythic ; the tradition we have of him a fable,—the Church of St. Peter's would still be the wonder of the world, and the mind that planned it a master mind. However we may speculate concerning its origin, the Christian Church,—that stupendous fabric of which St. Peter's is a feeble type, that august temple in which so many ages have knelt and prayed,—stands, and will stand, in spite of criticism. Christianity is : it is a fixed fact,—a part of the round world. And when I consider what it is, and what it has been ; how many millions of believing souls have found peace in its doctrine, and freedom in its spirit ; to how many it has been their guide in life, and their stay in death ; and how it has changed the face of the world,—it seems to me a small thing, in view of all this power and glory, to quarrel about the record, and fight against miracles, with this miracle of all time staring us in the face."

From the "Revelation of the Spirit :" — .

"Pray for the Spirit; for who in this world can do without it,—without its impulse, without its leaven, without its restraining and sustaining power? It has been affirmed that civilization and the progress of society are wholly and purely an intellectual product. To assert this is to forget the gift of God, and what it is that keeps the human heart from dying out, and all the powers from perishing through utter corruption. It is not our laws and our courts, not well-balanced constitutions and social devices, not science and steam and electro-magnetism,—not these alone that have brought us thus far, and made this world what it is; but beneath all these, and above them all, a divine impulse, never wanting to the race of men; a divine Spirit for ever haunting them with those two radical and universal ideas,—truth and duty, without whose penetrating and creative power not one stone would ever have been laid upon another of all our cities, no tree ever felled, no human implement fashioned for its work. And, if God should now withdraw his Spirit, this proud civilization, with its gorgeous palaces and solemn temples; this shining and sounding culture, with its traffic and its arts, its stately conventions, and fair humanities,—would tumble and dissolve; the wild beasts that are caged in these human frames, now awed and tamed by the presence of that Spirit, would creep forth, and rend, and devour; and the civilized earth revert to chaos and night."

From "The Spirit in the Letter":—

"The letter killeth in sacraments and rites, where rigid conventionalism precludes spontaneity, or where a low utility assumes to be the measure of sanctities, or where the symbol becomes a fetish; or where the ordinance is viewed as compulsory observance, instead of a free communication or free-will offering. Why sprinkle water on a baby's forehead in any other name, utility asks, than that of personal cleanliness,—in any other way than that of physical ablution? Why, indeed, if those sprinkled drops are all that baptism means to you? If you see in baptism nothing but ritual water, it is a dead and deadening formality. But fill your mind with the awful truth, that the infant, born this day into this phenomenal and vanishing world, as one of its phenomena and passages, rising like a bubble on the great world-stream to fill a place among the shows of time, and to act a part in its processes, is also a child and heir of eternity, and is born, at one and the same moment with its time-birth, into a

world of spirits that is real and eternal, a family of God, transcending the home-circle, and yet including it; a kingdom of God, transcending and including civil society; a universe of God, transcending and including the mundane sphere, and connecting this breathing creature of to-day, this palpitating human animal, with the farthest star that looks down on its cradle, with the Church of the first-born in the infancy of time and the Church of the last-born in time's completeness, and with God, the Judge of all, and the Mediator of his love, and which knows the life just cast on this shore, and claims it as its own, and yearns toward it out of all its heavens;—consider this, and you will see that some open and solemn recognition of this fact is no vain ceremony, but a just and becoming acknowledgment of the image of God bound up in that form, of the immortal destiny bound up in that life. And if water, the most universal of tangible creations, and therefore fit type of universality, is the given and accepted symbol of all this in your sphere and time, then should the water be sacred in your eyes that bathes a baby's forehead in the rite of baptism, administered in the name of the Father, the head of this spiritual All; the Son, the connecting link between him and it; the Spirit, its universal bond. And then is infant baptism not the mere dash of water on the brow: it is the solemn recognition of a new advent, the auspicious presentation of the new-comer to the general and august assembly of his spiritual home."

So let this new piece or continuation both of the letter and spirit of our faith, which contains many like these cited specimens, go forth with our blessing on the way of its own benediction. It cannot fail to shed light on the darkness, still so thick in the world, of fear and doubt and death: for it is a luminous body; no accidental reflector of chance rays, as are many books, like mirrors fetched swinging through the streets, but having light in itself. May the true and ripe scholar, *<* the bright lines of whose long study it shows, have the reward of labor he will most prize,—to clear from cloud the path of duty and destiny for his fellow-men!

ART. VII.—THOREAU.

1. *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*; 2. *Walden*; or,
Life in the Woods; 3. *Excursions in Field and Forest*; 4. *The
Maine Woods*; 5. *Cape Cod*. By HENRY D. THOREAU. Bos-
ton: Ticknor & Co.

UPON the tablet which friendship and delicate appreciation have raised to exhibit their record of Thoreau's genius, there is still space where a classmate's pen may leave some slight impressions, without claiming either advantage or authority to do so beyond a late but ever-deepening regard. This bids the thoughts return and drop themselves for holding-ground into some recollections of his collegiate career.

He would smile to overhear that word applied to the reserve and unaptness of his college life. He was not signalized by a plentiful distribution of the parts and honors which fall to the successful student. The writer remembers that a speech which was made at a highly inflammatory meeting in Dr. Beck's recitation room, during the Christopher Dunkin Rebellion, claimed, in allusion to Dunkin's arbitrary marking, that "our offence was *rank*." It certainly was not Thoreau's offence; and many of the rest of us shared, in this respect, his blamelessness. We could sympathize with his tranquil indifference to college honors, but we did not suspect the fine genius that was developing under that impassive demeanor. Of his private tastes there is little of consequence to recall, excepting that he was devoted to the old English literature, and had a good many volumes of the poetry from Gower and Chaucer down through the era of Elizabeth. In this mine he worked with a quiet enthusiasm, diverting to it hours that should have sparkled with emulation in the divisions where other genius stood that never lived, like his, to ripen. For this was the class of C. S. Wheeler, of Hildreth, Hayward, Eustis; scholars and poets all, to whom the sky stretched a too eager diploma.

We owe to those studies not named in the programme, the commencement of a quaint and simple style, and a flavor of old thinking, which appears through all the works of Thoreau. His earliest masters were thus the least artificial of the minds which have drawn from the well of undefiled English. And the phrase "mother-tongue" was cherished by him, and gained his early homage. He did not care for the modern languages; nor was he ever seriously attracted, by the literature which they express, to lay aside his English worthies. His mind was in native harmony with them, and it sometimes produces modern speculation in sentences and fragments of speech and turns of phrase that make you wonder if old Sir Thomas Brown, or Owen Feltham, or Norris, were lodging for awhile with him in their progress upon some transmigrating tour. We wonder if he alludes to the University when he says that he has *heard* of "a Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge." Heard of it, but not personally acquainted with it. For, though he was careful not to miss a recitation, it is plain that he was not present at it, but was already like the man he mentions, who, "in some spring of his life, saunters abroad into the Great Fields of thought, goes to grass like a horse, and leaves all his harness behind in the stable. I would say to the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, sometimes,—Go to grass." So many of us said most fervently, but not because we had attached ourselves to his shyness in order to saunter with him into the Great Fields of thought, where "a man's ignorance sometimes is not only useful, but beautiful."

But he passed for nothing, it is suspected, with most of us; for he was cold and unimpressible. The touch of his hand was moist and indifferent, as if he had taken up something when he saw your hand coming, and caught your grasp upon it. How the prominent, gray-blue eyes seemed to rove down the path, just in advance of his feet, as his grave Indian stride carried him down to University Hall! This down-looking habit was Chaucer's also, who walked as if a great deal of surmising went on between the earth and him.

"And on the ground, which is my mother's gate,
I knocké with my staff early and late,
And say to her, 'Levé mother, let me in.' "

But Chaucer's heart sent brisk blood to and fro beneath that modest look, and his poetry is more teeming with the nature of men and women than with that of the air and earth. Thoreau was nourished by its simplicity, but not fanned by its passion. He was colder, but more resolute, and would have gone to prison and starvation for the sake of his opinions, where Chaucer weakly compromised to preserve freedom and comfort. The vivid human life in the Elizabethan writers did not wake a corresponding genius in Thoreau: he seemed to be feeding only upon their raciness and Saxon vigor, upon the clearly phrased and unaffected sentiment. The rest of the leaf never bore the marks of any hunger.

He did not care for people; his classmates seemed very remote. This reverie hung always about him, and not so loosely as the odd garments which the pious household care furnished. Thought had not yet awakened his countenance; it was serene, but rather dull, rather plodding. The lips were not yet firm; there was almost a look of smug satisfaction lurking round their corners. It is plain now that he was preparing to hold his future views with great setness, and personal appreciation of their importance. The nose was prominent, but its curve fell forward without firmness over the upper lip; and we remember him as looking very much like some Egyptian sculptures of faces, large-featured, but brooding, immobile, fixed in a mystic egotism. Yet his eyes were sometimes searching, as if he had dropped, or expected to find, something. It was the look of Nature's own child learning to detect her wayside secrets; and those eyes have stocked his books with subtile traits of animate and inanimate creation which had escaped less patient observers. For he saw more upon the ground than anybody suspected to be there. His eyes slipped into every tuft of meadow or beach grass, and went winding in and out of the thickest undergrowth, like some slim, silent, cunning animal. They were amphibious besides, and slid under fishes' eggs and into their nests

at the pond's bottom, to rifle all their contents. Mr. Emerson has noticed, that Thoreau could always find an Indian arrow-head in places that had been ploughed over and ransacked for years. "There is one," he would say, kicking it up with his foot. In fact, his eyes seldom left the ground, even in his most earnest conversation with you, if you can call earnest a tone and manner that was very confident, as of an opinion that had formed from granitic sediment, but also very level and unflushed with feeling. The Sphinx might have become passionate and exalted as soon.

In later years his chin and mouth grew firmer as his resolute and audacious opinions developed, the curves of the lips lost their flabbiness, the eyes twinkled with the latent humor of his criticisms of society. Still the countenance was unruffled: it seemed to lie deep, like a mountain tarn, with cool, still nature all around. There was not a line upon it expressive of ambition or discontent: the affectional emotions had never fretted at it. He went about, like a priest of Buddha who expects to arrive soon at the summit of a life of contemplation, where the divine absorbs the human. All his intellectual activity was of the spontaneous, open-air kind, which keeps the forehead smooth. His thoughts grew with all the rest of nature, and passively took their chance of summer and winter, pause and germination: no more forced than pine-cones; fragrant, but not perfumed, owing nothing to special efforts of art. His extremest and most grotesque opinion had never been under glass. It all grew like the bolls on forest-trees, and the deviations from stem-like or sweeping forms. No man was ever such a placid thinker. It was because his thinking was observation isolated from all the temptations of society, from the artificial exigencies of literature, from the conventional sequence. Its truthfulness was not logically attained, but insensibly imbibed, during wood-chopping, fishing, and scenting through the woods and fields. So that the smoothness and plumpness of a child were spread over his deepest places.

His simple life, so free from the vexations that belong to the most ordinary provision for the day, and from the wear

and tear of habits helped his countenance to preserve this complacency. He had instincts, but no habits; and they wore him no more than they do the beaver and the blue-jay. Among them we include his rare intuitive sensibility for moral truth and for the fitness of things. For, although he lived so closely to the ground, he could still say, "My desire for knowledge is intermittent; but my desire to bathe my head in atmospheres unknown to my feet is perennial and constant. The highest that we can attain to it is not knowledge, but sympathy with intelligence." But this intuition came up, like grass in spring, with no effort that is traceable, or that registers itself anywhere except in the things grown. You would look in vain for the age of his thoughts upon his face.

Now, it is no wonder that he kept himself aloof from us in college; for he was already living on some Walden Pond, where he had run up a temporary shanty in the depths of his reserve. He built it better afterwards, but no nearer to men. Did anybody ever tempt him down to Snow's, with the offer of an unlimited molluscosus entertainment? The naturalist was not yet enough awakened to lead him to ruin a midnight stomach for the sake of the constitution of an oyster. Who ever saw him sailing out of Willard's long entry upon that airy smack which students not intended for the pulpit launched from port-wine sangarees? We are confident that he never discovered the back-parlor aperture through which our finite thirst communicated with its spiritual source. So that his observing faculty must, after all, be charged with limitations. We say, *our* thirst, but would not be understood to include those who were destined for the ministry, as no clergyman in the embryonic state was ever known to visit Willard's. But Thoreau was always indisposed to call at the ordinary places for his spiritual refreshment; and he went farther than most persons when apparently he did not go so far. He soon discovered that all sectarian and denominational styles of thinking had their Willard within economical distance; but the respective taps did not suit his country palate. He was in his cups when he was out of doors, where

his lips fastened to the far horizon, and he tossed off the whole costly vintage that mantled in the great circumference.

But he had no animal spirits for our sport or mischief. We cannot recollect what became of him during the scenes of the Dunkin Rebellion. He must have slipped off into some "cool retreat or mossy cell." We are half inclined to suppose that the tumult startled him into some metamorphose, that corresponded to a yearning in him of some natural kind, whereby he secured a temporary evasion till peace was restored. He may also, in this interim of qualified humanity, have established an understanding with the mute cunning of nature, which appeared afterwards in his surprising recognition of the ways of squirrels, birds, and fishes. It is certainly quite as possible that man should take off his mind, and drop into the medium of animal intelligence, as that Swedenborg, Dr. Channing, and other spirits of just men made perfect, should strip off the senses and conditions of their sphere, to come dabbling about in the atmosphere of earth among men's thoughts. However this may be, Thoreau disappeared while our young absurdity held its orgies, stripping shutters from the lower windows of the buildings, dismantling recitation rooms, greeting tutors and professors with a frenzied and groundless indignation which we symbolized by kindling the spoils of sacked premises upon the steps. It probably occurred to him that fools might rush in where angels were not in the habit of going. We recollect that he declined to accompany several fools of this description, who rushed late, all in a fine condition of contempt, with Corybantic gestures, into morning prayers,—a college exercise which we are confident was never attended by the angels.

It is true he says, "Give me for my friends and neighbors wild men, not tame ones;" and a little after, in the same essay, "I rejoice that horses and steers have to be broken before they can be made the slaves of men, and that men themselves have some wild oats still left to sow before they become submissive members of society." But, in fact, there is nothing so conventional as the mischief of a boy who is grown large enough to light bonfires, and run up a bill for

"special repairs," and not yet large enough to include in such a bill his own disposition to "haze" his comrades and to have his fits of anarchy. Rebellion is "but a faint symbol of the awful fertility with which good men and lovers meet."

There was no conceit of superior tendencies and exclusive tastes which prevented him from coming into closer contact with individuals. But it was not shyness alone which restrained him, nor the reticence of an extremely modest temperament. For he was complacent; his reserve was always satisfactory to himself. Something in his still latent and brooding genius was sufficiently attractive to make his wit "home-keeping;" and it very early occurred to him, that he should not better his fortunes by familiarity with other minds. This complacency, which lay quite deep over his youthful features, was the key to that defect of sympathy which led to defects of expression, and to unbalanced statements of his thought. It had all the effect of the seclusion that some men inflict upon themselves, when from conceit or disappointment they restrict the compass of their life to islands in the great expanse, and become reduced at last, after nibbling every thing within the reach of their tether, to simple rumination, and incessant returns of the same cud to the tongue. This, and not listlessness, nor indolence, nor absolute incapacity for any professional pursuit, led him to the banks of Walden Pond, where his cottage, sheltering a self-reliant and homely life, seemed like something secreted by a quite natural and inevitable constitution. You might as well quarrel with the self-sufficiency of a perfect day of Nature, which makes no effort to conciliate, as with this primitive disposition of his. The critic need not feel bound to call it a vice of temper because it nourished faults. He should, on the contrary, accept it as he sees that it secured the rare and positive characteristics which make Thoreau's books so full of new life, of charms unborrowed from the resources of society, of suggestions lent by the invisible beauty to a temperate and cleanly soul. A greater deference to his neighborhood would have impaired the peculiar genius which we ought to delight to recognize as fresh from a divine inspiration, filled with

possibilities like an untutored America, as it hints at improvement in its very defects, and is fortunately guarded by its own disability. It was perfectly satisfied with its own ungraciousness, because that was essential to its private business. Another genius might need to touch human life at many points; to feel the wholesome shocks; to draw off the subtle nourishment which the great mass generates and comprises; to take in the reward for parting with some effluence: but this would have been fatal to Thoreau. It would have cured his faults and weakened his genius. He would have gained friends within the world, and lost his friends behind it.

It is very plain, that, however much he may have suffered for want of human sympathy, and the correction of the manners of a fine circle, his complacency turned the pain to himself into opportunity for his thought. He could meditate well upon friendship; but he soon learned to do without friends. Occasionally, as in "*Concord and Merrimac*," pp. 273-302, he seems to be yearning for intercourse with worthy and noble mates; but he is merely describing his own ideals. These peers whom he stands ready to love, to share his integrity with them, his sense of all beautiful and manly things, to suffer their heroic criticism, and to cure them with a surgery as prompt, are only the offspring of his solitary pen. He would care less to make an effort to discover and come to an understanding with such candidates for friendship after his deliberate description of them. After the trouble of conceiving them, they would not be worth the trouble of knowing. His imagination enjoyed itself so well, that it dreaded to be interrupted, perhaps to be deceived, by people pretending to be its counterparts. They excited his jealousy, as though they had come to survey and stake out his Walden privilege, with a view to an air-line railroad through his front door. He had long ago escaped from all this bustle and obtrusion: not only tricky and conventional people, shallow neighbors, impertinent with the success of their professions and handicrafts, mere talkers and jugglers, had been left outside the wood, but his superiors also; for they could never

satisfy his requisitions at a moment's notice, and they were so human as to drop away sometimes from his inexorable thought.

His Friend is simply his own meditation of an elevated, pure, and reticent behavior. He will do little and risk little to find it incorporated, and is content to keep out of the way of affectation. What is simply human never becomes any relief or luxury to him, compared with his own surmises: whenever he projects them upon the farmer, the teamster, the lock-tender, the fisherman, upon the men at cattle-show or muster, you think he has shaken hands and is pleasantly surprised to find that God has been so well employed. But it is all his own cleverness, and the men are still lay-figures. It is the enthusiasm of a reserve which men are not competent to break. So that, whenever he shows regard for humble life, it is not as life, but as unconventionality.

But is this a fault to quarrel with? It is rather a characteristic to define, and keep in its providential connection with his genius. He is not inhuman, and never indulges in contempt. Sometimes he appears to pretend that the apple is a great deal more divine than the farmer who raised it; and, if you believed his talk, the "dry wit of decayed cranberry vines" is better than a night with all the guests of the Symposium. He lacks geniality for every thing but Nature; but he truly despises nothing that is not guilty of deceit or voluntary connivance with social frauds. Will you mend his genius for Nature by forcing him to cultivate mankind? Can you afford to subject this originality to your experiments? And is it so plenty in every township that you can declare you will have none of it, unless it is willing to accommodate your style? Agassiz, instead of observing and chronicling, might as well fly into a passion with the innocent shortcomings of his natural creatures.

And notice, too, that if Thoreau cannot quote with a personality of feeling, like Theodore Parker's, the famous *nihil humani a me alienum*, the very complacency of his severe ideal saves him from conceding too much out of sympathy with human weakness. He came to destroy customs of living, not

to fulfil them : at least, he is willing to make a personal example of the possibility of living without compliances that are more costly to the conscience than to the purse. The pleasantest family circle cannot tempt him to manifest regard for the American thriftiness that is so full of pretence. And his earliest temper is shown in extreme protest against the comforts and habits of the town. He would fain convince people, that, instead of living, they are merely implicated in a life-long struggle to save their furniture, pay rent for garrets littered with cast-off conveniences, and keep a best room for no eye on earth to see, no human presence to enjoy. He will escape to some place whence he can show how living can be reduced to its minimum ; not reflecting, in his first contempt for our habits of self-embarrassment, that his example bids every head of a family take to the woods, there to solve life's problem by arresting life. But New-England enterprise does not affect him ; its roads do not pierce nor bridge his complacent economy. The cost of civilization, in human feeling, in wasteful processes, and in hypocrisy, piques him into pronouncing it a disease.

There is no selfishness in this ; he is not avoiding trouble, but hoping not to increase the trouble that already exists in the world. He must preserve the chastity of his imagination, if he dies of starvation ; and will be a little pinched and bony, with a touch of tartness, rather than be dissolute. When his friend seeks him in Concord jail, whither the tax-gatherer has taken the body of this recusant, and addresses him, "Thoreau, why are you here ?" he receives for reply, "Why are you not here also ?" No personal inconvenience can deter him from making a logical application of his principles. Trade, government, and civil life, seem to be extortionate processes for getting the most for your money ; and he is clearly of the opinion of Publius Syrus, who anticipated Proudhon's famous maxim, "*La propriété c'est vol*," when he wrote, "*Lucrum sine damno alterius fieri non potest*."

He once asked the writer, with that deliberation from which there seemed as little escape as from the pressure of the atmosphere, "Have you ever yet in preaching been so

fortunate as to say any thing?" Tenderness for the future barrel, which was then a fine plump keg, betrayed us into declaring confidently that we had. "Then your preaching days are over. Can you bear to say it again? You can never open your mouth again for love or money."

"But certainly," he is shrewd enough to write, "there are modes by which a man may put bread into his mouth, which will not prejudice him as a companion and neighbor." The only mode, however, which he can invent, ignores companionship and neighborhood: he begins by withdrawing his bravery from temptation, and then estimates the insignificance of the cost. Once, when he felt lonesome in his Walden cottage, he doubted "if the near neighborhood of man was not essential to a serene and healthy life." But he soon recovered from this mood, which was as foreign to him as invalidism to the osprey; and the true bias and purport of his whole life is betrayed in the method of his restoration to complacency.

"In the midst of a gentle rain, while these thoughts prevailed, I was suddenly sensible of such sweet and beneficent society in Nature, in the very patterning of the drops, and in every sound and sight around my house, an infinite and unaccountable friendliness all at once like an atmosphere sustaining me, as made the fancied advantages of human neighborhood insignificant; and I have never thought of them since.. Every little pine-needle expanded and swelled with sympathy, and befriended me. I was so distinctly made aware of the presence of something kindred to me, even in scenes which we are accustomed to call wild and dreary, and also that the nearest of blood to me and humanest was not a person nor a villager, that I thought no place could ever be strange to me again."

Here is a vein as old as the Scriptures which record the reveries of pure souls. The infinite presence cannot thus befriend the selfish and shirking temperament. So was Thoreau called and set apart for his fine observation of the natural world, and to reclaim its most neglected provinces for the indwelling love and beauty of the God who adopted him also in the wood. The calling of Jonathan Edwards was not more full of sweet and quiet rapture. How fortunate that

the metaphysics of river and meadow furnished Thoreau with a body of divinity to enforce the sinlessness of Nature and refute the wrath of God!

So there appears, in these five volumes of rare truthfulness of observation, and doubtless still more clearly in the extensive manuscript notes of his daily foraging of Nature, a providence, which ought to protect him from the complaint that he was not somebody else. No man ever lived who paid more ardent and unselfish attention to his business. If pure minds are sent into the world upon errands, with strict injunction not to stray by other paths, Thoreau certainly was one of these elect; and we ought to admire how the native disposition lost its faultiness in ministering to his work. The limitation protected the opportunity. A great deal of criticism is inspired by inability to perceive the function and predestined quality of the man who passes in review. It only succeeds in explaining the difference between him and the critic. Such a decided fact as a man of genius is, ought to be gratefully accepted and interpreted; and the best effort of criticism should be to show how his inspiration justifies itself against every thing but meanness and affectation. "I would not question Nature, and I would rather have him as he was, than as I would have him."

We cannot, therefore, subscribe to the regret that is expressed in the inimitable biographical sketch, introductory to the volume of "*Excursions*:" the writer there says, "I so much regret the loss of his rare powers of action, that I cannot help counting it a fault in him that he had no ambition. Wanting this, instead of engineering for all America, he was the captain of a huckleberry party." But what if the berries that filled his pail were of a kind never picked before, from a stock not previously discovered in our pastures, staining his hands and pages with the blood that circulates behind the earth, that puts forth, indeed, the earth itself as a berry on the tree Igdrasil. That kind of engineering tunnels the darkness which we call the visible world, and lets us through into a more lively continent than this graded and turnpiked one. Thoreau was "born for great enterprise and for command,"

to civilize Nature with the highest intuitions of the mind, which show her simplicity to restless and artificial men; thus framing a treaty of amity and commerce by which new advantages for the finite are gathered from the infinite, and one system of law is extended over both spheres. His books are full of these unexpected coincidences, which reveal the regularity and beauty of creation: from a twig or a leaf, his adventurous spirit, "o'erfestooning every interval," swings across, and fastens the first rope of a bridge that shall become solid for a million feet. These hints of the divine intention, of the tolerance and impartiality that fill all animated forms with one kind spirit; this unerring ~~scent~~ that finds footsteps where no microscope could gather one, and refers all their stratagems to a single Presence, that barely escapes his impetuous instinct, and cannot cover up its tracks so fast as he pursues; this knowledge of the habits, graces, and shifts of all wild creatures, which humanizes them by the curious analogies it suggests, so that we adopt them into the family, and they pay their board by helping our perception of order and symmetry, as we find it in the succession of forest-trees, and in that of races, in the development of wild fruits and crabbed stocks, in the relations of fauna and flora, in the graces of spring days, till all of us, birds, men, beasts, and blossoms, seem to breathe in unison that One Intelligence, whose moment is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever,—this was the enterprise of Thoreau; and all developments of his energy, or new command gained over his gifts, would have perfected, and not changed, the nature of his employment. It was the only way he had, or ever could acquire, for serving politics, society, and the religious life.

For no writer of the present day is more religious; that is to say, no one more profoundly penetrated with the redeeming power of simple integrity, and the spiritualizing effect of a personal consciousness of God. It is in the interest of holiness that he speaks slightly of Scripture and its holy men. "Keep your Christ," he says; "but let me have my Buddha, and leave me alone with him." He catches up this Buddha for a chance defence against the conventional Christ of Dem-

ocrats, slaveholders, sharpers in trade and in society, literal theologians, and over-pious laymen. Why should there be any difficulty in detecting the irony of such pages as p. 72 in "Concord and Merrimack"?

"I trust that some may be as near and dear to Buddha or Christ or Swedenborg, who are without the pale of their churches. It is necessary not to be Christian, to appreciate the beauty and significance of the life of Christ. I know that some will have hard thoughts of me, when they hear their Christ named beside my Buddha: yet I am sure that I am willing they should love their Christ more than my Buddha; for the love is the main thing, and I like him too. Why need Christians be still intolerant and superstitious? The simple-minded sailors were unwilling to cast overboard Jonah at his own request."

Compare them with the fine statements upon pp. 141, 146, where his good sense and moral discrimination appear. Contrasting Christianity with the Orientalists, who were "so infinitely wise, yet infinitely stagnant," he proceeds:—

"In that same Asia, but in the western part of it, appeared a youth, wholly unforetold by them,—not being absorbed into Brahma, but bringing Brahma down to earth and mankind; in whom Brahma had awaked from his long sleep, and exerted himself, and the day began,—a new orator. The Brahman had never thought to be a brother of mankind as well as a child of God."

The New Testament "never reflects but it repents. There is no poetry in it, we may say, nothing regarded in the light of pure beauty, but moral truth is its object. All mortals are convicted by its conscience."

The well-disposed reader will find a truly spiritual doctrine amid the contempt for religions on page 82:—

"A man's real faith is never contained in his creed, nor is his creed an article of his faith. The last is never adopted. This is that permits him to smile ever, and to live even as bravely as he does. And yet he clings anxiously to his creed as to a straw, thinking that that does him good service because his sheet-anchor does not drag.

"In most men's religion, the ligature, which should be its umbili-

cal cord connecting them with divinity, is rather like that thread which the accomplices of Cylon held in their hands when they went abroad from the temple of Minerva ; the other end being attached to the statue of the goddess. But frequently, as in their case, the thread breaks, being stretched, and they are left without an asylum."

The most deferential allusion to the stock subjects of enlightened theologians is not so refreshing as some of his startling sentences that hide moral earnestness and reverence in their whim. "Where is the man who is guilty of direct and personal insolence to Him that made him ? Yet there are certain current expressions of blasphemous modes of viewing things, as, frequently, when we say, 'He is doing a good business,' — more profane than cursing and swearing. There is sin and death in such words. Let not the children hear them." His most trying paradoxes are conceived in a spirit of veneration for everlasting laws. The meat is worth a little struggle with the husk ; for, as he says of himself, "they will complain, too, that you are hard. O ye that would have the cocoa-nut wrong side outwards ! when next I weep I will let you know."

But he will be rightly understood only by reference to his books, and not to separate pages ; for his whole mental disposition was religious. He is not content to make little portable statements, after the manner of sermonizers, who discharge themselves by clauses of their weekly accumulation of awe and hope, and then are laid up, like the gymnotus, for repairs. But every page is firmly built upon moral earnestness and regard for the unseen powers. He is a spiritual writer in the sense of worshipping the presence of infinite consistency and beauty ; yet he always behaves as if his religion was "nothing to speak of." He often quarrels with the technicalities of church-goers, and is more petulant than he need be, lest you should suspect him of hypocrisy. After reading the earliest English translations of Eastern scriptures, as Colebrooke's, and perhaps some fragments in the French, he recommends them to the people, because his sense of justice is hurt at the exclusive and ignorant fetishism which is paid to the Old and New Testaments. He cannot have the

notion of supplanting them; but he longs to have all men recognize the continuous inspiration of the Spirit through all climes and ages. He does not undertake to patronize the Bible, and says few good words for it; but his books are fountains of sincerity and moral sweetness, such as the Bible emphasizes, and they always worship "in spirit and in truth." The truth is very prominent; truth of private demeanor, of public ethics, of sumptuary law, of moral anticipation; truth of sky, of cloud, of forest,—the sharpest observation, the most uncompromising criticism, the very soul of honor, and of high regard for the purity that looks on God. Nothing in these books can destroy their healthy influence: the over-drawn passages of social corruption, the testy humor, the apparent irreverence, the vexatious paradoxes, the superfluous disdain, appear like tan-spots on a cheek that is all frankness and delicacy, whose bloom and smile extort forgiveness for them. We cannot, at present, recall a religious treatise that is better ventilated with the sun and air of heaven.

What an easy task it would be for a lively and not entirely scrupulous pen to ridicule his notions, and raise such a cloud of ink in the clear medium as entirely to obscure his true and noble traits. To hear, for instance, his requisition on mankind, "*Give me a sentence which no intelligence can understand!*" We suspect that his observations upon Conscience can be misunderstood sooner than appreciated. Find them upon pp. 78-79 of "*Concord and Merrimack;*" but notice that the key to tune those ragged, half-strung verses, is the quaint sentence, "*Men have a singular desire to be good, without being good for any thing, because, perchance, they think vaguely that so it will be good for them in the end.*"

Toward the close of his life, he was visited by one of those dealers in ready-made clothing, who advertise to get any soul prepared at a moment's notice for a sudden trip. Complete outfits, including "*a change,*" and patent fire-proof, are furnished at the very bedside, or place of embarkation, of the most shiftless spirits. "*Henry, have you made your peace with God?*" To which our slop-dealer received the somewhat noticeable reply, "*I have never quarrelled with him.*" We

fancy the rapid and complete abdication of the cheap-clothing business in the presence of such forethought.

A friend of the family was very anxious to know how he stood affected towards Christ, and he told her that a snow-storm was more to him than Christ. So he got rid of these cankers that came round to infest his soul's blossoming time. Readers ought not to bring a lack of religion to the dealing with his answers.

His spiritual life was not deficient in soundness because it stood unrelated to conventional names and observances. Let it be known by the fruits of integrity, high-mindedness, and purity, which cluster on the pages of these volumes; by the cold and stern yet salutary ideals of behavior in all the human relations; by his sense of dependence upon the invisible life, and absolute surrender to its dictates.

"Walden," and "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack," are most full of direct discussions upon ethical and religious subjects; but they are in the protesting and unsympathetic vein. "Cape Cod" shows his sensibility for human moods and emotions, and sometimes surprises the reader with a wealth which he had not credited to this sturdy refuser of all ordinary taxes. The more minute and satisfactory his observation of Nature became, the more gently his spirit learned to share the yearnings in each of us "of some natural kind." How solemn and tender is the figure of the sunken anchors! — "Cape Cod" pp. 149, 150,— notwithstanding its slight rust of irony, and the homely close. And throughout this volume, wherever he comes into contact with fragments of shipwrecks, whether by the seas or fates; with peculiar isolations of life; with the odd, stunted, and grotesque specimens which the tide itself seems to deposit and nourish upon that long spit of sand,— his humor is just touched with tenderness "beyond the reach of art," and he betrays that the great undertow sweeps outward from his spirit also to the deep. This is the most human of all his writings. And, at the same time, his own humanity becomes identified with the scene in a way that cannot be mistaken for conceit. The beach becomes the wave-rolled floor of his privacy to walk upon: the light-house

is enflamed at evening with his sympathetic thought. He pleases himself, as he lies awake underneath the lamp-chamber of the Highland light, with spinning the yarns of all sea-ward vessels towards a centre, which was his temporary couch; may we not say rather, his unperturbed and friendly heart?

With this gradual mellowing of his genius, there came also an increase of substance and richness to his style. Wherever "Walden" philosophizes, it is thin, and refuses to be consecutively read. The little short sentences soon fatigue, as when one tries a rail-track by stepping from sleeper to sleeper. The paragraphs have no flow: the thought is not yet informed with rhythm. The darling economy of which he writes has penetrated to the style. Proverbs enough there are: as, "None is so poor that he need sit on a pumpkin," and, "He was a lucky fox that left his tail in the trap,"—meaning that it is better for a man not to encumber himself with his baggage and fixtures, and will apply to thoughts as well; "Rescue the drowning, and tie your shoe-strings," that is, make little fuss with your philanthropies; "Only that day dawns to which we are awake." There are numbers of bright little clauses, happy touches of color or wit: as, "The haze, the sun's dust of travel;" he describes lecturing against the use of tobacco "as a penalty which reformed tobacco-chewers have to pay;"—"I say, beware of all enterprises that require new clothes, and not rather a new wearer of clothes;"—"It is desirable that a man be clad so simply that he can lay his hands on himself in the dark;" when he finds that he must depend upon mankind to the extent of borrowing an axe, he pays well for it in this,— "It is difficult to begin without borrowing, but perhaps it is the most generous course thus to permit your fellow-men to have an interest in your enterprise;" he thus reduces irksome and expensive living to plain prose, "It makes but little difference whether you are committed to a farm or the county jail;" the stream of time is shallow, "I would drink deeper; fish in the sky, whose bottom is pebbly with stars;" if a man is really alive, he is not out of danger of dying, so that he need not try to shield

himself,—“A man sits as many risks as he runs.” In the paper on “Autumnal Tints,” if he would get a favorable position for viewing a maple-tree, he turns his head slightly, “emptying out some of its earthiness.” But we become embarrassed by the plenteousness of these specimens, many of which are untransferable, as they lie in words and phrases, pollen in the bottom of his sentences.

When his pen begins to describe, the style grows genial and flowing, as if Nature’s rhythm were at the desk. There is not room for specimens of his descriptions of scenery; of the morning and evening moods of Nature; of the sounds of the wind, the habits of squirrels, pigeons, foxes, muskrats, and fishes. See, for instance, Spaulding’s Farm, in “Excursions,” p. 207; the Red-Maple Swamp, p. 231; the night-hawk, in “Walden,” p. 172; the partridge, p. 243; the ant-battle, p. 246; the loon, p. 251; the squirrels, p. 294; the wasp in October, when, says Thoreau, “I warmed myself by the still glowing embers which the summer, like a departed hunter, had left;” the subtle pages on Sounds, pp. 134, 135; the squirrels in “Concord and Merrimack,” p. 206; the pigeons, p. 233; the bittern, p. 250; the wind, p. 349; the delightful humor in the picture of the soldier going to muster, p. 330. Such things cannot be surpassed. They are minute in observation, fresh in sentiment, and completely penetrated by the imagination. The reader will see in them how Thoreau’s personal life held all Nature’s symbolism in solution, and his thought drips with it. His mind is not merely pantheistic; say, rather, it is Nature herself, in a self-conscious mood, becoming aware of her effects.

Of all his books, “Cape Cod” has the most finished and sustained style. With the exception of some papers in “Excursions,” the reader will find that here the pages bear him best, without consciousness of effort. The chapters were probably written in different years, some earlier, some later; but they make us regret that he did not visit sea-side localities more often,—for the ocean lifts his pen better than the forest,—though he doubtless felt more at home in the latter, and more in harmony with the broad complacent meadow and

the placid lapse of streams. He went into the woods, because he "wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life." Pan's mysterious piping drew him still deeper into solitude, by the paths of streams and the tracks of the fox and partridge, where the beach-sounds in the pine-tree might remind him of Glaucus without swelling into envy for his enterprise. But it is plain, that, after salt water had once run up and lapped his feet, not all the epithets in Homer could pacify the hunger of this new sensation. He was powerfully attracted: the movement and unbounded freedom, the contrasts of strength and gentleness in the horizon filled with the downright sincerity that he prized, braced him like the high living of camps and explorations, and gave to his pulse an activity which he refused to derive from towns and business. But his observation is as sympathetic here as on the shore of Walden Pond; dealing, that is, not with general description of objects, or careful arrangement of their traits, but seizing their individuality, and transferring it with a touch of the precisest color into a sentence. Thus objects, instead of mutely falling into their natural place, aspire to interest us through something in the imagination that is kindred; and the whole scene becomes peopled instead of classified. The floating body of a woman, with her cap blown back, one of the-relics of the Cohasset shipwreck, teaches him that "the beauty of the shore itself was wrecked for many a lonely walker there, until he could perceive, at last, how its beauty was enhanced by wrecks like this, and it acquired thus a rarer and sublimer beauty still." The thorn-apple, that is found on all strands of the ocean, "suggests not merely commerce, but its attendant vices, as if its fibres were the stuff of which pirates spin their yarns." An island "had got the very form of a ripple;" the sea nibbles voraciously at the Continent, "the tawny rocks, like lions couchant, defying the ocean;" the windmills of the salt-works "looked loose and slightly locomotive, like huge wounded birds, trailing a wing or a leg;" the wind seems "to blow not so much as the exciting cause, as from sympathy with the already agitated ocean;" and the breakers "looked like droves of a

thousand wild horses of Neptune, rushing to the shore ;" the wrecker's face was "like an old sail endowed with life, a hanging-cliff of weather-beaten flesh ;" he seemed to be "as indifferent as a clam,—like a sea-clam with hat on and legs, that was out walking the strand ;" notice how the kelp is described on p. 60—the sun-squall, and the note of the mackerel-gull, "the dreary peep of the piping plover," whose young are "mere pinches of down on two legs ;" and our literature cannot show a racier and more genial picture than the chapter called "*The Wellfleet Oysterman.*" The sea plays with the land, "holding a sand-bar in its mouth awhile before it swallows it, as a cat plays with a mouse ; but the fatal gripe is sure to come at last." The three or four hundred sail of the mackerel fleet hovered about the two lights of the Cape, "like moths round a candle, and at this distance they looked fair and white, as if they had not yet flown into the light ; but nearer at hand, afterwards, we saw how some had formerly singed their wings and bodies." He paints the color of the sand, the weather-streaks upon the ocean, the "autumn rug" of the bay and huckleberry, the lichenized boards of houses, and the fish-flakes, and the green in the comb of a wave. All the local history and topography is well interwoven with great skill to enhance the human and personal impression of these scenes. The bleak sand-elbow of Massachusetts had been unpromising from the days of Thorfin ; waiting, evidently, till the arrival of this "*Thor-eau*" made promising, and handsome performing, too, worth the while, for his sake who was next of kin.

The reader of Thoreau's verses will be likely to declare that all the poetry has been absorbed by the prose. Yet the judgment will not be entirely safe. Only two or three pieces — those commencing "My life is like a stroll upon a beach ;" "'Tis sweet to hear of heroes dead ;" "My love must be as free," — can boast of melody and a completed form ; but scattered verses yield great subtilty of thought, and tender and sweet expressions. We recollect, that when the "*Dial*" was the butt of all the nibless pens in Boston, and the style of Mr. Emerson gave the criticisms that quoted it for ridicule all

their flavor, the reigning fashion included Thoreau's verses, and an ἀσθετος γέλως, like that of the gods at Vulcan's limping, went up over his ragged and halting lines. They are certainly very crude, seldom touched with the bloom of beauty, and full of verdant confidence in the reader's tolerance of their youth. But his imagination sometimes descends in their midst, and a line or a phrase blazes like a drop that has caught the sun; or suddenly his far thought strikes full upon the rows of common window glass, and they all reflect the honor.

A great deal of this poetry is gnomic, and the thrifty wisdom predominates. But there are many delicate lines about birds, the distant hills, the woodman's "early scout, his emissary, smoke;" trees stand in the clear sunset horizon,—

"as the vessels in a haven
Await the morning breeze ;"

and let the reader turn in confidence to "Walden," p. 271. So let him undaunted look up in "Concord and Merrimack," pp. 183, 255, 274, 300, and 403, which is better than the same vein in George Herbert. Indeed, the frank and unpretending nobleness of his verses often recalls the minor poets of the Elizabethan times. It is a pity that their slovenly habit had not been reformed.

But let these books, with all their faults of temperament and execution, be not slow in recommending their health and calmness to the young men and women, who retain, with integrity, that contempt for worldly fashions and corrupt opinions of the Church and State, which the Republic hopes to nourish for her service and renown. Let them learn to love this sincere and truly religious life, which, both in what it did, and what it refrained to do, has a stimulus for all who long to keep themselves unspotted from the world.

" 'Tis sweet to hear of heroes dead,
To know them still alive ;
But sweeter if we earn their bread,
And in us they survive.
Our life should feed the springs of fame
With a perennial wave,
As ocean feeds the babbling founts
Which find in it their grave."

Rev. T. C. Hopper,
ART. VI.—THE NEW NATION.

1. *Documents of the Loyal Publication Society.* New York.
2. *What ought to be done with the Freedmen and with the Rebels?* A Sermon. By REV. HENRY M. DEXTER. Boston: Nichols & Noyes.
3. *The Criminal, the Crime, the Penalty.* A Sermon. By REV. GEORGE H. HEPWORTH. Boston; Walker, Fuller, & Co.
4. *Report of a Meeting held at Faneuil Hall, Boston, June 21, 1865, to Consider the Method of Reconstruction in the Rebel States.*

THE return of peace—that day waited for so long with eager, and by many with almost despairing, expectation—was greeted when it came with no loud rejoicing, with no festival or illumination, not even with any formal announcement that the era of armed strife was closed. Quietly and without parade, with only here and there some slight formal recognition of the magnificent service they have done, our disbanded soldiers are returning to their homes. The necessary reaction comes upon the public mind. The hush of weariness, or, it may be, of anxiety and care, checks the eager triumph, and forbids the tumultuous joy.

“Not with *Te Deums* loud, and high Hosannas,
Greet we the awful victory we have won;
But with our arms reversed and lowered banners
We stand,—our work is done.

Thy work is done, God, terrible and just,
Who laidst upon our hands and hearts this task;
And, kneeling with our foreheads in the dust,
We venture peace to ask !”

A proclamation, announcing the reduction of the army, and the discontinuing of the blockade; a notification to foreign powers, that the formal recognition of belligerency must cease; an executive order, terminating the military restrictions upon trade; a declaration, that, with the current month, the Southern ports are freely open to the world’s commerce,—these, with the news how, one after another, the paltry

remaining forces of the rebellion have surrendered; and the splendid military pageant in Washington, whither the grand sweep of the campaign had brought the armies of East and West into the blaze of one gorgeous holiday,— were the steps and the announcements of that change the spring months had brought. In this quiet and business-like completion of its great task, our Government has been able to keep consistently and proudly true to its theory of the war when it first began,— that it was simply the exercise of executive authority to control “combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, or by the powers vested in the marshals by law.” We are not aware of any act or word, by which, fairly construed, it has admitted itself to be dealing with any thing except a prolonged insurrection, or a gigantic mob. Looking back on four years of an armed struggle matched by nothing since the great European war which closed fifty years ago, it still insists on its claim,— that its opponents have never been lawful belligerents, in the proper sense of the term; and proceeds to try them severally before its civil courts, as guilty of definite offences against the penal statutes of the State. This attitude of the Administration — which it has distinctly refused to relinquish, or even to allow in controversy, in every phase of the doubtful contest, and which it does not qualify now, even by so much as a formal declaration that peace is restored and victory won— is a plainer evidence than any demonstrative triumph, of that consciousness of power, that intense pride and vigor of national life, which is the first fruit of the late war.

The return of peace is received everywhere soberly and thoughtfully. It could not be otherwise; for it brings us directly upon the consideration of very serious questions, which time would have opened at any rate, which war has only hurried in their date, or altered in the shape they wear. And, besides these, it opens other questions,— how to punish the gravest political crime through the ordinary tribunals; and how, soonest, surest, and safest, to restore citizenship and all civil rights to populations that have forfeited them in the

madness of rebellion, or been stripped of them in the terrors of misrule. We are brought face to face with the conditions under which the Republic is to enter upon another term of its existence, and the new nation must be constructed out of the materials so shattered and jarred by the earthquake of civil war.

The result, looked at only from our point of view, might seem to justify all that buoyant and sanguine confidence with which we have looked forward to it from the first. The victory leaves nothing to mar its thoroughness; and it is won on a field as conspicuous as were the early humiliation and defeat. The nation has fully vindicated its position before the world. There can be no possible challenge of its right hereafter, no repetition of the affronts that stung four years ago. For the first time, it knows its military strength. Proudly — not, we trust, boastfully or aggressively — it bears the stained and torn banners of those terrible campaigns. The full flush and throb of this new consciousness it felt, on that one gorgeous holiday, when "the triumphal procession rolled through the broad avenues of the capital of this Republic, for twelve hours, a hundred and fifty thousand strong, and thirty miles, at least, in length," in the homeward march of the armies of the Potomac and the Mississippi. Those armies, no longer a drain upon the nation's resources, are already absorbed back into the ordinary veins and channels of its life. The latent strength that was in the democracy has revealed itself for once; and we know it now, as we could never have suspected it before.

So, too, with a certain religious fervor and intensity of that faith in republican liberty, whose reality, indeed, all thoughtful men had known, as one of the great forces that move mankind, but whose formidable and appalling strength could not have been understood without this last extreme test of it. A faith none the less strong, because till now latent, and only half-conscious of itself; but now far more clear, intelligent, and self-consistent. The nation has been schooled under terrible chastisements in the doctrine of liberty. Under sharp compulsion, it has had to unlearn the errors and ignorances of

the past. The uneasy sense of some hostile and wrong thing harbored within itself, which has given us a divided conscience heretofore, has been purged away by fire. Our democratic theory is at length brought into harmony with itself. It means hereafter, what it never did before, equal rights and universal freedom. The formal provisions of the Constitution are interpreted to conform with the "glittering generalities" of the Declaration. And, as an element of national unity, vigor, and strength, it is impossible to exaggerate the value of the clearness, precision, and harmony, which have been given to that faith in human liberty on which our political structure rests.

And, along with this, the nation has established, for the first time, a strict and firm gradation of its powers. The authority and majesty of the Union, our only security against everlasting jealousies and feuds, are secure, we may trust, once for all. The cause of public order is in the keeping of a strong, unchallenged central Government. The doctrine of secession, the threat of disunion, which have been the standing weakness of our politics for fifty years, and the occasion of almost all our humiliation and shame, have been thoroughly laid to rest in the grave dug for them by the ambition of their defenders. A class aristocracy sustained by brute force in its most gross and brutal form—a class so wanton and insolent in prosperity, so profligate in power, so cruel to desperation in its failure and defeat—has persisted in opposing every overture of amity and conciliation, persisted in holding to the chance of a barren independence to be got by war, until it is annihilated with a destruction sudden, awful, and complete, such as we can recall no other instance of in history, unless it be the ruin of the profligate nobility of France in the revolution of seventy-five years ago. That great danger and dread no longer exists in the heart of our free commonwealth of States.

Among the problems settled for us by these years of war, we must also reckon that which seeks a stable basis for the industry and the currency of the country. Each of these by

itself had offered a task too hard for our average party politics of expediency. The old controversies of bank and tariff are effectually laid to rest, for one generation at least. The war has taken them up together, and compelled each of them to help in the solution of the other. To a degree which could not possibly have been hoped, or even thought, the industrial resources of the nation have been developed to keep pace with the enormous drains upon its strength: so that the return of peace finds us with better cultivated farms and more prosperous workshops; with arts, manufactures, and mines far more productive than at any former period; with more healthy and prudent habits of business dealing, and a lessening of the vast inflation of private credit; with a Government loan lightly borne, and easily absorbed among the people, to as high an amount as thirty and even forty millions in a single day; above all, with a national system of currency we should never have had, unless forced on us by the exigencies of the war, resting on the public good faith and credit, and relieving half the old annoyances of conveyance and exchange. So that the public debt—vast as it is, unless we reckon it in comparison with the resources which are to cover it—serves its temporary uses, as a new pledge of loyalty, and as a cumbersome but very serviceable balance-wheel to steady the great machine of industry. And some, misled by the real ease with which the weight of it is borne in its universal distribution, have even revived the monstrous fallacy, that it is so much clear addition to the nation's wealth.

Such, if we look at it from one side, is the condition in which peace finds us,—a condition of unity and vigor, of prosperity, confidence, and conscious strength, which we have never enjoyed before; relieved from the one great spell, the terror of disunion and civil war, that has always been the thick cloud in our horizon. It is the full and perfect realizing of all we have ever claimed or hoped as the result of a successful struggle; that which we knew was within our reach on the condition only, that the people should be true to itself.

And now, to look a little at the other side. It is one consequence of peace, that, along with the jurisdiction, it restores

to the nation the responsible control of nearly half its own geographical area,—alienated by that fierce feud, with the passions and bruises of the contest all fresh upon it. "Our Government! we have no Government," is the language of some who have submitted to the force of arms; "you must govern us as you can." Sullen, defiant, and bitterly resentful, we must expect to find the temper of large sections and classes in the South offering a problem of administration hardly less difficult than that which has made the calamity of Russian Poland, or British India. A mere reign of military force would be no solution such as the genius of our country craves, or the conscience of our people would permit. Almost any profligacy of political compact and connivance we might expect, rather than any long persistence in the costs and corruption of military rule. The task is not merely, or even mainly, to rule a conquered district in the name of order; it is, how to reconcile and educate it in the name of liberty. Any experiment is urged, that has a hope of showing how a return to self-government there may be possible, speedy, and safe. Four or five of the seceded States are already on the road to reconstruction under the auspices of the central power at Washington. Hardly any political danger would appear to be so much dreaded as an indefinite protraction of a military protectorate.

But how soon, in fact, can that government of the armed hand cease? How soon can we be assured, that the restoring of political privilege will be accepted in good faith, and not for malice and revenge? How soon will an idle and fierce aristocracy of planters, or a more idle and fierce proletariat of mean whites, accept the conditions of an industrial and free civilization, which they have all along insulted and mocked, and which has but now scourged them into a submission as hateful as it is treacherous and unstable? We speak of that part of the population, larger or smaller, still rebellious at heart; not forgetting the increasing number who accept the altered condition of things with the honest intention to abide by it, and make the best of it. These are still, we fear, a small minority, at least in the planting States. We

hear of some in Alabama, that they consent to the doom of actual starvation, in sheer sullenness of despair, rather than the ignominy of earning their daily bread. We hear of others who visit their cowardly vengeance on the wretched negroes, as the source of their troubles and the authors of their defeat, in brutal maiming and mutilation of them, and in hunting them to death; so that their last state is worse than their first. And how far can we begin to see the germ of something better? From a private letter dated Charleston, June 4, we take the following:—

“Charleston has undergone a great change since we came here (in April). Then, nobody was to be seen in the streets; no goods to speak of in the stores: it was a gloomy, deserted city. Now, the streets are crowded, and with a better class of people: gray-backs swarm; I think there must be more rebel than Union soldiers in the city. The shops on King Street present a gay and attractive appearance. Business is reviving, and with it, I hope, the destitution in the city will be lessened. I am told, however, that the suffering is on the increase, and it must be so with those who have no business, and who had at first only a little property on which to live. That is gone, and there is nothing for them now but charity or starvation. . . .

“I hear reports of various sorts from the interior of the State. In some places, slavery is existing in its fullest form; indeed, with extra severity, owing to the uneasiness of the negroes. In self-defence (or, rather, defence of the system), the planters often shoot them down with very little provocation. But, wherever they are near any of our troops, especially if the officers are of the right stamp, the planters come in with more or less willingness, and make contracts with their hands; giving them, generally, half of the crop, besides supporting them through the season. This I think very reasonable, or rather liberal. There are some other places which are abandoned by the masters, and carried on by the people on their own account. According to their own statements, they have in large crops, which are doing well. In some such instances, the owners have come back, taken the oath, and then made a contract for half the crop: it seems unjust to the negroes; but of course every thing depends on the final action of Government about the lands. In still other districts, there is almost anarchy, with bands of guerillas shooting down negroes, and overawing the community. Near Georgetown, matters were in a very

bad condition, until at last the negroes organized to retaliate, caught the ringleader, took him into the woods, and shot him. Since then, there has been peace, and the region is comparatively safe."

Such are the conditions, as to temper and circumstance, under which the problem of self-government has to be met in large portions of the South. And these are aggravated by the inevitable results of a war in which property and mastery have perished in one ruin. When the boast is made, that, in spite of all the waste and cost and havoc of war, the signs of wealth and luxury are more abundant than ever, the answer of political economy is plain,—that abundance here must be made up by compulsory thrift, that is, extreme destitution, somewhere else. Waste and wealth do not naturally go together; and the gains of war are dearly balanced by its penury and loss. It needs no statistics to tell the inevitable misery that has fallen upon wide regions of the South,—a misery how bitterly aggravated by that wide sweep of desolation which marked the track of the Georgia and Carolina campaign! Already we hear the horrible story of literal starvation prevailing in extensive districts. And but for the return of peace in season to secure the late planting of food-crops, the tale of wretchedness must have equalled the too familiar stories of Ireland and Hindostan. In Georgia it has been estimated, that, in round numbers, *five-sixths* of the entire property of the State, exclusive of land and slaves, has perished in the war.* We have no calculations, in equal

* In actual figures thus:—

	Property saved.	Property lost.
Slaves (462,198, by the census of 1860)	\$271,620,406
Merchandise	18,581,887
Money and solvent debts	\$10,000,000	86,124,701
Capital in manufactures	1,000,000	3,428,182
Shipping and tonnage	631,782	
Household furniture	2,125,045	
Land (average per acre \$4.48)	149,547,880	
Bank capital	12,479,111
Railroads	9,000,000	9,000,000
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$172,804,657	\$396,184,086

See a valuable sermon, by the Rev. Charles Lowe, in the "Christian Register" for June 10, 1865.

detail, for other portions of the South ; but the state of things here shown must stand for the general result in all.

No doubt this present desolation will be compensated by a larger and a healthier growth in coming years, as immigration has its perfect work, and the conditions of free labor come to be established. But, for the present, it stands not merely for so much actual destruction and poverty, but for the smothered resentment, the bitterness of heart, the hopelessness, the sullen despair, which are apt to follow all great strokes of loss, especially loss by human violence, and in the re-action from eager hope and desperate endeavor.* And it greatly imbiters and complicates the task our Government has to meet.

It is impossible to think without a certain misgiving and dread of the prospects of the emancipated race,—at the mercy, as practically they must be, of men who will be apt to recognize so much only of their change of state, that it has dissolved the old order without founding any new. Hints we have had of the vindictive hostility their old masters will be

* What war must be when brought to one's own home and neighborhood is told in such little homely incidents as these, which must have grown too familiar, written by an eye-witness, who was also a soldier in the ranks :—

" On the piazza about the poor-house, sat the inmates,— a bowed old man amid a group of squalid children, barefooted, bareheaded, anxious, weeping. He was the grandparent. The father was in the rebel army, somewhere : the mother sat rocking, with an infant in her arms, thin and sickly. The house and the yard were full of straggling soldiers. The garden had been rifled of every vegetable which could be eaten, and what was left was trampled down. The cow in the wretched shed had been shot, a little meat cut from the carcass, and the rest left to waste. The guns of the men were crackling about the yard, and every fowl was being killed. A number of men were coming out of the door with haversacks full of meal. The whole substance of these poor people was being devoured. As I came up, a drunken soldier had just torn the brooch away which the woman with the child in her arms wore at her neck,— a cheap thing, which, however, had attracted his drunken greed ; and (I can hardly bear to write the terribly ruffianly thing) he was rudely taking from one of her ears the earring, making the blood flow in his heedless brutality. I rushed upon him, and saved her further pain ; and, the officer in command of the guard being close at hand, we had the fellow arrested. We tried to restore order ; but, while we were there, flames burst out from the barn, which speedily caught the house : and the guard passed on, leaving the old man, the woman, and the company of little children, shelterless and foodless, looking in tears upon their blazing home. My heart bled for them so ! Yet I could do nothing. We were pursuing the enemy. Duty forced me forward." — *The Thinking Bayonet*, p. 161.

apt to make them feel ; and it is no wonder, that, in their supplication to the Government at Washington, they represent their present condition as far less tolerable than the former bondage. We have already spoken, more than once, of the success which has attended the experiments at free labor and social order among the freedmen, where there have been tolerable fairness and good sense in the way they have been dealt with. They may be considered to have fully settled the question as to the capacity of the black race for self-support, and their general willingness to work ; their capacity, also, for a good degree of local self-government. And, where they can remain unmolested by themselves, or under the immediate protection of the national power,—as in the Sea-island plantations assigned to them by General Sherman,—we imagine that the day of anxiety about them is past. But those so situated are a little margin of that broad, dark belt of population,—a hundred thousand, perhaps, in all. And, for every one under these circumstances of safety, there must be at least twenty or thirty whose only hope lies in the better temper, the restored civil order, and the powerful hand of national authority. Even if political power were given to them at once without reserve, we might yet ask of what avail it would be to masses of men so densely ignorant, so slavishly timid, so abjectly superstitious, as they or most of them have always shown themselves in the presence of the master-race. We learned something four years ago of the respect paid to political forms and suffrage rights in those districts of the South. Even where white Unionists, whose rights of citizenship had never been challenged, were in a clear majority, as in Eastern Tennessee, we saw something of the tender mercies of their political opponents,—the hangings and house-burnings, and the reign of terror at the polls. And, if all political rights were granted, we apprehend that it would be with more of fear than hope, that the emancipated slaves would seek to protect their personal rights by voting in mass against their former masters,—even if they should not, as Mr. Botts declares, vote in a mass at the bidding of their former masters. Whatever reasons of abstract justice, whatever con-

siderations of self-protection, may require that suffrage be given to blacks and whites on equal terms, it will be many years, we fear, before it can be looked to as any sensible relief to the dangers and uncertainties of the actual situation.

Yet the question is one which must be met; and circumstances have made it just now the most prominent one of all before the public mind. For ourselves, we have been content with asserting hitherto what seems the plain demand of justice and expediency alike,—that all distinctions of color should be utterly unknown to the law; that, whatever conditions of citizenship require to be laid down, they should be clear of the great wrong of conforming to lines of race and caste,—clear of the deeper baseness of surrendering a population more loyal, more industrious, more orderly, than the great majority of the whites, and not inferior in intelligence to large numbers of them, to the despotic control of those who have every evil passion to gratify in taking revenge upon them, and every evil motive for desiring to bring back on them the bitterness of their former bondage. The case before the average conscience of mankind, before the bar of common prudence, and especially as it appeals to the honor of our own Government and nation, seems perfectly clear. Yet there are some considerations not so plain, which we must take account of, if we would see what the real working conditions of it are.

In the first place, by what tribunal shall the question be properly determined? To this question, the late action of the Administration touching North Carolina and Mississippi appears to answer:—The tribunal shall be the loyal white citizens of the States seeking restoration to their political rights.* Personally, as it is understood, the President and his advisers strongly desire that the decision shall be in favor

* The precise terms of the President's proclamation in inviting a convention of the loyalists of North Carolina are these: "No person shall be qualified as an elector, or shall be eligible as a member of such convention, unless he shall previously have taken and subscribed the oath of amnesty as set forth in the President's proclamation, May 29, 1865, and is a voter qualified as prescribed by the Constitution and Laws of the State of North Carolina in force immediately before the 20th day of May, 1861, the date of the so-called ordinance of secession."

of granting the suffrage to all duly qualified persons, blacks and whites alike. But they do not hold themselves competent to decide the question in advance. At least, the opportunity of deciding shall be left to the white loyal citizens first. If they determine it in the way which seems to us safest and best, it is plain how incomparably greater the moral value of the decision will be, than if it were forced on them preliminary to any action of their own. If they determine it by old prejudice and exclusion, at least the way is open to a reversal of the judgment. There can be no doubt, that the original right of the decision, by all our political precedents and theories, lies with the people of the States themselves, as defined in State organizations already existing. It is not by virtue of ordinary political justice, but (if at all) in virtue of a high necessity of State, that the nation may rightly overrule their judgment. That the nation may claim and exercise this right, we have not a moment's doubt. That it ought to exercise it at need, in a case like this, where such eminent jurisdiction may be the only thing to prevent intolerable injustice and infinite misrule, seems too plain to be easily disputed. But the action of the Government—in which all members of the Administration are understood to be agreed—is probably on the right and safe ground, that the interposition of the national will, to dictate or control, should be, not the previous condition, but the last resort.

And again: negro suffrage in the reconstructed States is advocated, as we understand it, on two grounds quite distinct,—as to which there should be some clearer explanation before a final verdict. That it is necessary, in order to secure, first, protection to the blacks themselves, and, next, loyalty and good order in the States, all its advocates are agreed. But there are some who defend it on the broad ground of universal suffrage as an abstract right; at any rate, as the highest political expediency. They claim that the ballot in a republic is the natural and the chief protection against class oppression, the right and only practicable way of giving every man the weight of his own personality, in ordaining the law under which every man must live. And they urge, besides,

that unlimited suffrage is a great conservative power; that it is in the interest of intelligence and order. Political responsibility is the best educator. Give a man the ballot, and at once it becomes the interest of every other man that he should be fit to use it. The mere appeal to him by rival partisans compels him to think and judge in some measure for himself. He finds his voice is worth something; and he begins to ponder on which side it shall be cast. Besides, it is a defence against mob violence; for what a mass of men can secure at the polls, being a majority, why should they fight for in the streets? or, being a minority, they are at least warned in advance of the uselessness of fighting. All these arguments, it is claimed, apply to the lowest, the poorest, the most ignorant, with quite as much force as to the more educated classes. And, with a generous boldness, it is urged, that the really conservative, safe, and right way will be, to invite absolutely every grown man, not debarred by crime, to share the full privilege of citizenship,—at least, to give his voice to the ratifying and sanction of the organic law.

We do not dispute, that this frank and bold theory of the radical democracy may yet prove the only practicable solution to the question in debate. Sometimes a daring that seems even desperate has a fascination that wins its way where prudence fails, and proves, after all, a better prudence. But it is impossible for any one who has ever thought of political power, not merely as a *right* but as a *trust*, not to be staggered and confounded at the thing here proposed. There is no need of drawing distinctions of color in this matter among the lower populations of the South. Surely, no more hopeless subjects of such political experimenting could be found anywhere, than the "sand-hillers," the "clay-eaters," the "snuff-dippers," and those, by whatever other cant and degrading terms they may be known, who make the lowest tier of the poor whites in the planting States. It is enough, on the other hand, to cite the testimony of those who have associated much with the emancipated blacks during the last year or two, and have found in Charleston or in Savannah the first

specimens of them capable of comprehending the most elementary political idea; or of those who have studied deeply the natural history of races, and who tell us of the belt of absolute pagan barbarism that spreads back from the gulf-shore along the hot lowlands dense with tropic life. With the real facts before us, we shall perhaps find a summary judgment less easy than we had thought. Meanwhile, those are doing most to relieve the difficulty, who are actually doing their part, whether by instruction, charity, or business enterprise, to secure for the scarce-emancipated blacks those conditions of intelligence and virtue and independence which must, after all, be at the bottom of any political privilege worth having.

The "New-York Times" points out, as characteristic of the Southern loyalists, an equal hostility to those who brought on the rebellion, and to the political equality of the blacks.* As the President has just declared to the South-Carolina delegation, he "intends to exert the power and influence of the Government to place in power the popular heart of this nation." He "does not want the late slaveholders to control the negro vote against white men. Let each State judge of the depository of its own political power."

There is one very practical consideration bearing on this

* As the most authentic expression of Southern loyal feeling on this subject, we copy the following sentences, addressed to the negro population, from the recent proclamation of Governor Holden to the people of North Carolina:—

"Providence has willed that the very means adopted to render your servitude perpetual should be his instruments for releasing you from bondage. It now remains for you, aided as you will be by the superior intelligence of the white race, and cheered by the sympathies of all good people, to decide whether the freedom thus suddenly bestowed upon you will be a blessing to you or a source of injury. Your race has been depressed by your condition of slavery, and by the legislation of your former masters, for two hundred years. It is not to be expected, that you can comprehend and appreciate, as they should be comprehended and appreciated by a self-governing people, the wise provisions and limitations of constitutions and laws; or that you can have that knowledge of public affairs which is necessary to qualify you to discharge all the duties of the citizen. No people has ever yet bounded at once into the full enjoyment of the right of self-government. But you are free, in common with all our people; and you have the same right, regulated by law, that others have to enter upon the pursuit of prosperity and happiness."

matter. The emancipation of four million slaves, by removing the three-fifths' restriction, adds to the Southern States a representative population equal to that of all Massachusetts and New Hampshire,—an addition, say, of thirteen to their delegation in the Lower House at Washington, or of ten from the States below the southern boundary of Virginia. And, if these States choose to assert their loyalty on the terms now offered, it is not easy to see what is to prevent their appearing in full force in next winter's Congress. Already it is stated, that the legislature of Virginia is controlled by men who were in open rebellion within two months. And, unless the most intelligent observers have been deceived, the temper of the controlling class in those States is any thing but loyal. Of course they will be eager to regain the privilege of political power, heretofore so dearly prized and so unscrupulously used. And what new sectional policy may they possibly devise to be carried out by party coalitions, as in the former years? Will it be the restoring of slavery, perhaps under some new guise of labor-contracts and protection? Will it be the expulsion or systematic depression of the freedmen by some new "black code"? Will it be to repudiate the public debt,—a debt of honor to us, but of shame to them, and a standing monument of defeat? These are among the questions which the time brings ominously near. If it were only the practice of self-government at home, few, we apprehend, would insist on perpetual disfranchisement as the penalty of treason. But reconstruction means not only privilege and right, it means also power. The interests and the honor of the nation are just as much at stake now as they have been at any time during the last four years; and they are to be defended now against just as unscrupulous and vindictive enemies. The nation has in its hands at this moment a power which it may have parted with for ever, within six months hence, unless its statesmanship is as bold and wary as its generalship has been. If an immediate settlement must be had at any rate, universal suffrage and equal citizenship are conditions on which it is the nation's right to insist, in that "republican form of government" which it is the nation's

duty to "guarantee to every State" restored. In the closing words of Mr. Dana's magnificent speech at Faneuil Hall, "Let the States make their own Constitutions; but the Constitutions must be satisfactory to the Republic; and, by a power which, I think, is beyond question, the Republic *holds them in the grasp of war*, until they have made such constitutions."

As to civil immunities and rights, without doubt they will be restored as fast as the machinery to secure them can be put in play. The proclamation of amnesty (May 29) recites a formidable list of exceptions, reserving the penalties for treason to no less than fourteen distinct classes of persons, who must enter special applications for pardon. But this list includes the military crimes of desertion, and violation of the soldier's oath. It includes the violation of public honor and faith, in the betrayal of official trust. It also includes those crimes which are against every code,—such as murder and pillage,—which have made so large and terrible a feature in the recent war. And it implies a settled purpose to destroy utterly that political oligarchy, or landed aristocracy, whose property-interests have been identified with the rebellion, by excepting the holders of estates of more than twenty thousand dollars. As to the technical offence of treason, where it can possibly be construed into mere fidelity to a false and dangerous theory of State rights, we all know that it will be dealt with in the extreme of lenity. A "proscription" such as some affect to dread, no one seriously either fears or hopes. The one fit and inevitable punishment of treason in a republic is the blasting of its ambition and the failure of its schemes; as that of rebellion and civil war is the utter desolation and penury they have brought. But there are crimes great and terrible, which stand out in a sort of lurid relief on the dark background of war,—bright with excessive dark; and it is by their complicity with these that the guilt of men will be judged, and their sentences pronounced. The brutal persecution of loyalists in Northern Georgia and Eastern Tennessee; the massacres of Forts Pillow and Wagner, and the sack of Lawrence; the plots, so nearly successful, to burn

the great cities of the North, and to poison them with yellow fever; the contemplated, and all but effected, horrors of the north-western conspiracy; the deliberate and intentional starving of prisoners of war, to a number which has been stated as high as sixty-four thousand, as the readiest means to deplete the northern armies; and, finally, the assassination of the President by one last, despairing blow of malice and revenge,—these added together make an accumulation of atrocity ample to employ all the severities of our courts. The new reign of peace will be inaugurated by no political executions. But these are crimes against humanity itself, not specifically against the State. As the responsible author and

• voucher of them,—not as chief of a political conspiracy or head of a rival confederation,—the public conscience has settled to the deliberate conviction, that the life of Jefferson Davis is a just and necessary forfeit to the law. And to his wretched accomplices, no more mercy can or need be shown, than to criminals of that grade anywhere. The most distinctly treasonable act of all — contending in arms against the nation's life, aggravated by previous desertion and betrayal of her service, — has already been practically pardoned by the grant of military parole; and no one, surely, expects to see any Confederate officer, as such, put on trial for his life. Disfranchisement or exile may be insisted on, in particular cases; but it will be purely on considerations of public safety, not in the hope of adding any thing to the ignominy and the warning there must always be in a baffled conspiracy against the liberties of the State.

We have dwelt, perhaps overmuch, on the antagonisms which are the inevitable heritage of war, and the sharp embarrassment of peace. But we should do wrong not to acknowledge that large faith in liberty and human right, which is at the heart of our existence as a nation; the overthrow of many a barrier which has held the sections in ignorant hostility hitherto; the striking tokens of what the most careless can scarce fail to recognize as a special Providence in the critical moments of our struggle, auguring great hope in the future of our Republic. That faith, with the

new interpretation of Christianity which it inspires, we believe has a natural fitness to our age and race. We will not doubt that it has its mission to fulfil among our hitherto estranged fellow-countrymen. For the first time, the road has been opened for it; and it goes forth, with its symbol in our starry flag, no longer a timid and apologetic, but a strong and conquering, faith. And many agencies will work with it, to humanize and heal. The fertile breadths of Southern territory offer the most tempting field to colonizing industry. The tides of commercial and friendly intercourse begin to ebb and flow. The nation's resources of humanity and justice, of moral courage and intellectual skill, will be enough—as its resources of field, flood, mine, plantation, and trade, will be enough—to meet the new burdens and discharge the new obligations of the time.

NOTE.

Since the above was in type, we have received a letter from Charles-ton, date of June 17, from what we regard as a most trustworthy source, and copy a few words :—

"I wish, before Mr. Phillips and Mr. Beecher argue any further about immediate universal suffrage, they would spend a month at Captain John Tripp's, and talk politics with Wakazeer, Gabriel, or even Paris. *The most intelligent negroes here do not wish it.* Mr. C. said to me only this morning, that if we could only have a military government long enough, and the schools kept up, that was all they needed, and they would take the suffrage when it came. As for reconstruction, *there are no elements here whatever, white or black;* for the whites are disloyal, the blacks ignorant,—with some exceptions in both cases. But things are working fast with both classes. The negroes are getting educated, and the whites are becoming loyal, as interests and associations bind them to the Union. Already Mr. B. and Mr. M. declare in favor of colored (educated) suffrage."

ART. IX.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

M. BRUSTON has done good service in the cause of biblical criticism, by translating from the large work of the German, Bleek, the very able, ingenious, and exhaustive discussion of the authenticity of the Gospel of St. John.* The great fault of the discussion, indeed, is that it is so ingenious. The exceeding acuteness of the argument awakens the suspicion that it is not altogether sound. We naturally doubt, where so much special pleading is used. It is not probable that those who have come to believe that John is the author of the Apocalypse will be convinced, by this "Critical Study," that he is also the author of the Gospel. Yet the most sturdy opponents of the prevalent opinion concerning the authorship of the Gospel will find it very hard to set aside the reasons here given for maintaining that opinion. If the argument is not conclusive, it establishes at least a strong presumption that the Gospel came from John, the companion of Jesus, and that the Church tradition is trustworthy. This opinion, nevertheless, is not defended in the interest of Orthodoxy, or because it is not safe to let it go: not for the sake of defending any doctrine, or of maintaining the integrity of the New-Testament canon; but in interest only of the truth, and in the temper of true criticism. Admissions are made in the "Study" quite as damaging to Orthodoxy as any denial of John's authorship could be. The writer is quite willing to allow, that, in reporting the language of Jesus, John gives in *his own words* what the great Teacher seems to be saying,—in words probably different from those which Jesus actually used. He admits that John used existing traditions in the compilation of his narrative, and did not depend wholly on his own memory; that he selected from a mass of material, omitting such as would not serve his purpose. He finds, of course, that the last chapter of the Gospel was the work of a different hand, though he denies that it was much later in time. He agrees with the liberal critics, that the *motive* of the Gospel was rather polemic than didactic; that it was, in some sense, the work of a partisan. The party against which the statement was urged was not Gnostic, not heretical, but was the party holding to the Jewish ideas of John the Baptist. John's Gospel had no special relation with the Synoptic Gospels, and is not to be taken as worth more or less than these.

We have not found the argument of Liberal Christianity against Orthodoxy better stated in a compact form, than in the small volume of the Pastor Bost,† a conspicuous member of that school of thinkers

* Étude Critique sur l'Évangile selon Saint Jean. Traduit de l'Allemand, par Ch. BRUSTON. Paris, Meymeis. 1864. 8vo. pp. 69.

† Le Protestantisme Libéral. Par M. le Pasteur Th. BOST. Paris: Baillyre. 1865. 12mo. pp. xiii., 217.

in the French Protestant Church, of which Colani and Coquerel are the acknowledged heads. In successive chapters, Bost answers the questions now at issue between parties in that Church,—the question of the Supernatural; of Free Will; of Sin, in its nature, its origin, and its effects; of Salvation and its methods. His statement of the Orthodox position is at once clear, candid, and wholly free from any wish to make this seem more false or more narrow than it is. Bost is a rationalist, decided and pronounced, in his theological theory; but his objection to miracle is not so much that it is impossible or incredible, as that it is unnecessary in proof of ideas, or in demonstration of duty,—unnecessary for all the higher ends of a spiritual faith. There are some views in the book which seem to us not to be correct; but, as an exposition of the weakness and the error of Orthodoxy, it is able, fresh, and original. Yet the author does not wish to be regarded as a critic merely. He pleads manfully for the superior worth and power of liberal religion as a practical system, and maintains its efficiency against the stricter creed-systems. He sees the only sure future for the Church in a free faith.

In that great congregation which for thirteen years gathered together every Sunday morning, first in the Melodeon, and afterwards in the larger Music Hall, to listen to the sermons and the prayers of Theodore Parker, there were always two busy pencils keeping pace, through prayer and sermon, with the tongue of the preacher, and preserving his words, with a devotion which few men have ever inspired, against the day when his voice should be no longer heard. That day, alas! came only too soon; and, through the dreadful days of the great civil war which he was the first to foresee, his people have listened in vain for that voice, once so strong and so true, whether to warn or counsel, to denounce or comfort,—that voice which was never raised to defend any base or mean thing, and was never silent when any good cause needed an advocate.

From his phonographic notes thus collected, Mr. Leighton has now printed a compilation of extracts,* which, while open perhaps in a more than ordinary degree to the common objections to books of "Elegant Extracts," will serve, nevertheless, more than one good purpose. No sermons were ever less ambitious than those of Mr. Parker; yet one unacquainted with his method might possibly receive a contrary impression from a reading of this volume, in which the passages, rarely more than two or three pages long, and utterly disconnected with each other, are, unavoidably for the most part, those in which a novel or striking thought is expressed in peculiarly eloquent language. But any impression of this kind would pretty certainly be corrected by the reading of any single sermon in a complete form; and we hope that this book may serve as a whetstone to

* Lessons from the World of Matter and the World of Man. By THEODORE PARKER. Selected from Notes of Unpublished Sermons, by RUFUS L. LEITCHTON. Boston: C. W. Slack. 1865.

sharpen the appetite of the public for the collected edition of Mr. Parker's works which may be expected to appear by and by.

This volume contains little theology, but much religion; and the passages appear to have been collated with a view to display, as far as possible, the happy and joyous tone which was characteristic of Mr. Parker. The goodness of God, the boundlessness of his love, the perfection of his providence, the beauty of the world, the grandeur of human nature, the joys of religion,—these are the themes. "*Rejoice! rejoice!*" is the burden of every page⁴; and when we remember what sermons they were of which these passages formed a part, and with what an ease and naturalness, even in the most abstruse discussions of disputed questions in theology or politics or social science, he reached here and there on every hand for the most familiar and alluring illustrations and arguments, brightening a dull theme with the light of every man's experience, we are amazed at the contrast between all this wealth, and the poverty of the preaching which is listened to under the pulpits of Christendom. "I once heard," says Mr. Emerson, "a preacher who sorely tempted me to say I would go to church no more. . . . He had lived in vain. He had no one word intimating that he had laughed or wept, was married or in love, had been commended or cheated or chagrined. . . . Not one fact in all his experience had he yet imported into his doctrine. This man had ploughed and planted and talked and bought and sold; he had read books; he had eaten and drunken; his head aches, his heart throbs, he smiles and suffers: yet was there not a surmise, a hint in all the discourse that he had ever lived at all. . . . The true preacher can be known by this, that he deals out to the people his life,—life passed through the fire of thought." How well Mr. Parker's preaching bore this test we need not say.

This little book, if it can but secure such a circulation as it deserves, will help the larger work of Mr. Weiss in reforming the popular impression in regard to Mr. Parker and his teachings, and opening the eyes of the people to the contemptible spite, and the yet more contemptible falsehood, by which this great man has been cheated of his just fame and influence. It is not two years since, in a little town in New Hampshire, we strolled one Sunday into an Orthodox church, and were suddenly startled in the midst of a dull enough sermon by hearing his name boldly pronounced, to give emphasis to the statement, that there exists "a class of unbelievers who meet the sublime declaration of David, that the heavens declare the glory of God, with the assertion that they declare no other glory than that of Kepler and Newton. Such sheer, blank atheism as this may be doubted by some; yet the remembrance of Theodore Parker, and of the multitude who accept his teachings, should convince us that it does exist." We took occasion the next day, much to his surprise, to ask the reverend gentleman what grounds he had for making such a statement as that to a little congregation of unlettered persons who knew nothing of Mr. Parker, and looked to their minister for all their knowledge on such subjects. Had he ever heard Mr. Parker preach?—No. Or pray?—No: he could not

say he had. Or read any of his works? — Yes: he had read some of his essays, and some extracts from his writings in Dr. Bushnell's "Nature and the Supernatural," which, by the way, he should be glad to lend us. Also he had once heard Mr. Parker deliver a lecture on the Progress of the Human Race towards Perfection, from which he gathered, that the lecturer thought the progress of mankind was due, for the most part, to their own efforts and experiments, and not in any considerable degree to God's assistance. And on such grounds as these he felt competent to stand up before his little congregation, and denounce as an atheist the man who could utter, out of a heart overflowing with love and reverence, such words as these: —

"This is the sum of my story, the result of my philosophy,—that there is an Infinite God, perfectly powerful, with no limitation of power; perfectly wise, knowing every thing, the meanest and the vastest, at the first as at the end; perfectly just, giving to every soul what is promised in its nature; perfectly loving and perfectly holy. The worship of the Infinite God, the consciousness of his presence in our hearts, — that is the sublimest triumph, the dearest joy, the delightfulness of all human delights. Beginning here, it brightens and brightens like the dawn of the day, until it comes unto perfect brightness, and the face of the Father gleams on the forehead of the Son.

p. 339.

HISTORY AND POLITICS.

It is recorded of Favorinus, a quaint old writer, much in favor with Hadrian, that, when arguing once with his imperial master, to the surprise of the bystanders he yielded readily the point in dispute; and, when asked why he did so, answered, that it was ill arguing with the master of thirty legions. In accepting the imperial author's invitation to discuss freely his life of Cæsar,* we fancy that the critics of France must have felt a similar embarrassment.

In this country, however, no such difficulty exists. It is not less our privilege than our duty, to say that the work is a failure, regarded either as a scholarly investigation of Roman history, or as a philosophical analysis of a remarkable character. Nearly two-thirds of the first volume, which is all that has thus far appeared, is taken up with a tedious sketch of Roman history before the time of Cæsar; well enough if not too diffuse for an encyclopedia, but without evidence, that we can discover, of original criticism as to the character of the Roman polity, and without so much as the suggestion of a new theory as to the sources of the Roman power,—too short if it is meant for a profound examination of the spirit of Roman institutions, and too long if it is meant for nothing more than an analysis of the Roman organization. That the kings disappeared because their mission was accomplished, and that that mission was probably the introduction of civilization into Italy from Greece, no one, perhaps, will be inclined to doubt. But, at the same time, nothing could be less satisfactory to the student, who, having left behind him his text-books of antiquity, seeks in the pages of this acute observer of men, and of

* History of Julius Cæsar. Vol. i. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1865.

the working of human institutions, how it really came to pass, that, at about the same time, Athens and Rome, the two most famous cities of antiquity, changed the basis of the right of suffrage from birth to fortune. When you say that Roman society was founded upon respect for family, for property, and for religion; that the government was founded upon election and its policy upon conquest,—you write compactly, and deal with great results; and when you add, that the aristocracy used the people's hatred of tyrants as the chief instrument of their own aggrandizement, you indulge in a commonplace which is not without its excuse. Undoubtedly it was characteristic of the Roman institutions to form men apt for all functions, that thus the best soldiers in war should be the best rulers in peace; but how came it to pass, that, when so trained, unconsciously to themselves and all the world, they became in general the worst enemies of the Republic, and, at the bitter end, the real betrayers of the Empire? How came it to pass, that, with the best practical principles of government, with the noblest sentiments of honor, and the most persevering faith in religion, the Roman state drifted, silently but surely, all through its most splendid successes, into that fatal gulf of civil strife, in which at last perished the hopes of liberty in the ancient world?

That is the question which haunts us as we read the story of Rome, suggesting the most solemn lessons and the most distressing doubts,—a question which Gibbon, with his philosophical scepticism and his spiritual blindness, has, after all, done nothing to answer, except so far as to clear away the rubbish of ages, and let the awful drama rehearse itself before us,—a question, indeed, which, as history is usually written, we should hardly expect the historian to answer; for it goes behind facts into that uncertain region of moral causes which no dogmas can reach, and no statements comprehend.

But it is the question which Napoleon presses upon us with singular emphasis in the work to which we now allude. His whole structure of the character of Cæsar, so to speak, rests upon the assumption that he alone could see the fatal result of the corruption, moral and political, which had eaten out the life of the Republic; and that, forecasting as nobody else could the inevitable course of events, he was justified by his genius and by fate in anticipating the catastrophe; in seizing with one bold movement the reins of power, which were falling from hands that were too weak, into those that were too wicked to hold them. His argument assumes, that the elements of dissolution were too strong to be any longer resisted in a lawful way by constitutional means; and we admit, that to grant the facts is to justify Cæsar. But when he goes further, and undertakes, as it is undoubtedly the purpose of the book to do, to establish a parallel between Cæsar and Bonaparte; and, because Rome was so corrupt as to need a despot, to maintain that France was so likewise, to such degree indeed that the first empire was a condition of its existence; and that, moreover, for half a century, it continued so corrupt that the second empire was a boon which the people should

have been only too glad to receive at his hands,— it seems to us that he makes an unfair use of the past, in order to insult the present.

As an historical vindication, therefore, of the first Bonaparte, who had a right to break the laws “when society was hurrying on to its ruin, and a desperate remedy was indispensable for its salvation;” and, by consequence, of the second Bonaparte, who had a right to break the laws also “when the government, supported by the mass of the people, had become the organ of its interests and their hopes,” — the book has the character of a political pamphlet; and as such it will not fail to be judged, and judged severely. For, granting that the elements of dissolution in Roman society were electoral corruption, and the laws of high treason,— which furnished to arbitrary power afterwards under the emperors one of its deadliest weapons,— the agrarian laws and slavery and debts (for, as the citizens made war at their own expense, they were always in debt), what possible resemblance have these causes of decline to the condition of society in France, when purged by the fires of the Revolution, or taught by fifty years of increasing enlightenment how to use the liberty it had bought, after so many horrors, with so much blood? Surely the Emperor owes to the country, which otherwise, on his own theory, he libels by the mere fact of his rule, to explain clearly the nature and source of the corruption of which the Imperial dynasty is the only remedy. Rome may have been bad enough in the first century before Christ, to need a Cæsar,— we are inclined, indeed, from our own study of that age, to think it was; but that, in the nineteenth century after Christ, France must take refuge from ruin in the arms of a Bonaparte, seems to us a playful satire upon the progress of mankind hardly to have been expected from so serious a person as the nephew of the man of destiny.

The last fifteen years of Cæsar’s life remain to be told in the second volume; and we trust it will appear in that, how, in the empire of his ideas after his death, in the final triumph of his principles and his system, we are to recognize in Cæsar the true sign of greatness. It is true, that neither the murder of Cæsar, nor the captivity of Bonaparte, were able to check the tendencies of Rome towards despotism, or of France towards freedom. It is true, that Brutus, by slaying Cæsar, did nothing to prevent the reign of Augustus, while he rendered possible that of Nero; and it is true, likewise, that the ostracism of Bonaparte by confederated Europe did not prevent the resuscitation of his empire. But it is false alike to the truths of history and the teachings of philosophy, to represent the struggles of Cæsar and Bonaparte for power as popular causes surviving the league that, under the mask of liberty, sought to overthrow them. Neither Bonaparte nor Cæsar was a man of ideas in the usual meaning of that phrase. Their policy was conquest: their end was power. Born out of the seething elements, the one of corruption, the other of revolution, it was impossible for them to separate themselves from that taint of selfishness which for them meant existence. When Bonaparte swept over Italy, and invaded Russia, and ravaged Spain, and upset kingdoms in Germany, what idea could have lain at

the bottom of his wild career but the greed of power? That he was an instrument in the hands of Providence, working out great results of beneficence to mankind, is the view which we may take; just as in the rush of the whirlwind and the tumult of the earthquake, we recognize an ultimate purpose of good: but it was not the view which Bonaparte himself could have taken. Not that he meant harm to anybody: on the contrary, he preferred to benefit rather than injure mankind; but first, and last, and above all things, he preferred to establish and benefit himself. Cæsar's ambition seems in some respects purer. Rome was in the full swing of conquest. To bring the civilized world under its sway was its legitimate occupation. But what had Bonaparte to do in Russia? Both were men of vast activity and genius, called into being, as it were, for a special purpose. But as for principles or a system, neither had any, except despotism; and despotism is wholly a personal matter. There is nothing in it to survive the despot, except the example; and that was fruitful enough in woe, we all know, to Rome, and might be so to France if the empire were an idea, as Louis Napoleon so persistently strives to represent it, and not an ephemeral fact, as France and Europe so stubbornly insist upon regarding it.

MR. WOOLSEY's exposition of the law of nations* was written, as the author states in his preface, for the purpose of supplying a practical want which he felt while engaged in teaching that subject; the want, that is, of a compendious treatise intended not for lawyers, but for young students of political and moral science. It is, therefore, not merely a statement, necessarily brief, of the actual condition of the law of nations; but may claim, to a certain extent, the character of an ethical work, in so far as it attempts to compare that law with the general principles of justice established among the most civilized nations.

In a well-written introductory chapter, the author defines the grounds and sources of international law, and briefly sketches its historical growth from the first vague indications of its existence among the ancient nations to the consciousness of its necessity in the mediæval age, and the fuller development of its principles in modern times. In the two parts into which the work is divided, the author then proceeds to treat, in the first, of the general faculties or powers of States and their relations of peace, together with the rights and moral claims, the obligations and duties, which have their operation in a state of peace; and therein he discusses the following topics: The rights and obligations of States as independent sovereignties; the rights of property, and rights over territory, belonging to States; the rights and duties of intercourse between nations, with the relations of foreigners within the territory to the State; the forms and agents of

* *Introduction to the Study of International Law; designed as an Aid in Teaching, and in Historical Studies.* By THEODORE D. WOOLSEY, President of Yale College. Second edition, revised and enlarged. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1864.

intercourse between the States themselves; and, lastly, the right of contract or of treaties. In the second part, the author considers the relations arising from a state of war, first, as affecting the belligerents themselves; and, secondly, as bearing on the rights and obligations of neutrals. Upon the latter points, which have been of such great interest to this country, we do not find the discussion so exhaustive, nor, we may add, so suggestive, as we desired. But, in all other respects, Mr. Woolsey is to be commended for the industry and care with which he has made his compilation.

This is not an original and profound treatise, to take its place with the writings of Grotius and Vattel and Wheaton and Lawrence. It was not meant to be. But it is an excellent guide, nevertheless, for the general reader as well as for students, and cannot fail to do a good part in popularizing the elements of the science it discusses,—a science, in which, above all others that touch upon juridical relations, the freest scope is left to the operation of the general principles of justice and the common sense of mankind. And in this country, where the people are supposed to do their own thinking, and decide upon their own wars, and make their own peace, international law is a subject which cannot be made too clear to the average intelligence of the people. As a responsible member of the body politic, every educated person, as Mr. Woolsey well remarks, ought to become acquainted with it. In the case of the "Alabama," for instance,—environed as the question is with feelings of irritation which artful devices on either side might kindle into a terrible flame, but which at bottom is a mere case in international law, to be settled after fair discussion, and in a dispassionate temper,—how very necessary that the general mind should be freed from the prejudices of passion, and enabled to consider it in its proper light; not as an occasion for war between two of the most powerful and most civilized nations of the earth,—a war which might well make us despair of civilization itself,—but as an opportunity for the vindication of reason as the arbiter of national quarrels, and an illustration to all nations of the progress and success of enlightened democracy! To this beneficent work of popular education, Mr. Woolsey has contributed not a little in this present volume, to the merits of which we are glad to bear our cordial testimony.

CRITICISM.

To no poet, perhaps, since the world began, has there been paid so universal, heartfelt tribute of love and gratitude as that which broke forth from the German people upon Schiller's hundredth birthday, the 10th of November, 1859;* for to no poet, perhaps, since the world began, has it been given to exert so immediate and deep-reaching an influence upon his people,—to none to represent, in his life and striving, the ideal of his nation; to be at once reformer and prophet. Born

* Beiträge zur Feststellung, Verbesserung und Verwahrung des Schiller-schen Textes. Von Prof. Dr. JOACHIM MEYER. [1859 and 1860.]

of the people, partaker of their trials and grief, yet rising ever above them ; taking life, with all its sorrow, and making of it a consoling opportunity ; resolutely refusing to acknowledge the shadows and the clouds which haunt it, but ever seeing the good and beautiful in it ; unconquerable in hope, — thus Schiller lived his life on earth ; for his nation a beloved leader, for the world evermore a luminary name.

Every memorial of him has been carefully treasured. The record of his days is complete. We doubt if any new fact of importance will ever be added to it ; yet to no other German writer has it happened, it is said, to leave his writings infested with so many errors, — the result, in great part, of the too careless supervision of Körner. Since 1844, however, especially through the critical investigation of Dr. Joachim Meyer,* great progress has been made in removing these imperfections. It is to his investigations that we owe the edition (said to be the best) published in 1860. Schiller left no collected edition of his writings : his premature death prevented his putting the last hand to his works. There appeared, however, during his life, a collected edition of his smaller prose works, and a collection of his poems up to 1803. After his death, his dramas were published under the title, "Theater von Schiller" (1805–1807). The first regular collected edition was prepared by Körner (1812–15). It has been the basis of all subsequent editions up to 1840 ; but it was neither complete nor correct. The manuscripts of the poet, the periodicals and almanacs in which his poems first appeared, were by no means exhausted. The "Nachträge" of Boas, the "Supplemente" of Hoffmeister, the explanatory labors of Viehoff, have supplied many omissions and corrections. Several poems, also, whose genuineness has been doubted, are shown by Meyer to have been incontestably Schiller's. He has also restored to its place among Schiller's poems the beautiful October poem of 1788, not hitherto received into Schiller's works.

The *Schiller-cultus*, as the Germans term it, has no parallel, perhaps, with any poet among any nation. With us, the great masters of speech have hardly been recognized till they and their age have faded into history. Schiller, on the contrary, was the outgrowth of his time, which found in him voice and utterance. The nation took him at once to its heart. One memorable result of the celebration of the 10th of November, 1859, was the establishment of the Schiller Institute, for the support of indigent authors or their orphaned families. There is a similar institution in London, founded in 1790, called the Royal Literary Fund, which distributes relief through a committee, without divulging names. At the annual dinner in 1822, Chateaubriand said that he had reason to know something of the value of the society ; for, in the time of the French Revolution, it had aided a poor refugee, who had returned to represent his country in England. That man was himself. For many years there has been a similar society in Paris, called the *Société de Gens des Lettres*. On the 10th of November, 1860, the superintendent of the German society, Dr. Dingelstedt, of Weimar, rendered his first yearly account of its condition and working. The contributions which flowed in, from the stimulus

given by the poet's hundredth birthday, amounted to about \$52,000. There are twenty branch institutes; four of which, to aid those at Weimar, Munich, Frankfort, and Lübeck, have received from their governments corporate rights. The interest only of the capital is to be spent. An article in the charter of the Institute prohibits the giving of the names of persons who receive aid, or any intimation whatever as to their identity; while it leaves the recipients free to declare, if they choose, that they have been thus assisted.

It is an institution of piety and humanity, they say, as yet in its earliest beginning. As the years roll on, they bring to the German nation two days to be remembered,—that on which Schiller was born, and that on which he died. On these days they ask for offerings, which shall testify at once to the pervading influence of the *Schiller-cultus*, and to its fruitful results for good among the German people.

In the address upon Schiller, however, which Jacob Grimm delivered on the 10th of November, 1859, before the Academy of Sciences of Berlin, and which that learned body has thought worthy of a place in their published Transactions, that curious grammatical inquirer inveighs against this desecration of so illustrious a name by connecting it with an institution of charity for the relief of mediocre writers,—for *Dichterlinge*, whom one should rather discourage than recognize. Rising talents, he affirms, need no such aid. Every rich gift endows itself in these days. Let them rather spend the money they will gather, in visible works of art, which shall mark the birthplace and the footsteps of Schiller with gleams of joy for ever. If to encourage letters is to endow idleness, doubtless we should agree with Jacob Grimm. But to help on those who give their lives to help on mankind is an effort not unworthy of the patronage of so great a name even as that of Schiller. If aid of this sort had not come often and plentifully to him, Germany might have lacked a leader, and the world been poorer by many thoughts.

We pay more heed to Herr Grimm when he instructs us in other things. The new French translation of Schiller, he says, executed under the superintendence of Regnier, who possesses a critical acquaintance not only with modern but with Old German literature, is for the most part to be commended. Goethe and Schiller were in the habit of working over their poems many times. Their texts are often as various as in Middle High-German poems, and the new reading is not always to be preferred to the old. But the great obstacle to the thorough renovation of the text is the monopoly which the publisher of Schiller (Baron Cotta) still has in his works. The long connection of both poets with a permanent and enterprising house was of great service to them,—indeed a desirable thing; but the lapse of time has changed it into an annoyance to the nation. Nobody disputes the right of an author to the fruit of his labors during his life, or of his heirs after his death. But as no author can foresee the extent of his popularity, so, in the agreement between Goethe or Schiller and their publishers, it cannot be supposed that either party anticipated or provided for the unheard-of demand for their writings,

which has existed in Germany for the last half century. The objection which Grimm makes to such monopoly, so long as it stands in the way, as in this instance it seems to do, of the application of independent criticism, and of new editions embodying the results of that criticism in text or arrangement, is very proper. But, for our part, we do not see why he who builds a house should have a longer tenure of it, in himself and his heirs, than he who builds a history, provided the right of the public to the use and improvement of the property be properly guarded.

Grimm admits the propriety of a limitation for a certain period, but complains, that, in the case of these great writers, the time has been too much extended by special privileges. Upon that point he furnishes some curious information. By a Prussian Cabinet-order of Feb. 8, 1828, the copyright in Schiller's works was extended for twenty-five years. A decree of the Confederation of 23d November, 1838, granted the privilege of exclusive publication to Schiller's heirs for twenty years. When the latter period was on the point of termination, the heirs solicited an extension of it to 1878; and in 1854 the Prussian government proposed to the Chambers a special law for that purpose, which was to override the general legislation upon the subject. The Chambers declined to pass it. Thereupon appeared, on the 6th of November, 1856, a decree of the Confederation, according to which the copyright privilege was to continue till 1867, in favor of all authors who deceased before the 9th of November, 1827 (the date of a former decree of the Confederation). Schiller's works, therefore, as well as Goethe's, without enjoying special privileges, although they were the occasion of the passing of the law, will become common property on the 10th of November, 1867; yet not in all Germany, since in Saxony, the seat of the publishing business, there exists a law, passed in 1844, which secures the copyright privilege for thirty years to the works of those authors who died before the 1st of January, 1844; that is to say, till 1874. At the end of the year 1867, therefore, there will be a wretched condition of things, if Saxony upholds within its territory the copyrights in works of authors such as Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, &c., which, in the rest of Germany, are the property of the public.

In a language like the English, so much governed by custom, and so little by rule, there is, of course, a wide field for discussion of the propriety of phrases, and for difference in the choice of words. One is hardly aware, indeed, how capricious often is the use of our language, till he has looked at a list of words and phrases like those collected at random by the Dean of Canterbury * as being objectionable in point of vulgarity or grammar. The Dean's little book, however, though full of suggestions, is far from being conclusive. He is much inferior to Trench in philosophical analysis and grammatical

* *The Queen's English: Stray Notes on Speaking and Spelling.* By HENRY ALFORD, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. London: Strahan & Co. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co. 1864.

keenness. His criticism is for the most part shallow. He is more useful when he puts questions than when he answers them. Of course, as an Englishman and a clergyman, he cannot be expected to allude to this country otherwise than with an arrogance only surpassed by his ignorance.

The Dean complains that it is a common trick on this side of the Atlantic to write *honor*, &c., instead of *honour*, "as part of a movement to reduce our spelling to a uniform rule, as opposed to usage," thus obliterating all traces of the historical formation of words; since we get *honor* not directly from the Latin *honor* (spelled in exactly the same way), but from the French *honneur*. Certainly, the Church of England is in no danger if it do but have men enough of this sort to defend it. Think of the audacity of the railway porter who could speak of this dignitary as "the old party in a shovel." "*Control*, however, never acquired a right to be spelt with a 'u.' It comes from the French 'contrôle,' i.e., contre-rôle; and the original meaning is still found in the name *controller*, when applied to finance, i.e., an officer whose duty it is to keep a counter-role or check on the accounts of others," — not to be spelt *comptroller* therefore.

The following criticism is too important not to be quoted: —

"Which of these two is right? — the *Misses Brown*, or the *Miss Browns*? For the former it may be said, that *Brown* is the name of the whole species, and that the young ladies, being individuals of that species, are *Misses*; for the latter, that, each of the young ladies being *Miss Brown*, the whole taken together, or any two or more, are *Miss Browns*. So that either way is justifiable. Usage is all but universal in favor of the latter in conversation. We may say we met the *Miss Browns*, not the *Misses Brown*. But we can hardly justify this, our colloquial practice, if we bring in *Mrs. Brown*, and say we met *Mrs. and the Miss Browns*. For by enumerating thus, first the individual, and then the species, we bind ourselves to the *former* way of spelling. The sentence as I have last given it is inaccurate, because it really says that we met *Mrs. and the Miss Browns*; i.e., one *Mrs.* and one celebrated *Miss*, rejoicing in the name of, not *Brown*, but *Browns*. If we had wished to keep to the ordinary colloquial usage in this case also, we ought to have said that we met *Mrs. Brown and the Miss Browns*."

The plural of attorney and money is attorneys, moneys, just as the plural of key is not kies, but keys. The word *means* takes a plural or singular verb according as the mode of action is singular or plural. "The best means is," and "the latest news is," are right if you refer only to one mode of action or one piece of news. Sanitary and sanatory are different words. Then Sanitary means appertaining to *health*; sanatory means appertaining to *healing* or *curing*. "The town is in such a bad sanitary condition that some sanatory measures must be undertaken." In alluding to the mistakes in newspapers, the Dean says he read somewhere, that somebody might be *immersed* in a heavy fine, — the word *meant*, of course, being *amerced*. He is rigid in requiring the *h* in humble to be aspirated, and thinks it very funny "that an American friend of ours ventured to tell us candidly, that we spoke *English* with a strong *English accent*."

Pronouncing *duty*, &c., *dooty* is an offensive vulgarism. These kind of things instead of this kind may be incorrect, but is inevita-

ble. *This much, that much*, as measures of quantity may not be elegant, but they are correct; *thus much* is better. *Replace* has come to signify just the opposite of its real meaning. "Lord Derby was replaced by Lord Palmerston, means to us *was succeeded by*, &c.; to our grandfathers it would have signified that Lord Palmerston *put Lord Derby in again*. The usage is borrowed from the French word *remplacer*, i.e. *remplir la place*. Nothing can well be worse in grammar than a *superior* man, an *inferior* person. *Talented*, also, is as bad as possible; and so is *moneyed*, which is generally made worse by being spelt *monied*. *Subjective* and *objective* are terms as correct as they are indispensable.

The following note was written after a tithe dinner in Devonshire: "Mr. T. presents his compliments to Mr. H., and I have got a hat that is not his, and if he have got a hat that is not yours, no doubt they are the expectant ones."

Being written, instead of *in process of writing*, is bad because *written* is a past participle; but it is in such general use that we can do nothing more than avoid it. To put an adverb between the preposition *to* and the verb, as, "to scientifically illustrate," is a practice that cannot be reprobated too severely. *Different to* instead of *from* is against all reason and analogy. "Few ladies, *except her Majesty*," instead of *besides her Majesty*, is a common blunder. For what is her Majesty excepted from? *a few ladies?* *Mutual* means *reciprocal*; "a mutual friend of husband and wife is sheer nonsense. *Riding* in a carriage, instead of *driving*, may be defended from the Bible." "*He that setteth not by himself*" (Ps. xx. 42 in the Prayer-book version), i.e. is not self-conceited, setteth not store by himself, as we say even than. I have heard a parish clerk pronounce these last words, *he that sitteth not by himself*, in allusion I suppose to the squire's pew." Found, a gold locket, &c.; the owner may have the same by applying &c., is a frequent error.

One of the great sources of the deterioration of the language is to be found in the newspapers. A man is always an *individual*, or a *person*, or a *party*; a woman is a *female*, or, if unmarried, a *young person*; a child is a *juvenile*, children are the *rising generation*. If you call a woman a *female*, why not call a man a *male*? A man *going home* is always an *individual proceeding to his residence*. We never *eat*; we *partake*. There is no such thing as *a place*; it is a *locality*. Nothing is *placed*; it is *located*. *Most of the people in the place* is a vulgarism to those who can write the *majority of the residents in the locality*. We do not *show* *feeling*, we *evince* it. We do not *ask*; we *conceive* a *desire*. We do not *thank* a man; we *evince gratitude*. We never *begin* any *thing*; we *commence*. If the newspaper men want to say that a man spent his money till he was ruined, they say, *his unprecedented extravagance eventuated in the total dispersion of his property*. We speak of a man as of the *Hebrew persuasion*, why not describe a man of color as of the *negro persuasion*? Men do not *break their legs* now-a-days, they *sustain a fracture*,— and so on to the end of the chapter, as he will learn who readeth.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

Nor only has Africa risen into note as the hunting-ground of Europe but the gainful eyes of English commerce are fastened upon its exhaustless stores of ivory; and the artist, sated with familiar scenes, is penetrating the interior to obtain new studies for his adventurous pencil. An Australian explorer, the artist of Dr. Livingstone's expedition, Mr. Thomas Baines,* besides some valuable maps, furnished a large amount of curious and instructive sketches of the natives, the animals, the scenery of the Damara land, a dozen degrees north of the Cape of Good Hope. For those acquainted with the rapidly increasing literature of this no longer unknown land, his book contains nothing very novel; though its author has enriched the English museums with many new specimens of insects and plants, as constant attention was given to hunting up curiosities in every department of natural history; and, but for the disaster which befell his expedition, few travellers would have done more than this unpretending sketcher to throw Africa open to the view of the untravelled world. Evidently, we have had no more honest story of hardy adventure in this savage land; none more free from the desire of making the narrative a romance and its author a hero by impossible achievements and incredible hardships, than this "South-west Africa." Mr. Baines's failure was unavoidable. In the fever-region, he and his ivory-hunter companion, Campbell, are taken down by disease just as they seemed to have accomplished their object,—the Zambesi river, by which he would have crossed the continent, and secured an easy passage back to the Cape. His narrative snaps off suddenly, like one of Mr. Emerson's lectures; leaving the reader to conjecture what he must have suffered by famine, fever, the murder of his attendants, the defeat of his well-planned expedition. Another chapter, explaining what his father only alludes to in the preface, would have added interest to the story and made a suitable peroration. His absence from England, we hope, means that he is engaged in new explorations, not that sickness has prostrated his vigorous frame, or failure crushed his adventurous spirit.

THE people who could make a biblical critic and a resolute heretic out of a dignitary of the conservative English Church must be an interesting people. Mr. Grout † does not seem, like Bishop Colenso, to have found flaws in the arithmetic of Scripture from the suggestive

* Explorations of South-west Africa: an account of a journey in 1861 and 1862, from Wawisch Bay on the Western Coast to Lake Ngami and the Victoria Falls. By THOMAS BAINES. Longman: London. 1864.

† Zulu Land; or, Life among the Zulu Kafirs of Natal and Zulu Land, South Africa, with Map and Illustrations, largely from original Photographs. By Rev. LEWIS GROUT, for fifteen years Missionary of the American Board in South Africa. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Publication Committee. 1864. 12mo. pp. 351.

questions of his Zulu hearers ; yet he has given us a book about them in which there is no tone or flavor of Orthodoxy. The Presbyterian Committee have done excellent service in allowing their types and their name to so charitable a statement, not only of these heathen, but of the work which the missionaries of many sects are doing among them. Mr. Grout, if not an elegant writer, is at any rate earnest and clear. He has given a very fair picture of the land, the scenery, the productions, the fauna and flora, the races of men the kings and the people, of that South-African shore, so tempting to Christian effort. We may question the accuracy of his historical sketch,—which ascends beyond Herodotus to the story in the Pentateuch,—and may find inadequate what he says about the Zulu language. But we are glad to know, that what he saw in fifteen years' residence of the ways and the spirit of the people gave him full confidence that they can be civilized and Christianized. He did not become persuaded that polygamy was a necessity or a divine rule for these savages, or find it desirable to substitute the customs of Israel for the more decent Christian custom, in order to win their hearts. Mr. Grout's book about the Zulus is wise, entertaining, and very good in its spirit.

A VERY valuable part of the lamented Speke's work, already noticed in this Review, was contributed by his fellow-traveller, Grant.* At the request of Capt. Speke, he wrote out, however, a full journal of the domestic scenes during their perilous two years' expedition. Many of the details are trifling ; there is a sad monotony of suffering, and a little varied succession of petty impositions ; every native chief seemed to have conspired to strip his distinguished visitors of every article of value ; indeed, until they reached the boats upon the Nile in waiting to supply their wants, life itself hardly seemed safe. Capt. Grant's repeated sickness obliged his friend to leave him sometimes for months ; his native guards were cowardly, grasping, superstitious, and ever ready to desert ; there was little of that success in hunting which throws such interest into narratives like Du Chaillu's : but every statement one feels to be truthful ; all the descriptions are entirely lifelike : though Grant obtained no view of the famous lake believed to be the true source of the Nile, all his accounts confirm faith in the more celebrated traveller to whose memory he has devoted his book. Some excuse for the insatiable rapacity of the African kings is given by the fact, that their people were regularly robbed, and their houses burned, by the Englishman's satellites, and gratuitous injuries inflicted which in other countries would have been retaliated by life-long imprisonment. While, in some cases, the natives were simple enough to return even the rags which the strangers had thrown away on their march, Grant has to confess, that, where his men had been generously fed, they sometimes left the hospitable village in ruins ; paying nothing for the plundered goats, and not respecting the defenceless women around them. Capt. Grant's modest story proves remark-

* *A Walk across Africa.* By Capt. J. A. GRANT. William Blackwood. Edinburgh and London. 1864.

able qualities of endurance, wonderful self-command, entire fearlessness, and a persistent purpose of making himself loved, rather than feared, by these inaccessible children of the desert. So that, though he speaks of several Christian missions as fruitless in the countries through which he passed, he cannot have failed to give a favorable impression of a religion illustrated in his daily life by so much that was beautiful and heroic.

"THE Nile Basin"** is a sad book. At the moment when Capt. Speke lost his life by the merest accident, he was about to defend his discovery of the source of the Nile in public debate with Capt. Burton, once a fellow-traveller, now a bitter opponent. Unmoved by this great calamity, acknowledging that the deceased discoverer had made known to the world three hundred and fifty geographical miles in Central Africa, Capt. Burton and his unscrupulous ally endeavor to show, that the grand problem of geography is as much unsolved as ever; that Capt. Speke saw too little of the pretended Lake Nyanza to form any positive conclusion; that his own sketch-maps were altered repeatedly after his return, contradict what Capt. Burton discovered, and violate such established principles as that no large river finds its source in a lake. His co-laborer, the author of a geographical survey of Africa, Mr. M'Queen, goes much farther; makes gross charges against Speke's morals; accuses him of cruel injustice to Consul Pethnick; ridicules many of his statements; proves that the vision of a profitable trade with such distant, degraded, treacherous savages must be dismissed at once, because the population everywhere are miserable, enslaved, and absorbed in murderous wars; because there are no easy means of communication; because the natives are indisposed to continuous labor; and because the cost of conveyance to the seashore far exceeds the value of any product like cotton.

As Capt. Speke no longer lives to verify his statements or vindicate his character, he may suffer for a while in popular favor, though by universal confession a person of rare energy, perseverance, and courage; but after careful reading of all that has been written on the subject, and with the admission that his single lake may prove to be two, or even a chain of lakes, as was believed three thousand years ago, we have no doubt that he saw exactly what he describes, a large body of water from which the White Nile flowed. With more time and less peril, he would have perfected his discovery so as not to need re-adjustment in England; but it was not possible for him to make thorough explorations: popular as he was among the natives, acquainted with their language, and fitted to their climate, even he often held his life at their mercy, and could not have advanced, sometimes, but with the certainty of throwing it away.

Of German theories touching ancient Egypt, and of French disqui-

* The Nile Basin. A Memoir read before the Royal Geographical Society. By RICHARD F. BURTON. Part II. James M'Queen's Review of Capt. Speke's Discovery of the Source of the Nile. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1864.

sitions upon the school of Alexandria, we have had for the last thirty or forty years not too much, yet a good deal. But of modern Egypt, in its social transformation under Mohammed-Ali, from the barbarous oppression of the Mamelukes into the best ordered and most promising of the countries that own the religion of the Prophet, we have had, with one or two brilliant exceptions, nothing of scientific value or general interest. That part, indeed, of the great work of the French Expedition, which is entitled "*L'Etat Moderne*," contains many important contributions to our knowledge of the later condition of the country, of which, indeed, it may be said to be the basis; while Lane's accurate pictures of the manners and customs of the modern Egyptians, though confined almost wholly to the Mohammedan society of Cairo, and the spirited descriptions of Perkesch-Osten and Partey, together with the tedious details of Wilkinson, and the poetic narratives of Curtis and the St. Johns, present us with sufficient material to form an excellent notion of the external appearance of the country and the people. Russegger also has explored the geology, and Forskal and Delile the flora, of the Nile basin, with intelligible results. And Mengin and Hamont have related the political history of the country. But a thorough and comprehensive statement, embracing the latest investigations into the resources of Egypt, was still wanting. It is that want which the work under noted* has done much to supply. The physical structure of the country, and the character of its people as moulded by centuries of various and often tumultuous history; its agriculture and political institutions; its social conditions and commerce and public works; and, lastly, its literature, what there is of it,—are treated with great clearness and brevity, though exhaustively: while the author's acquaintance with Arabic, and his long residence in the East, give a value to his work which we should never think of attributing to the jaunty speculations of the English tourists, who go up and down the Nile in such monotonously jolly ignorance of every thing but the necessities of their own comfort.

The little boys in tattered cotton shirts for their only garment, who belabor and direct the asses one rides in Cairo, will often utter among other things, as any one who has heard them will remember, the words "*Je veled*,"—meaning substantially, "Go it, young one." But an Italian tourist, taking them, from the sound or otherwise, to signify "*Diavoletti*," informs his countrymen, when writing to them of his Egyptian experience, that they alluded to the demoniacal intelligence which these little creatures evidently possessed. And that is the way the East is too often interpreted to us. It is all the more important, therefore, that a work like Kremer's, containing the results of his own personal observation and investigation, whether in his own special study of philosophy, or in the wider field of political administration and natural resources, should not be confounded with those ephemeral

* AEGYPTEN. *Forschungen über Land und Volk während eines zehnjährigen Aufenthalts.* Von ALFRED VON KREMER. Nebst einer Karte von Aegypten. [2 vols.] Leipzig: F.A. Brockhaus. 1868.

books which are every year thrust upon the public by the numberless scribblers whom the easy facilities of travel now so readily enable to reach the Mohammedan shores of the Mediterranean. It is to be regretted, however, we may add, that the valuable statistical tables with which the work is crowded, do not come down later than the year 1861; since which time the cultivation of cotton has received such enormous stimulus in Egypt, from the failure of this country to supply the world's demand.

In the primeval ages, it is affirmed by the Vienna botanist, Unger, that Egypt was covered with forests and shrubs; but, since the period of authentic history, it has been known only as a rich agricultural land,—a present from the Nile, indeed, as Herodotus said,—the home of a strange civilization so well preserved as to present the earliest monumental history, and to exhibit, as Bunsen claims, the middle age of mankind; in later times, at once the safest and most congenial refuge for the scholars of Greece, and the most abundant granary for the rabble of Rome. But since Amr-Ibn-el 'As'i with his desert Arab hordes, swept down upon it in the seventh century, a long night of darkness and misery settled down upon Egypt, and shut it out almost from the sight of Europe, till, early in the present century, the genius of Mohammed-Ali, the peasant-boy of Roumelia, scattered the darkness that had engulfed it, and, with an originality which he only can understand who understands the Moslem character, lifted it again into the light of the modern world. For the regeneration of Egypt dates from the massacre of the Mamelukes in the Citadel at Cairo,—a cruel and sanguinary measure indeed, but not more cruel or sanguinary, and a good deal more necessary, than the extermination of the Canaanites.

Although still nominally tributary to the Porte, Egypt is in reality an independent country; and of all Oriental countries—for it must at present come under that designation—the most interesting as presenting the best illustration of what may be accomplished by European enlightenment in face of the stolidity and fanaticism of Islam; and as proving in the end, we cannot but think, in spite of the efforts of English diplomacy to bolster up the decaying organization of the Ottoman Empire, the utter inconsistency of the religion of Mohammed with that intellectual and moral progress which is the distinct and conscious aim of Europe. More than that, however, Egypt attracts us now by another consideration. That great canal, which, from the days of Sesostris, or at least of Necho, to the invasion of the Arabs, mingled the waters of the Red Sea with those of the Mediterranean and the Nile, is presently to be opened again; and the commerce which now finds its way round the Cape of Good Hope to the ports of Europe is to be restored to its primitive channel up the Red Sea and across the Isthmus of Suez. And, though our author is kind enough to spare us the usual political speculations as to the result of this great change upon the relations of the countries it most directly affects, it is obvious, that through it Egypt will once more assume a commanding position by thus becoming the gateway of the East; while its extraordinary fertility, also, under the application of European

skill and capital, must make in itself, so near the producing centres of Europe, a country of great importance. In ancient times, Alexandria was the commercial centre of three continents, and second only to Rome in size. It would be a curious repetition of the parallels of history, if it were now to emulate its former greatness.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WE have, at length, in the three volumes recently issued by the Harpers,* the beginning of an elegant edition of an author whose works have received hitherto but shabby treatment at the hands of American publishers, though their circulation has perhaps been wider in this country than in Great Britain. The volumes before us are certainly very beautiful; and the reader into whose hands they may fall, however familiar he may already be with the course of the famous history, will hardly resist the allurement of the fair pages and the tasteful binding so far as not to go through with it once more, even from beginning to end.

And, indeed, few more fascinating novels were ever written. All Thackeray is in it,—all the acrid, remorseless sarcasm, all the rollicking fun, all the easy banter, all the wonderful flow of slang, of which no gentleman was ever perhaps a more thorough master. This was his first great work; written while yet he had his reputation to make, and which at once made his reputation. There is no carelessness in it: every scene is elaborated to the last degree of minuteness; and the result is an effect of perfect ease, such as none but a master can hope to attain. And the strangest feature of the whole book is the keen relish which the writer evidently has for his work. Never was such an odious company gathered together; never such a coil of swindling, hypocrisy, intrigue, and unmitigated folly unrelieved except by the tireless devotion of poor Dobbin to the flattest of Amelias: and yet Thackeray not only revels himself among this *tas d'hommes perdus de dettes et de crimes*, but makes us enjoy it almost as much as he. What other writer could, out of such materials, make any but the most disagreeable of books? To us, no one mark of Thackeray's genius is more striking than this,—that, in "Vanity Fair" as in his other novels, but more in this than in the others, we read from end to end this most dismal of histories, surrounded by scamps of every description, by schemers, rakes, misers, cowards, and fools; annoyed, protesting, provoked, but fascinated. Only Dobbin's foolish fidelity redeems the wretched story, as Colonel Newcome's foolish fondness redeems another, hardly less wretched. Had Thackeray then never seen a good man who was not a fool, or a bright woman who was disreputable? we ask ourselves in disgust; and then we shut up the book, and go away with tears in our eyes for the devotion of Dobbin and the Colonel, and not without a considerable liking for Mrs. Rawdon Crowley *née* Sharp.

In our praise of the beauty of this edition, we ought to make a

* *Vanity Fair*. By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8 vols.

single reservation. The illustrations are disgracefully bad. Thackeray was not remarkable for his skill in drawing; but his sketches were occasionally very full of humorous expression. The drawings of the Messrs. Harper are reduced in size from the original wood-cuts; and, while in the process the drawing is by no means improved, every trace of expression is carefully eliminated. The unhappy man who executed the picture of Dobbin lying under a tree, in the fifth chapter, must have been filled with remorse when he came to discover that he had made a dreadful caricature of the only virtuous man in the book. We recommend the publishers in the succeeding volumes to either pay more attention to the execution of the illustrations, or omit them altogether.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGICAL AND RELIGIOUS.

The Church of the First Three Centuries; or, Notices of the Lives and Opinions of the Early Fathers, with special reference to the Doctrine of the Trinity, illustrating its Late Origin and Gradual Formation. By Alvan Lamson, D.D. Second edition, revised and enlarged. Boston: Walker, Fuller, & Co. 8vo. pp. 410.

The Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson. Second Series. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. pp. 332.

A Commentary on the Lord's Prayer. By W. Denton. Edited and enlarged by H. J. Fox. New York: Carlton & Porter. 24mo. pp. 208.

Hallowed Songs; a Collection of the most popular Hymns and Tunes. New York: Carlton & Porter. (Containing 400 hymns, and nearly as many tunes, well selected, and in a form extremely convenient for use).

Hours among the Gospels; or, Wayside Truths from the Life of our Lord. By N. C. Burt, D.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 215.

Christianity and Statesmanship, with Kindred Topics. By William Hague, D.D. New edition. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 414.

The Verdict of Reason upon the Question of the Future Punishment of those who die Impenitent. By Henry Martyn Dexter. Boston: Nichols & Noyes. pp. 157.

History of Congregationalism from about A.D. 250 to the Present Time; in continuation of the Account of the Origin and Earliest History of this System of Church Polity contained in "A View of Congregationalism." By George Punchard. Second edition, rewritten and greatly enlarged. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 12mo. 2 vols. pp. 562, 519.

Our Country; its Trial and its Triumph. A Series of Discourses suggested by the varying Events of the War for the Union. By George Peck. New York: Carlton & Porter. pp. 300.

HISTORY AND POLITICS.

Historical View of the American Revolution. By George Washington Greene. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. pp. 459.

History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. By James Antony Froude. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. Vols. I., II. pp. 447, 501. (To be reviewed.)

Canada; its Defences, Condition, and Resources. By W. Howard Russell. Boston: Burnham. pp. 310.

A Smaller History of Rome, from the Earliest Times to the Establishment of the Empire. By William Smith. With a Continuation to A.D. 476. By Eugene Lawrence. New York: Harper & Brothers. 24mo. pp. 365.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

A Treatise on Astronomy. By Elias Loomis. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 338.

Annual of Scientific Discovery; or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1865. Edited by David A. Wells. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. pp. 355.

A View at the Foundations; or, First Causes of Character, as operative before Birth from Hereditary and Spiritual Sources. By Woodbury M. Fernald. Boston: William V. Spencer. pp. 210.

Know the Truth; a Critique on the Hamiltonian Theory of Limitation, including Seven Strictures on the Theories of Rev. Henry L. Mansel, and Mr. Herbert Spencer. By Jeese H. Jones. New York: Hurd & Houghton. pp. 225.

CRITICISM, ETC.

Essays in Criticism. By Matthew Arnold. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 506.

Homeric Translation in Theory and Practice. A reply to Matthew Arnold, Esq. By Francis W. Newman, a Translator of the Iliad. London: Williams & Norgate. 8vo. pp. 104.

The Iliad of Homer, rendered into English Blank Verse, By Edward, Earl of Derby. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 2 vols. (To be reviewed.)

NOVELS AND TALES.

At Anchor; a Story of our Civil War. By an American. New York: D. Appleton & Co. pp. 311.

Kate Kennedy; A Son of the Soil; Miss Mackenzie, by Anthony Trollope; **On Guard,** by Annie Thomas; **Theo. Leigh,** by the Same. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Beatrice. By Julia Kavanagh. New York: D. Appleton & Co. pp. 520.

The Ideal Attained; being the Story of two Steadfast Souls, and how they won their Happiness, and lost it not. By Eliza W. Farnham. New York: C. M. Plumb & Co. 8vo. pp. 510.

The Clever Woman of the Family. By the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 233.

The Gayworthys; a Story of Threads and Thrums. By the author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood." Boston: Loring. pp. 399.

The Young Lieutenant; or, the Adventures of an Army Officer. A Story of the Great Rebellion. By William T. Adams. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 8vo. pp. 383.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Companion Poets for the People. 1. Household Poems, by H. W. Longfellow; **2. Songs for all Seasons,** by Alfred Tennyson. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 16mo. pp. 96.

Hasty Recognition of Rebel Belligerency, and our Right to complain of it. By George Bemis. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 8vo. pp. 57.

The President's Words; a Selection of Passages from the Speeches, Addresses, and Letters of Abraham Lincoln. Boston: Walker, Fuller, & Co. pp. 186.

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Sept. 12
1865

THE

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SEPTEMBER, 1865.

"Ponit enim Deum est, . . . verus philosophus est omnis Deus." — ST. AUGUSTINE.

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SEPTEMBER, 1865.

ART. I.—THEISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

THE "Christian Examiner" has already given its word of welcome and praise to the recent volume by Dr. Hedge, entitled "Reason in Religion." In prefacing our present argument with a few remarks upon the theory of religious belief contained in it, we desire to re-affirm, cordially, the general judgment there expressed. It is a work of great and permanent value. The essays which compose it possess qualities which are rarely united,—deep thoughtfulness and artistic beauty, solidity of substance and elegance of finish. The style is admirable, and, by an unsurpassed mastery of words and felicity of illustration, fascinates and perpetually delights the reader. Great thoughts are frequently condensed with epigrammatic terseness to the ultimate limit of compressibility, and thus rendered "portable property,"—jewels which will be heirlooms to posterity. The essays are enriched, but not encumbered, by the deep and varied scholarship for which Dr. Hedge enjoys so high a reputation. The treatment of special topics, while combining originality of conception with very striking forms of presentation, exhibits likewise what is of vastly greater moment than these,—a rare depth of religious feeling and experience, and a truth of spiritual insight which sometimes soars to genuine inspiration. Throughout

the entire work, there breathes a spirit of intense earnestness, loyalty to conviction, reverence for God, and charity for man, which appeals irresistibly to the reader's best sympathies, and touches the secret springs of aspiration and worship. A soul hungry for truth and life will find rich pasture in its pages.

But, however valuable they may be in their insulation, the general plan and structure of the work entitle us to expect something more than a series of religious essays. It is presented in a form which warrants a demand for organic unity: its title, divisions, and subdivisions, excite the expectation of a certain theological coherence, and justify the inquiry, whether there exists a universally dominant principle which controls and vitalizes the whole. Yet, viewed as a religious philosophy, or an attempt to organize rational religion, we find grave deficiencies, both in general scope and special execution. Its logic is sometimes so exceedingly loose as to permit point-blank contradictions, even in the same sentence.* Its breadth of survey and precision of statement are unequal to its depth of insight. Its speculative value is inferior to its spiritual uses. It very imperfectly carries out the application of reason to religion. On those great radical questions, the answer to which determines the answer to all others, a vagueness and vacillation exist, which seriously impair its value, in the eyes of scientific criticism, as a contribution to philosophical theology.

A most important question, considered as a problem for reason to solve, is this: On what side of our nature do we come into contact with the spiritual world? by what faculty

* For instance, on p. 218, we find it stated, that "Christian Churches, as organized bodies of believers, must stand or fall with the Christian confession,—that is, the confession of Christ as divinely human Master and Head." Here we have, as the "Christian confession," three distinct articles or propositions,—Christ is divine, Christ is human, Christ is Master and Head of the Church. Yet, on p. 221, it is said: "Catholicism does not consist in uniformity of articles, but in unity of spirit,—not in a common exposition, but a common confession and mutual good-will." Here uniformity of articles is affirmed and denied in the same sentence, as the essence of Catholicism; for, as we have just seen, the "common confession" is "uniformity of articles."

do we apprehend the great truths of religion? This question lies at the very threshold of inquiry; yet Dr. Hedge gives no explicit answer to it, or rather it seems impossible to reconcile his conflicting answers. It is true, his negative position is clear, and consistently maintained: the *understanding* is declared incompetent to "discover and establish the truths of religion" (p. 12). "There is no way to God through the understanding, which knows only to arrange and elaborate what the senses supply" (p. 36). "Truths of this order [i. e., the spiritual order] are apprehended by some other faculty than the sensuous understanding. The Holy Spirit is the teacher here" (p. 287). And this negative position, repeatedly affirmed in other passages, is, we believe, nowhere contradicted. But when we attempt to discover his positive position, and determine what this "other faculty" is, we are perplexed by discordant statements:

"Subjectively, then, the Holy Spirit is to be considered a divine instinct in man; a special faculty, differing from reason and understanding, and the other faculties of the mind, in this, that it always speaks with authority" (p. 291).

In this passage, the Holy Spirit seems to be regarded as a human faculty, cognizant by itself of divine things, and distinct equally from reason and from understanding. Yet in the following passage it seems to be regarded as God's spiritual influence, determining *reason itself* to the perception of spiritual truth:—

"The Spirit acts on the reason and on the will. It inspires the knowledge of moral and spiritual truths, and it quickens the moral and spiritual life. We are influenced by it in our perceptions and in our practice" (p. 286).

With regard to the religious function of reason, the passage last cited appears to show that it is an intuitive faculty cognizant of God; as, likewise, the following: "All that reason teaches of God is expressed in the saying, 'God is Law'" (p. 123). But, on the other hand, certain passages seem to show that reason teaches nothing whatever of God.

"It is my belief, that reason, in its own original capacity and function, has no knowledge of spiritual truth, not even of the first and fundamental truth of religion, — the being of God." "The office of reason in religion is not discovery, but verification and purification" (pp. 208, 209).

Again: "The only effectual knowledge of God is the private experience of the individual soul" (p. 67). Yet, only a few pages before, it is said: "The mass of mankind must receive their religion at second-hand, and must receive it on historical authority" (p. 64). The history of Methodism apparently proves, that no appeal is so powerful with the common people as the appeal to their "private experience." However this may be, a second-hand religion is good for nothing; in fact, the very phrase is a contradiction in terms. Greek mythology tells of three ancient sisters called Phorcydes or Graeæ, who had but one eye among them, and were wont to pass it from hand to hand for alternate use. Some such hypothesis with regard to the "mass of mankind" is necessary, in order to reconcile these two passages; but we are loath to believe that mankind are afflicted with such a paucity of eyes.

With regard to the "intuition of God," we have the following inconsistent statements: —

"The knowledge of God is not a conclusion of the understanding, but an intuition of the moral sense" (p. 66).

"Nor are any of the primary and fundamental truths of religion original perceptions of the mind" (p. 207).

An intuition of the moral sense is surely an original perception of the mind; and the knowledge of God is surely a primary and fundamental truth of religion. If so, no contradiction could be more explicit.

Lastly, faith is propounded as the faculty which knows God.

"Of God we know nothing except by hypothesis or faith, and can apprehend nothing except by illustration" (p. 240).

But hypothesis is supposition, faith is belief; their appar-

ent identification obscures the meaning intended to be conveyed. The difference between a guess and a conviction is immeasurable.

From statements so inconsistent, successively presenting the Holy Spirit, reason, the moral sense, and faith, as the faculty of spiritual vision, and yet leaving these in a relation of mutual opposition or indeterminateness, no coherent or positive doctrine can be elicited. We do not mention these contradictions in any hostile or cavilling spirit; they must thrust themselves upon the notice of every attentive reader who seeks to master and digest the substance of what he reads. They force the conclusion, that philosophical precision of thought must be incompatible with statements so unprecise, and that the important question, "How do we know religious truth?" has been insufficiently considered by the author of "*Reason in Religion*."

But the most important, because the most fundamental, of all questions of religious philosophy, and a question which must be answered satisfactorily to the most enlightened thought of the times, is treated with equal irresolution and inconsistency by Dr. Hedge. The question is this,— How shall we distinguish between religious truth and error? is our criterion subjective or objective? does the last appeal lie to a court internal or external? This is the great religious question of the age: it confronts every honest thinker, and must be met with an honest answer. It is a question of method, and takes precedence of all questions of particular doctrines or results. It is the old antagonism between reason and authority, which must be reconciled before a theology, or philosophy of religion, is possible. And how is it met by Dr. Hedge?

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The title of his volume seems to indicate a distinct and decisive reply, and encourages the hope that his great and acknowledged ability will be found the champion of reason. Nor is this hope disappointed when we open the volume, and read the magnificent chapter on "The Cause of Reason the Cause of Faith." Here are a few of its noble utterances.

"In every clear conflict between reason and authority, the genius of Christianity inclines to the rational side" (p. 198).

"Reason may err in some of its conclusions; but reason is none the less the supreme arbiter in theology. . . . Reason or Rome,—there is no middle ground" (p. 199).

"If, on the other hand, the Protestant principle is true,—if we believe in it and profess it,—then, in Christ's name, let us stand by it manfully, and follow it boldly, and confide in it frankly, and not be scared by a name, nor wish to scare others. . . . There is nothing for it but to hold on,—if we admit the principle at all, to stand by it manfully, to acquiesce in all its legitimate applications, to let full daylight in on our beliefs, to follow trustingly where reason leads, to accept the results of competent, honest criticism, and whatever unbiased and conscientious investigation shall approve" (pp. 199, 200).

Brave, noble words! Every heart baptized with the love of truth beats a deep Amen. That trumpet gives no uncertain sound. Further, observe how Dr. Hedge himself applies the principle he so eloquently defends:—

"The authority of Scripture is incomplete without the assent of reason; and, in things doubtful and insusceptible of demonstration, authority can mean nothing more than the strong presumption in favor of a view or a fact from the providential position and inspiration of the writer" (p. 201).

"The application of this great principle to Scripture is obvious; and the bibliolatry which refuses so to apply it . . . is not of the nature of faith, but of fetishism. This sluggish acquiescence in something external, this slavish reliance on a letter, an institution, on the 'says so' of an individual, is precisely the state of mind to which the name and credit of faith are commonly assigned. This is the kind of faith which the Church of Rome demands and fosters" (p. 203).

Is it not almost incredible, that the same hand which penned those stalwart words should also pen such as these?—

"We need the sign,—external, supreme authority. We need the ultimate appeal of a given word to make our Christianity something more than a system of philosophy" (p. 456).

If, as Dr. Hedge asserts, "reason is the supreme arbiter in theology," then it cannot be true, as he also asserts, that we

must have an "external, supreme authority,"—"the ultimate appeal of a given word." It is humiliating to see a great and inspiring truth thus mocked and buffeted, tossed to and fro like a shuttlecock between the battledoors of affirmation and negation.

The denial of the supremacy of reason in religion is incorporated into the ground-plan of the work, in singular contravention of its pervading spirit. We find a marked distinction made between "Religion in the Bounds of Theism," and "Rational Christianity,"—these being the titles of the two books into which the volume is divided. But, if we seek the ground and justification of this distinction, we seek in vain. There is no explicit statement of it anywhere given; and the general scope and tenor of the work are clearly against it. The prevailing tone is unmistakably, if not uniformly or consistently, opposed to external authority; and yet the distinction is based on its implied acceptance. Under new names, we have merely the old distinction between natural and revealed religion, as derived respectively from Nature and the Bible, natural reason and supernatural revelation. This we can understand. A theology which builds upon "external, supreme authority" must admit a province of religion into which reason may not enter, a province in which reason has no rights that theology is bound to respect. Theology cannot concede to reason the right of "verification;" for external revelation, *if supreme*, cannot require the indorsement or approbation of an inferior. Neither can theology concede to reason the right of veto or "purification;" for that would be a still greater subordination of revelation to reason. The distinction demands the absolute exclusion of reason from the province of revelation; it should demarcate with mathematical exactitude Theism from Christianity. But the epithet "rational" is then misused; "super-rational" (or irrational) would alone be approximate. The division of religion into Theism and *Rational* Christianity breaks down the very distinction on which the division itself is based. Moreover, Dr. Hedge assuredly has no right to make such a division; for he explicitly denies the possibility

of a natural religion, and teaches that all religion is revealed. "It is time this phantasm of a 'natural religion' were exploded" (p. 341). "All religion that is true is revealed religion" (p. 209). From the standpoint that "reason is the supreme arbiter in theology," the distinction between Theism and Christianity disappears, and all true religion is seen to be at once rational and revealed. Revelation is no longer limited to the Bible, but becomes the totality of God's manifestations,—the objective truth presented by God; while reason (both intuitive and discursive) becomes the subjective faculty by which man apprehends it. But since all revelation is made to reason, and reason is its supreme, internal interpreter and judge, all revelation is truly said to be "in man and through man" (p. 67). Hence we conclude, that the influence of the old distinction between *reason and revelation as co-ordinate sources of religion*, appears to have led Dr. Hedge to the twofold division of his work; while the influence of the truth, that *religion has its one source in reason apprehending revelation* appears in the nomenclature of the parts. But such a confusion of incompatible ideas seriously interferes with the philosophical value of the work. The true relation of Theism to Christianity, as we conceive it, will be set forth in the remainder of this article.

The one great postulate of reason, however exercised, is the unity of the universe, the mutual harmony of all facts and truths. Adaptation and law lie at the very bottom of all existence. Every apparent discord and fortuity must be merely on the surface of things, and ultimately resolvable into the underlying and eternally self-concordant Law. This cannot be proved without a begging of the question, nor doubted without the suicide of intelligence: hence it must be taken as axiomatic, and is perhaps all that the immortal Leibnitz really meant by his principle of Sufficient Reason. Now, man is by nature a worshipping or religious being: the tendency to worship is a permanent and universal element of his constitution. If the above postulate be admitted, this fact points to the existence of an Object to whom the soul's

* note subtitle d.f. From Hedge. H. sees reason in history on a long-term basis. A sees the matter differently, and thus ready to give the individual more power of reversion.

worship is due in the nature of things; if the universe be a self-consistent whole, and perfect in all its adaptations, then the religious tendency is not an aimless instinct leading nowhither, but a prophetic impulse guiding to the centre of all Being. In other words, if reason is possible, religion is rational.

Now the possibility and rationality of religion imply the objective personality of the object of worship, or, what is the same thing, oneness of nature in the worshipper and the Worshipped. The lowest form of fetishism ascribes personal attributes to its idol or stone; the highest form of monotheism still ascribes personal attributes to God. No *thing*, no impersonal entity, can rationally be the object of worship or prayer, which, as Dr. Hedge truly says, is "the one universal thing in religion" (p. 99). And the personality must be objective, that is, not a pantheistic personality first attaining self-consciousness in the breast of the worshipper; for prayer to one's self, or to the race, or to the unconscious All, would be an absurdity or offence against reason. The only object of a rational worship must be a Person. Moreover, personality, being to reason an ultimate and unanalyzable idea, must be supposed to be eternally and necessarily the same in its essence; whence follows the generic identity of all personalities, or the principle that all personal beings must be supposed to possess intrinsically a common nature. From the first faint glimmerings of personality in the animal creation, through the ascending scale of men, angels, archangels, and whatever superior existences overtop these, up to the awful and inscrutable Source of all, the centre of conscious being is the undivided and indivisible *self*. From the tiny ephemeron that seems almost a mathematical point, up to that eternal Infinite "whose centre is everywhere, and whose circumference is nowhere," the hierarchy of existence is a Ptolemaic system of concentric spheres; and the outer for ever includes the inner. Narrow as is the human, it is yet concentric with the divine. Whatever transcendent attributes belong to God, and with insufferable radiance shield from profane inspection the eternal mystery of the I AM,

still Religion must believe them compatible with the wisdom, power, and goodness, without which he is no God to her. The human, to the poor extent of its tether, coincides with the divine: God's goodness, justice, love, are identical in nature with ours; and on no other supposition will an honest man call them by those names. Dr. Mansel teaches a Divine Morality, an *occulta justitia*, which he concedes to be irreconcilable with human ethics. For our own part, we echo from the soul those homely and rugged words of John Stuart Mill, which, with Bishop Thirlwall, we cannot read "without being thrilled with a sense of the ethical sublime":—"I will call no person good, who is not what I mean when I apply that epithet to my fellow-creatures; and, if such a being can sentence me to hell for not so calling him, to hell I will go."

Rational religion, then, depends on this supreme condition,—oneness of nature in worshipper and Worshipped. It might perhaps, in one view, be defined as the right relation between finite persons and the Infinite Person. To state this principle antithetically, *religion presupposes the Finite Divinity of man, and the Infinite Humanity of God.*

Is this doctrine a derogation from the supernal majesty of God? When Spinoza's Substance, Fichte's Moral Order, or Spencer's Force, shall yield a truer and sublimer idea than infinite holiness, wisdom, power, and love, then, but not till then, will the thought of God's infinite manlikeness be eclipsed. Auguste Comte was groping after this thought when he set up his abstraction of humanity as the Supreme Being.

Here also is found the spiritual content of the dogma of the God-man; though not precisely as Dr. Hedge explains it,—"that God and man are one; that human nature is in real communion with the divine" (p. 238). The doctrine is deeper than that; it signifies more than a simple communion: it symbolizes absolute unity of nature, without which communion would be impossible. The Christ, or the ideal man, is a twofold revelation of *God as he is*, and *man as he ought to be*; and therein lies the deepest meaning of that sublime claim, "I and my Father are one."

Now, in this great principle of the finite divinity of man, and the infinite humanity of God, is contained implicitly the whole of Theism or rational religion. This is the general method of Reason in Religion,—*by ideal manhood to interpret and apprehend the real Godhead*. By the consistent and fearless application of this method, a complete theology may be reared on the basis of the soul. Private experience and individual consciousness, the Scriptures of creation and of literature, the facts of history, and the whole circle of the sciences, become data for the soul's analysis, and thus alone have theological worth or value. Here we have a basis as eternal as man himself, which will defy for ever the assaults of iconoclasm. All products of human thought and life become thus legitimate revealers of human nature, which alone is the immediate revealer of God. Here we have firm ground to stand upon, a sure method to work by, a comprehensive and far-reaching principle to unify and organize results. Theology must build on anthropology, the science of God on the science of Man. Individualism fails, because it mistakes the peculiar for the universal: without the macrocosm, the microcosm is a blank. The idiosyncrasies of individuals must be eliminated, and theology built up on the universal human nature which remains.

The first great fact of the soul is *life*. Do what it will, it must think, feel, act; and its thinking, feeling, and acting are the expression of its interior, mysterious self. Forms may vary; but all forms are self-utterances, self-manifestations. Unmanifested soul, like matter stripped of all its qualities, would be pure and undetermined being; and that, as Hegel truly taught, is pure nothing. The soul which shall stand as type of humanity must be eloquent in this speech of self-enunciation: its activities must all flow from a potent will, energizing uniformly from high motives, and for beneficent ends. To live is to manifest the self, the nature of the self being revealed in the character of the manifestation: the suppression of manifestation would be simply cessation of life. It is this truth which underlies Cousin's doctrine of the necessary causation of the Deity,—a doctrine which

* *Cousin's Elements of Moral Science, b. 1. ch. 1.*
Suppl.

is true in substance, and false only in form of statement. Sir William Hamilton refuted it by misconceiving, and hence misrepresenting it. If God *lives*, he must be eternally active; and activity is all which Philo or Cousin meant by causation or creation: the divine activity must have love for its source, law for its channel, beneficence for its end. Thus, both in God and man, love is the regnant motive whose supremacy constitutes holiness.

Now, the totality of God's expressions of himself, whether uttered in nature, history, or the soul, becomes, with reference to man and all created intelligences, *revelation*, — which thus appears as a perpetual and universal, not an evanescent and local, fact. Every work and act reveals him, and, rightly understood, is an effluence of infinite love. And since love kindles love, revelation creates a response in the human soul, which is *religion*. Revelation is the unveiling of the Divine to the human; religion is the gravitation of the human to the Divine. The one is the man-ward activity of God; the other, the God-ward activity of man. Love prompts both movements, and is, as it were, the propelling force. Sundered by the awful disparity of their being as God and man, they are brought together in the unity of love as Father and Child. Revelation and religion are thus one in their source, and one in their end: they spring from love, and ultimate in love.

Thus all that Theism demands is faith in the human soul as the reflex of God, and obedience to the laws which the soul reveals. From its cardinal principle of the oneness of nature in God and man, it at once deduces every religious truth the human heart holds dear, — the reality and universality of Divine Providence, the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, the immortality of the soul, the divineness of duty, the hideousness of sin, free grace on repentance, the exorbitancy of God. All these, and more, flow directly from the simple truth, spiritually understood, that "God made man in his own image." Theism builds on no dry formulas or philosophies, no "Evidences" or "Hermeneutics:" its divinest Scriptures are pure, heroic, holy lives. It simply says, "All that man at his best can be, that God is, and infinitely more."

First find him in the soul, and then you shall find him everywhere." Recognizing history as the joint product of God and man, it beholds the Divine in all localities and epochs; it harvests religion in all ages and climes, but reaps its wealthiest crops in the most fertile fields. It is reason comprehending life, and discovering God in all human knowledge and experience; it is the soul conscious of the Over-Soul, and drawn skyward by the gravitation of love. As feeling and living, Theism is the real in all religions; as thought, it is the true in all theologies. To condense it into an intellectual symbol, Theism is the recognition of One Infinite and Immanent Personality as the ground and origin of all finite existence, and his manifestations in space and time as his perpetual and universal Word; of all spiritual beings as one in nature with the Infinite Personality, and of the human soul as thus the supreme word addressed to itself, the key to all other words; of love as the normal relation and ground of unity among all spiritual beings, moving the Infinite Father to revelation, and the finite child to religion.

This, then, is Theism; and what is Christianity?

Christianity is the Theism of Christ,—the religion by which he lived and died. Jesus is the purest, the typical Theist. The religion which underlay his wonderful life, and made him what he was; the religion which pervaded his consciousness, filled him with God, saved him from sin, inspired him to be the most profoundly earnest of philanthropists, the most intensely positive of reformers, the most beautifully devout of worshippers, the wisest of teachers, and the sublimest of prophets; the religion which made him a fountain of inspiration to every age, and transfigured him with the splendor of ideal manhood,—this is Christianity, and this alone. Jesus is the extreme type of radicalism in religion. He quietly set his foot on the authority of priesthoods, documents, institutions: he cared nothing for the prestige of great names; and, by appealing directly from tradition to reason, from Moses to the soul, ploughed up the very roots of the Hebrew organic law. No revolution in the world's history was ever so radical as that which Jesus initiated.

Everywhere he assumes the cardinal Theistic principle from which all religion flows,—the oneness of the Divine and human. Almost his only argument is that from man to God. “If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your Father who is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?” The parable of the Prodigal Son is a still more striking instance of his faith in this principle. He built his own theology on his own intuitions of truth, holiness, and God; and he bade his disciples do the same. “Yea, and why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?” Could there be a more explicit indorsement of rationalism than that? Jesus believed in rationalism; and they are most truly his imitators who go and do likewise. Like David, and all other sincere Theists, Jesus was most reverent, constant, and fervent in prayer, and thus refutes the shallow and wicked sneer, that “Theists cannot pray.” The religion which was the secret of his transcendently beautiful spirit; which consisted only of simple and eternal truth lovingly received into his heart, and faithfully realized in his life; which owned no source of spiritual power and holiness save communion with the in-dwelling God, and no authority save that of his own divinely human soul,—that alone is Christianity, and that alone is Theism; for pure Christianity and pure Theism are absolutely identical. Bibliographies and Christologies are no part of Christianity. These may be true or false; but they make no essential part of that religion of which the Christ is simply the supreme type and illustration.

As history, the records of the life of Jesus cannot be shielded from historic criticism, which must have unquestioned right to doubt, to sift, to reject, to accept, to apply its scientific and philosophic canons without let or hindrance. Even if the specific events and details of his life should be all relegated to the domain of the mythic, and proved to be the product of idealizing imaginations,—which is improbable,—the foundations of Christianity would not be touched; for these are eternal truths, not historic facts. The historic Christ, even, would not be disproved; for the one invincible

proof of the historic Christ is the fact of Christianity in the world. The fountain cannot rise above its source. The spirit and life from which the records flow must have been at least as lofty as they. The impress of a wonderful life is stamped on the four Gospels; and that life, instead of being less than its recorded minutiae, by every rational principle must be supposed to be greater,—greater in its interior divineness, if less in its exterior adornments. But to bind up the uncertain annals of the life with the eternal truths which were its secret and source, and then to baptize the twain with the one name of Christianity, is to lash together a corpse and a living body. The attempt simply imperils the perpetuity of Christianity in human hearts. If Christianity is to endure for ever as the absolute religion of all ages, it must be as pure and unadulterated Theism, dissociated from the non-essential, and bearing the name of Christ because he stands forth among men as its ideal representative and historic embodiment,—the finite man who best images the Infinite God, and thus exhibits most perfectly the essential oneness of the human and the Divine.

Theism, therefore, first reveals on rational grounds the inestimable value of the historic Christ, and elevates him to the high pedestal from which he is degraded by the popular theologies. If held to be more than man, or endowed with superhuman attributes, he ceases to be a revelation of God, because he then needs to be himself revealed. If proclaimed to be an authoritative Master, at whose feet reason must extinguish her torch, and listen blindly and submissively in the dark, he ceases to be a revelation of man; for he then claims an illumination inexplicable and unattainable by man as man, and profanes humanity by enslaving reason. But if, human purely in birth, endowment, and character, Jesus, nevertheless, most perfectly reveals God as he is, and man as he ought to be, then he is a revelation of surpassing power and worth, and legitimately becomes the profoundest study of all time. His authority is not over the reason, but over the heart: he wins, influences, and attracts, by a holiness and love which must be seen to be truly felt. He comes to us, not as an ac-

credited ambassador or official representative of God, bearing despatches from the King of Heaven, indorsed on parchment and sealed with the royal signet-ring, but rather as a miniature of the Heavenly Father, from whose eyes shines forth an inexpressibly tender love, and in the awful beauty of whose features we trace a certain resemblance to ourselves, which gives us faith in our own divine sonship.

The revelation of God in Christ, which Theism alone reconciles with human reason and universal cosmical laws, is no miracle at all, but rather the most supremely natural of all things; for it simply illustrates in its highest intensity a natural likeness between God and unperverted man. Instead of a message to the intellect which can be formulated in words as authoritative *instruction*, it is a Divine verisimilitude appealing to the heart and the conscience, and manifesting its power as an undefinable but regenerating spiritual *influence*. On purely theistic grounds, the invaluableness of the life of Jesus to the race and the individual becomes more profoundly evident than on supernaturalistic grounds: it is no longer a perplexing anomaly, baffling all attempts at comprehension, but simply the most luminous illustration of a universal law. There is a dreary mechanism in the idea of a supernatural messenger from God, whose embassy is authenticated by miracles as credentials, and thus addressed to the intellect, the sole judge of credentials and proofs; there is religious power in the idea of a great soul whose message is *himself*, rather than his words, and who proves his divineness by his irresistible sway over the conscience and the affections. Theism shakes off the incubus of this mechanism, and seizes the spiritual meaning of a revelation which it discovers to be inexhaustible. It conceives that the knowledge of human nature is the least inadequate knowledge of God; and that this must be studied in all its historic developments, which are evolutions of human possibilities. Thus Theism finds on rational grounds a worth in the Bible and the Christ to which tradition is blind: as the high-water mark of human aspirations, inspirations, and religious life, they are invaluable to every human soul. They know nothing of Theism who ac-

* Hedge would agree that there is no problem at all
religious men, with no religious training, take a
much more conservative view of salvation.

cuse Theists of irreverence for Jesus, contempt for the Bible, or misappreciation of their message to man. Theists reserve their irreverence for the superstition which adores the shadow and despises the substance: they believe that spiritual Christianity is simply pure Theism, and as such will infallibly cast off in due time the transient, the irrelevant, and the corrupting.

Disguise it as we may, Christianity is effecting a radical "change of base" in these latter days. The spirit of the age is a little too strong for human manipulations: attempts to control it only re-illustrate the truth of the old story of King Canute and the sea. The authority of the Bible, as the ultimate ground of religious belief, is absolutely destroyed for modern thought; and another *must* be found, for religion is indestructible. Outward authority, superior to reason, is a dream of the dark ages; and infallible authority, whether outward or inward, is only a factitious want of superstition. The soul was not meant to run on inevitable railroad tracks. The liability to err is a part of its constitution, and a part of the plan of God's providence. The soul itself, taken in its nature, history, development, and prophetic latencies, is the only possible basis of a rational theology. Jesus spoke "with authority,"—the authority of an illumined soul trusting itself as a word of God; and when, in later times, Christianity slipped its moorings, and anchored to the Church, the Bible, or to Jesus himself, it forgot its own inherited law, and made a fatal "change of base" which modern Theism is destined to reverse and rectify.

In taking the soul itself as the ultimate ground of religion and court of appeal, Theism but returns to the Christianity of Jesus himself, and of every other pure and devout Theist; it but reforms a corruption of the historical Church. Thus built on the eternal rock, what has religion to fear from the assaults of false criticism, science, or philosophy? They can but shiver their Damascus blades against the everlasting granite. On the soul alone can be reared a theology rational alike in its basis, its method, and its results. Mankind needs this rational theology, which, like a powerful engine, shall

crush the quartz of history, and sift out from the *débris* the gold of universal truth. We cannot quench our spiritual thirst with the dry sand of facts. The visions of the poet are a thousand-fold truer than the uncertain chronicles of the historian, or the dreary figures of the statistician. Mere events, facts, are dead: they were true once; but when we say, "They have happened," their truth vanishes into the omnivorous jaws of the past. What we want is something that is always true,—as true now as two thousand years ago. We want truth that can survive the disintegrations of time, the loss or corruption of manuscripts, the sharp tooth of oblivion, the corroding touch of suspicion. The soul is an ancient palimpsest, from which you have but to erase the trivialities of superstition and the ugly blots of sin, in order to discover, in the chirography of a Divine Penman, the great truths of love, duty, immortality, God. These are the same yesterday, today, and for ever, and burn in our hearts with the fire of eternal youth. These are religion, Theism, Christianity, or what you will,—quite independent of the records of antiquity, altogether unproped by human affidavits. The barren crags of fact will do for the soul to be born on; but, when the young eagle is fledged, it must trust to the pure atmosphere of the universal and eternal to support its pinions in a Godward flight. The transient is of importance only as enveloping the permanent. Great thoughts are few, their embodiments many: he is wise who disregards the shifting, and clings to the immutable. Theism is simply Christianity emancipated from the false, the trivial, the non-essential, the temporary, the accidental: to set them in antithesis or distinction is to misconceive them. Unless Christianity can be rid of the barnacles which foul the hull of the noble ship, Rational Religion must take passage in some other craft, and sail the great ocean of time under another flag than that which now gladdens her eyes.

ART. XI.—LYMAN BEECHER.

Autobiography, Correspondence, &c., of Lyman Beecher, D.D. Edited by CHARLES BEECHER. With illustrations. In two volumes. 12mo. pp. 563, 587. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1864.

IT seems to have been decided that every thing relating to the Beecher family, both in life and in record, should be strikingly characteristic, if not unique. The memorial which the surviving members of it have contributed, to extend more widely and to perpetuate the well-deserved repute of their honored father, is, in some respects, an exaggeration of the peculiarities which distinguish them. As a tribute of their own affection, and as a setting-forth of their own reasons for regarding him as one of the most marked and serviceable men in his time and calling, the volumes before us may be received with entire approbation. We are led to admire the perfect simplicity and frankness of their tone and contents. They are eminently honest and trustworthy; free from all attempts at dressing up, explaining away, or apologizing for either the homely or the grotesque matters which abundantly strew their pages. The whole man whom they portray and disclose to us wins our warm love and our full respect. He was a noble specimen of a man, and would have been such in any sphere or calling in life. Sincere and sound to the very core of his heart; unselfish, devoted, earnest in purpose, and entire in his consecration of heart, time, and ability, to the best service of others in the widest range through which he could exercise great gifts,—he was a model Christian minister and pastor. His home, with his family around him,—and such a family,—must have been a scene where enjoyment and improvement wrought the warp and woof of life into the noblest fabric possible, amid the contingencies of an earthly existence. His children would have been justified in contributing to his honored and revered memory the daintiest and most elaborate garland which their gratitude and imagination could fashion. But in perfect har-

mony with the almost rude simplicity and the ruggedness of his own development and manifestation, they have dispensed with all art and ingenuity in their portraiture, giving us no polished marble work, but the image of a true and good Christian man.

Yet, by any reasonable standard for the construction of a biographical work, or the fair presentation of a subject of various and many-sided interests, the "Autobiography of Dr. Beecher" is provokingly unsatisfactory. It is a stone wall without pointing or mortar, constructed without the use of plumb or level, and after the most slovenly pattern of New-England irregularity and convenience, of materials lying handy and most available. We have fragments; incongruous and undigested materials and incomplete narrations; subjects of intense interest opened, and then shut down; fine pictures partially touched and unframed, and frames sometimes without pictures in them. Under the frequent heading of "Correspondence," the editor gives us often only one side,—whether it be the letters from his father, or the letters to him; the whole point and much of the interest of which are lost, just as the utility of one blade of a pair of scissors would be qualified for lack of the other, and of the screw which should unite them. What a confused and incoherent sketch is that given in these pages of Dr. Beecher's trial for heresy, and, in general, of the rupture between the Old-school and the New-school Presbyterians! Personal variances are intimated, and scraps of hard accusation and severe invective between theological opponents are culled out, which the reader might suppose would have required at least an editorial arbitration. But the flash is all we see: the report and the effect of the discharge fail us. If this were the memoir of a politician, there are matters on one page which would give us reasonable expectation of the choice of "seconds," and of arrangements for a duel, as we turned over the leaf. The Doctor is found to threaten certain shakings, knockings-down, and wringings of the neck, to such as boasted of being better Calvinists than himself; but they all seem to escape unharmed. Meanwhile, the Doctor himself is made

sometimes to appear as an overgrown boy,—and, in some of the finest and most engaging aspects and qualities, he really was that up to the date of his declining vigor,—so defiant is his resolve, so effervescent his pluck. Guileless, single-hearted, self-sacrificing, unwearied, and devoutly trustful of Providence through all his life, we cannot conceive that he could ever have had a real enemy, or that he could have fallen short of being one of the very few of “happy men.”

Having no personal acquaintance, or but the slightest, with this grand specimen of the old-fashioned New-England Orthodox minister,—who was old when we were young,—we still have a few memories of him, which are in keeping with what has charmed us most in the delineations drawn of him by his children. His son describes, of course from his own point of view, the phenomena of his appearance and his work, when, in Boston, and in the neighboring towns, he undertook his crusade against Unitarianism. The report of him in the circle around us was that of a preacher who said strong and funny things; and whose audiences might be divided into a portion agonized by intense inward alarms, and a portion who were on the watch for the amusing or the ludicrous. One of his daughters, in a charming chapter of reminiscences of him at this period, revives and justifies our imperfect conception of him. He would pour forth at times the most terrific and harrowing extempore expositions of doctrine, and doubtless sent hundreds of his more susceptible hearers to sleepless pillows, to agonize over the terrors of hell. Mrs. Stowe now lifts the curtain on his own home scene, where, in order to work off through his muscles his nervous excitement before going to bed, he would put his own children into a roar of glee, by scraping some old tune with its ditty on his fiddle, as, for instance, “Go to the devil, and shake yourself,” varied by a snatch, as a rare treat for the youngsters, at the double-shuffle, danced with “stocking feet,” as once barefooted on the barn floor of his childhood. Would that we could have a good engraving of that scene in this illustrated Autobiography! It would be a fit companion for another that might be drawn from Dr. Channing’s account in his Newport ser-

mon, of his unsophisticated surprise at the excellent appetite for a good dinner which followed, in the good old time, the delivering and the listening to a high-flavored Calvinistic discourse. If some of those convicted by Dr. Beecher's stern preaching or exhorting could have peeped out from their direful chambers into that home scene, they might at least have shortened the period of their deliverance into a state of grace. We can readily call back the wiry, firm-set preacher, as, with a roguish or mirthful glistening in one side of his eye, he threw up his spectacles, and launched some sly stroke. Yet he was, eminently, one of the most sincere of men, and never trespassed, in his most jocose moods, on the regions of excess of any sort; least of all, in a way to bring under doubt his profound and habitual spirit of reverence, or his hearty conviction of the truth of what he taught.

We have a delightful reminiscence of him in a most genial mood at the commencement at Amherst College, in 1843. Among the "parts," or exercises of members of the graduating class, was one in which some half-dozen youths, dressed in character, and with a lively dialogue, appeared as antediluvians, restored to the light of modern days. Noah himself was among them, in soiled and antiquated clothing, with a most venerable hat stuck over with dried beetles and bugs, and acting out and talking out to perfection the character of a sort of human troglodyte disentombed from the rocks. There was rich humor in the matter, and certain broad, almost irreverent joking, which might seem hardly acceptable to the prevailing tone of the company, or consistent with the spirit of the place. Nevertheless, while there were a few grave faces among the dignitaries, the audience generally smiled or roared with delight. Yet the most rollicking and entranced of the listening spectators, evidently entering with his whole heart and soul into the funny travesty, was the good Dr. Beecher. Sitting near to him on the platform, it was a perfect feast to us to watch his entire giving-up of himself to a real boyish merriment. He laughed all over, even down to his boots; and no one could look at him without a sure inference that he was a man of a sunny soul and

of a pure heart. No hard sinner, no real bigot, could possibly have laughed as he did.

Soon afterwards, a very trivial incident presented him to us as a man of a shrewd caution, and of a certain Franklinian discretion learned by the practice of a rigid economy. We happened to be passing together on board a steamboat at noonday, bound to New York. The officious colored waiters accosted the passengers, as usual, with offers to take and look after their articles of luggage, coats, umbrellas, &c., with a view to the fee which would accompany a re-delivery. One of them importunately made up to the good doctor, with the proffer, "Mister, shall I look after your baggage?" The doctor, looking calmly set upon his purpose and ability to take care of himself and what little belonged to him, holding firmly in his grasp a small valise, replied, "No, no: I have nothing but this valise to look after now. If I let you have it, I shall have to look after you too."

Our last sight and hearing of the doctor was at a funeral service in a private house, where he attended as a friend of the family, and where it was our duty to officiate. The service was a reading of a few passages of Scripture from a small pocket volume, and an extempore prayer. The doctor's deafness prevented his hearing a single word: but the sight of the little book, evidently not the Bible, misled him into imagining that it was some sort of a liturgical device; and, knowing the minister to be of "the standing Congregational order," though of the heretical wing, at the close of the service he abruptly asked, "What do you use that Episcopal stuff for?"

The ill-digested and fragmentary, but still very interesting and instructive matter, expanded over the pages of the volumes before us, does but fill out and fill up the outline conceptions which we had formed of Dr. Beecher from these chance exhibitions of his personality. Though his life was varied in scene and companionship, it was all spent within a limited range of thought and interests. Notwithstanding these were of the highest concern, it is easy to see how his restriction to them repressed the development of his full nature.

There is no office or calling in the communities of Protestant Christendom that has been held under so great a variety of conditions, personal and local, as that of the ministry. From the lordly splendors and the certified independence of a metropolitan position, we may trace its official representatives to individuals, who, even in the devoutest of our own New-England towns, simply and virtually stood at the head of the list of parish paupers in the precincts where they labored. Dr. Sprague's admirably conceived and faithfully wrought series of volumes on the "American Pulpit," so instructive from many other points of view, is not the least so in showing what a variety of talents and persistent labors has been consecrated in the humblest villages by men living on the merest pittance, and receiving that rather in the form of a charity than as wages for service. If a minister, like the famous Mr. Howe of Hopkinton, prospered beyond the standard, by working a farm, or by a thrifty marriage, his people might grudge him his salary, or expect him to give them a weekly lunch in the parsonage, "at nooning," on Sundays. Yet, after all, there has been an immense amount of happiness in New-England parsonages; and the children reared in them have been the great and the good, not unfrequently the rich and the munificent, to whom our own community, and those which it has colonized, are indebted for high and benevolent services, the impulse to which may be traced to the dust of some saintly man or woman, sleeping without even the memorial of a slab of slate-stone, beneath the sand and mullein stalks of a rough New-England burial-ground. The late revered and beloved Chief-justice Shaw was the son of a poor country minister. He was one of the most punctilious and conscientious officers of very many of our religious and benevolent societies. Those who have shared such trusts with him remember how he was overpowered by tenderness and tears at any reminder of the hardships of ministerial life, and of the straits of widowhood and orphanage.

Dr. Beecher filled the office of a pastor successively over four parishes, which represented four very distinct phases and sets of conditions of the ministerial life. They differed

in all other respects, and agreed only in giving him an insufficient support. He really lived more honestly and undisguisedly than "Life of Trust" in Providence to meet his wants, and to sustain his benevolent enterprises, than did George Müller, whose "Narrative"—simply a piece of offensive cant, as it came from his own hands—is a pious fraud in the form in which it has been palmed on the credulity of our "religious community."

The raciest and most charming portion of the work before us is that which, beginning with the childhood and education of its subject, settles him in his first parish at East Hampton. A rude and straitened, but still one can see, an enjoyable and productive style of life, was experienced by him here. And that sweet and noble partner of all his cares—we must say literally, the better half of him in mind, faculty, resource, and effectiveness—would have made any home and any lot a pleasant one. Miss Mitford's "Village" gives us nothing more quaint or delectable than are some of the touches which we find here; as, for instance, the description of Mrs. Beecher's home-made and home-painted carpet. We may say much the same of the domestic and ministerial relations covering his second pastorate in Litchfield. The removal was, in some respects, like the exchange from a primitive to a cultivated state of life, but, we presume, more to the seeming than to the reality. Many of us have some knowledge of the more famous and populous towns in the interior of New England, where Orthodoxy holds sway; and we can allow for the fancy colorings which they sometimes have in the description. Rich country storekeepers, even judges at the head of provincial law-schools, learned maiden ladies at the head of renowned seminaries, and the pupils of both sexes which these institutions would gather, are the glory of very many other places besides Litchfield. Having been observers of real life in some scenes combining these elements with a population mainly given to farming and the mechanic arts, we are always interested in reading about them in our ecclesiastical and biographical revelations of their interiors.

That Christian modification of heathenism which is called
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"Calvinism" has had the fairest possible trial in such places, and under all favorable conditions. Dr. Beecher's Life adds another to the already numerous volumes, a digest of which, some years hence, will furnish one of the most instructive chapters in a philosophy of religion. His flock at East Hampton was comparatively a rude one. That at Litchfield was, like the community in which it was gathered, in a transition state from its old traditionalisms to the various forms of modern liberalism. There were men and women in it who were readers, and more who were thinkers. The social relations of the people were of a nature to allow of that intimate acquaintance with each other's domestic and private affairs, and of that mutual oversight and criticism, which minister to an excellent friendliness, when not passing the bounds of consideration and courtesy. There were notables in Litchfield, representing some of the highest stations in military, civil, congressional, and judicial service.

The chief man of the town was Judge Reeve, one of those invaluable friends of a country minister, who, while holding the highest esteem of a community for personal qualities and attainments, are, at the same time, the whole-hearted, confidential, and judicious intimates and co-laborers of the pastor. Dr. Beecher used to rely much on the good judge, in the conduct of revivals, and in the direction of the awakened. Why should a slight misgiving rise in our minds as we read, touching the fulness and acumen of the judge's professional qualities? We must confess, that it springs from a general embarrassment, which we have often experienced, in wondering how a truly judicial mind can accept "the Governmental Theory of the Doctrine of the Atonement."

An Episcopal Church and Society divided with Dr. Beecher's congregation those who gathered for worship on Sundays. The old Puritan "standing order" was failing in social position and supremacy. There are many hints given in these pages, that the worldlings and the irreligious, as well as those who had made up their minds that they never could be, or never would be, "converted," availed themselves of this Episcopal place of refuge; while Episcopacy, in turn,

availed itself of them as voters and as agitators against the exclusive, but then threatened and resisted, prerogative of the old Orthodoxy. How significant and suggestive of much else is the incident, naïvely related, that the governor of the State, residing at Litchfield, and balancing for "the Church," the judge at the meeting-house, gave over his intention to make a party for Dr. Beecher, as his neighbors were doing, because he did not like to have the offices of worship introduced at the close of such a social merry-making!

The main interest of Dr. Beecher's life and labors in all his pastorates was the promotion and conduct of religious revivals,—those periodical seasons of intense excitement, when, by continuous and concentrated effort on his own part, aided, if desirable, by some able brother, and by the help of the sympathetic sensibilities of the people, the minister seeks to increase the number of professed and actual Christians in his fold. As the irresistible changes of opinion and the modification of religious methods are tending to render revival measures obsolete, at least in our more intelligent and cultivated communities, they will soon be known in their old type, chiefly as incidents in our ecclesiastical history. Dr. Beecher had no superior in zeal and power in the conduct of a revival. His whole-souled belief in the effectiveness of such agencies, and in the fitness of Christian truths and influences to promote them, made him ever an unwearied and hopeful laborer in them; and his own solid discretion and shrewd judgment secured him against the extravagancies of many of his brethren. The Nile does not more intensely feel and yield to the impulse to its periodical swell of waters pouring out in an inundation, than did Dr. Beecher quicken all his energies of mind and heart, soul and body, for a revival. He found a most inviting, and yet a hard field at East Hampton. His experience there, and in his other parishes, puts the crowning testimony to a largely illustrated truth of experience, that there is no form or dispensation of religion more effective in towns and villages for revival excitements, or more ineffective in the same for steady, sustained, and healthful influence, than the old Orthodoxy. The accounts which

we read in these volumes are essentially the same story that has been told, over and over again, in every town of New England. A period, described as one of apathy, dullness, and stupidity, is recognized in the Church, and, for a time, quietly submitted to. The members of the Church, who had been quickened and rescued by preceding revivals, share fully with the unconverted in this deplorable stagnation of the power of vital piety. The technical description of the experience is, as a time when the Holy Spirit is withheld or withdrawn from the Church. God and man — by a consent and co-operation, the exact order and terms of which have never been satisfactorily set forth — engage themselves to the holy task of breaking this dull repose, and of stirring the stagnant waters, that the stream of life may flow again. The phenomena of a revival have many points of analogy with those of an epidemic, especially as requiring the two conditions, susceptibility in the human subject, and positive external influence carrying with it a disposing agency. Dr. Beecher's strong good sense, and spirit of independence and originality, prevented his being so rigidly mechanical, so confident in, and wedded to, the same routine methods of disease, treatment, and cure, as were his brethren generally. But still the traditions and the usages of the system under which he had been brought up, held him, for the most part, under their sway. In later life he admitted that he should not pursue the same method, or expect the same results, as he had relied upon and required of the subjects of his zeal. He was forced, indeed, to make a signal exception in the case of one of his own daughters, — a true child of her father, — to regard her as truly converted, and to admit her to full communion, though she obstinately resisted, not only the efforts of her family, but even her own desire and consenting sense of obligation, to pass through the established stages of conviction and experience. The doctor suffered heavy despondency and anguish as his children were growing to maturity, that not one of them could be regarded by him as "a subject of renewing grace." One cannot but hope, and even believe, that the following agonizing passage in one of his

letters to a son of his was written, in part at least, in compulsory allegiance to his creed, rather than as the calm and full conviction of his heart:—

"But while I am as successful as most ministers in bringing the sons and daughters of others to Christ, my heart sinks within me at the thought, that every one of my own dear children are [is] without God in the world, and without Christ, and without hope. I have no child prepared to die; and, however cheering their prospects for time may be, how can I but weep in secret places, when I realize that their whole eternal existence is every moment liable to become an existence of unchangeable sinfulness and woe?" Vol. i. p. 390.

He lived to enjoy the full, pure happiness, and it was the crowning joy of his childlike and grateful heart, of knowing that all his numerous children, spared to grow up, reached his own standard of personal piety. True, they have since been known to a large community,—which divides among them its highest respect and gratitude for great abilities nobly used,—as having all together common heresies, and each of them a pet heresy besides. But the Orthodox fold, to which more or less loosely they all cling, is too proud of even their nominal allegiance to bring discipline to bear upon them.

The revelations of family life, and of household incident and training, throughout the volumes, are entertaining and suggestive; showing a well-ordered home, presided over by faithful kindness, skilled in frugality and economy, yet blessed with a rude luxury in all substantial comforts. The mother of those many children of his who are best known as such, was the grace of that home; and well may her children speak and write of her with a loving and revering tenderness. In every family so large in numbers, and so vitalized with animal as well as intellectual vigor, there will generally be a member, whose character will concentrate the anxieties, or whose luckless haps will be continually engaging the sympathies, of all the rest. The doctor was spared that bitterest of all the woes of a godly father,—a vicious son. But "Charley" seems to have been the unfortunate one. Within

the compass of a few pages, we read of him as suffering from a gash over each of his eyes, a repetition of the same experience over one of them, a broken leg, a pitchfork run into his foot, and a nail thrust into his foot and knee,—all besides grievous and alarming sickness. The father was the companion of the children in nutting and fishing parties; and, as the boys grew older, they discussed theology with him while at work on the wood-pile. The ancestral test of physical strength in the family seems to have been sundry feats performed with a barrel of cider; but hard farm-work presented alternative tests as the Temperance reform advanced. Family worship, however, with hearty song and spontaneous devotion, was the all-reconciling, all-harmonizing spell for that household. The meed of praise is given to one of the children, for having faithfully read "a long" chapter in the Bible. Little did the worthy editor who divided the Scriptures, with such a hap-hazard unreason, into the larger and smaller slices and crumbs, realize that he was helping thus to furnish one standard for measuring the religious docility of children.

In accordance with his theory of experimental religion, Dr. Beecher seems to have been satisfied with its ordinary manifestations and influence among the young members of his family; and the painful anxiety about them, to which reference has been made, oppressed him only when, in turn, they reached the age at which, in conformity with that theory, the crisis of a full conversion should be realized. He applied to them, as rigidly as to all the other subjects of his devoted zeal, the strictest conditions and exactions of that crisis. A periodical revival he must have; and he thought he knew in which of the series his own home should furnish a joyful participant. His shrewdness manifests itself in some incidental utterances, which express his experience on the whole subject. He writes to a son, that it is "never worth while to chase a revival after it has gone by," but "to prepare the way for another onset, as soon as new material shall rise up, which will not be long." He discovered, also, "that some persons had too much, and some too little intellect to be converted easily." We wonder, however, that he should

have been satisfied with stating, without explaining, the striking fact to which he thus refers, in a letter to a daughter:—

“Look at the revivals which are filling our land with salvation: they do not prevail in England. In this country, they are confined almost exclusively to the New-England manner of exhibiting the truth. Mr. Newton himself said, in a letter to a New-England divine, ‘I know not how it is; but we are obliged to be content with catching, now and then, a fish with a hook, while you in New England, like the apostles of old, drag to shore your seines full.’”

Good Mr. Newton probably was not aware how much labor and misgiving were afterwards spent by these New-England fishers, in a sorting-out of the contents of their nets, and that they generally found it necessary to give back a certain portion of them to the sea again.

In his parish on Long Island, Dr. Beecher was the sole religious teacher. As such, he was called to encounter there an experience which could at best have been but slightly modified by the semi-liberal place of refuge afforded to the people of Litchfield by the Episcopal Church. He had to contend with a class of strong-willed, independent, and sometimes clear-headed men, in hamlet, town, and village, who resolutely withheld an Orthodox indoctrination, whom revivals very rarely influenced for good, but very often for harm, and individuals among whom were generally grievous thorns to the peace of a country minister. Such persons were found in all the regions of New England. They had begun to appear, even in the first generation born from the colonists on its soil. In the interval between the close of the last, and the beginning of the present century, that class of men, the views entertained by them, and the antagonistic position which they assumed, were recognized by the religious portion of each community as representing a most malignant influence. The circulating of Paine’s writings, and the services which he had rendered to the cause of political freedom, had made him almost an idol among farmers and mechanics of a bolder tone of mind; and many such found, in his way of treating

some of the subjects incidentally or vitally connected with religion, only an utterance of the workings of their own thoughts. The hard and repulsive tone and ministrations of Calvinism, at a period when it had many intimations that it was losing its hold upon faith and reverence, helped to confirm the same tendencies to indifference or hostility towards the only method in which religion was then dispensed. Some of the disaffected were grave, upright, industrious, and naturally devout men. Some of them were scoffers, and every way reckless. Many of them — the best of them — kept their doubts and struggles to themselves, for the sake of domestic peace; and acquiesced, apparently, in what they did not care openly to oppose at the cost of personal odium and social proscription. Occasionally, not infrequently, there would be one of this class superior in every respect of mind and character to his minister; and when driven to bay by petty annoyances aided often by female deaconing, he might become a powerful agent of mischief. Those of them whose scepticism was combined with open irreverence and immorality were too often made by the minister to represent the whole class of persons to whom his ministry was utterly ineffectual, and of whom he would allow himself to speak in severity and contempt, as infidels or enemies of religion. In the mass, they certainly were hard material for him to work upon; and he was generally left to the dilemma of choosing between a neglect of them, which would trouble his own conscience, or a remonstrance with them, which kept open dangerous questions, and seldom resulted in assuring his own peace, or extending his influence for good. Perfect freedom of inquiry and thought, under the strong impulse of an honest craving for faith, if it did not conduct to an acceptance of the Orthodox creed, was pronounced to be one of the most subtle and alarming tokens of heart-depravity. There being no more liberal or rational dispensation of religion within reach, it was not strange that a repressed religious indifference should often pass into declared hostility to the influence of ministers. When, as was rarely realized, a minister drew in as a converted sinner one who had been known either as an

unbeliever or a scoffer, the process and method and effect of the change would be keenly inquired into by neighbors, who would have their own ways of testing each case on its own merits. Where the standard of piety was so technically defined, and so mechanically adjusted, those who failed of it in degree failed utterly. In their sicknesses, and on occasions of family bereavement, the unconverted and their friends had often to meet a most annoying discipline. It is curious to observe, from what aged witnesses and traditions and ecclesiastical memorials have reported to us of these parish experiences under the Orthodox regimen, that some of the clear-headed men of independent and self-poised spirit in our country towns anticipated, in a rude way, the views and opinions about the Bible, and the philosophy of religion, which have been more systematically reached and indubitably confirmed by the results of the most scholarly thinking, research, and criticism. Men who were buried as infidels, with cold and grim funeral rites, would stand now as prophets of highest truth.

The harrowing personal experience of Miss Catharine E. Beecher, which is given in these volumes, and, still more, her own vehement protests in the books which she has published against the Calvinistic method of religious education, remind us, that not only men, but women, were among the most terrible victims, when they failed of being the converts of "Orthodoxy." The dealing with the intensified inner conflicts of a deep and earnest nature in a woman, when all the vast themes of religion were tumultuously presenting themselves under an interval of excitement, and the great crisis of the soul's eternal destiny was indicated as present,— was a task which often fell to the least qualified, the most unfitting, and sometimes the most unworthy ministrations, in a revival. It is terrible to think what dire experiences have thus been realized by some of the gentlest, the finest, and the most conscientious spirits, in whom a delicate scruple, or a faint self-distrust, was a heavier burden than is a breach of all the ten commandments on the conscience of some hard sinners. This exacting responsibility would often fall to, or be

assumed by, some minister of a rough, coarse nature ; a clod-hopper from the fields or from a workshop, half humanized by the discipline of a country college ; with an iron creed ; with conceit, prejudice, and bigotry,— all intensified by the demands made upon his unsympathizing and rude skill. His pride would be stirred to meet the subtle wiles of Satan ; and the more shrinking and refined the spirit with which he was dealing, the more stiffly and dogmatically would he prescribe his professional recipes, and repeat over and over his revival formulas. There were female saints developed in the Orthodox communion, in spite of all this ; but we believe, that, among the remnant left as the unconverted, a skilful gleaner, in search of a true, high-souled, noble-hearted and devout wife, would have met with as rich success as he would have had among the very elect of the fold.

If space and inclination favored, we might remark at length upon the representation which Mr. Beecher has given of the spirit and details of his father's ministry in Boston, to which he was summoned as the most hopeful assailant and the virtual extinguisher of Unitarianism. There is claimed for him a most skilful warfare, and a nearly complete triumph. There is no question, that he did a great, and, in many respects, a good work here. So good a man as he was, with such purity and singleness of purpose, such lofty aims, and such an unflagging persistency in labor, would do good anywhere ; and he found here most favorable material for the exercise of his zeal and benevolence. Coming to this city when it was just expanding by new enterprise ; when a fresh influx of population was crowding into it and into its suburbs from the country ; and when the tide of prosperity, worldliness, and sin, was rising strong within it,— he had a noble field for his efforts, independently of his assumed championship of old Orthodoxy against Unitarianism. And, by the way, we must say, that "Unitarianism" represented to him a bugbear ; and that more than half the blows which he struck against it struck wide of it, not a few of them falling on his own citadel. We say, too, frankly, and in perfect good nature and kindliness towards the editor of this *Autobiography*, and notwithstanding

ing his exultant representations of his father's success, that the good doctor wrought Unitarianism no discomfiture, did it no harm, effected no diminution of its real fellowship, but, in fact, assured its position, theoretically and practically, to its advocates and disciples. True, Unitarianism has ostensibly met with a relative loss here in Boston. But that loss has not accrued to the gain of Orthodoxy. There is also less of some other good things in Boston besides of Unitarianism, which other good things lost, the Orthodox, equally with us, deplore.

Dr. Beecher was the prime and most effective instrument in forming and organizing many new Orthodox churches in Boston and the vicinity; and their membership embraced a considerable number of persons whom he drew to him from a more or less nominal or apparent connection with and membership of so-called Unitarian Societies. Out of these "converts," too, he made some of his most earnest and efficient co-laborers. But were they Unitarians, in the full, thorough, intelligent meaning of the term? We say, No. And we say it deliberately. It never came within our knowledge, that a single person, man or woman, who had grasped and held the substantial matter of the Unitarian system, who was rooted and grounded in its scriptural and philosophical expositions, has renounced it for the sake of accepting the Calvinistic system. There may have been numberless seeming exceptions, and here and there a single self-avowed exception to the truth and sweep of this statement. We can only say, that no real exception to it ever came within our personal knowledge. There are, indeed, masses of persons who will submit to be ticketed and labelled, and to have their labels shifted with all the facility with which the vials in an apothecary's shop are thus dealt by, and with as hard and mysterious names.

There were attendants on our Unitarian churches, members of their families, clerks and servants in their employ, who were no more Unitarians than were the babes in the nurseries. Among these were many whose religious life had never been quickened; many who had never seriously thought on religion; others who had given it only a mechan-

ical and formal recognition; and others still, whose measure of intellectual capacity, whose social disadvantages, whose craving for religious sympathy of a particular sort, or whose temperament, needing external friction to keep up vital warmth, furnished, exactly and abundantly, the material for Orthodox revival influences.

Dr. Beecher did not go deep enough to reach the soundings to which the Unitarians had sunk their plummets. His work was to them simply superficial. They believed that the bottom had dropped out of his system, and that he did not even attempt to replace it, taking for granted that he had a base still. The issue opened between him and Unitarianism involved matters of fact and matters of opinion. His fundamental views about the Bible, and about the philosophy of things human and divine, were utterly discordant with those held by Unitarians; and he did not even essay the work of going down to the real fundamentals. His daughter tells us, as his writings show, that he drew his arguments of doctrine and appeal from the literal statements made on any page and in any part of the Bible, "without the shadow of a doubt, that we do have in our English translation the authoritative, inspired declarations of God." His daughter's admission is a candid one; and it is none too frank a statement of the Doctor's bibliolatry. But what a stupendous assumption it involves! Unitarians *know* that it is false. If we may make the assertion, not as a piece of boastful or arrogant self-conceit, but in the interest of what we fully believe to be the truth, we will find confidence to say this; namely, that Unitarianism drew off the strongest and healthiest elements of the old Orthodox fold, and Orthodoxy in its zeal and method of reprisals reclaimed only the weakest and loosest elements of the Unitarian fold. There is no restoration of the old life and vigor of Calvinism, possible under the conditions of knowledge and faith in our times. Its premises are hopelessly discredited: its foundations have decayed. The qualifying, restraining, and corrective influences which formerly prevented its doing more harm than good in its best days, have gradually modified, and have at length antiquated it.

In fact, the reader of the volumes before us is made to yield his most cordial and loving admiration to Dr. Beecher on this very ground, that evidently the most earnest effort of his mind and spirit was all along given to an attempt so to modify and rectify the Calvinistic system, that it might be offered, without apology, to "reasonable men." He felt, that, in the form in which he first received it, it could not be so offered. The hitch in Calvinism which he worked upon all his life presented itself in this puzzle of the creed,—that men were perfectly furnished for obeying the will of God, and exposed to eternal torments for not obeying; while, at the same time, a special influence of the Holy Spirit— to which they had no claim, but on which they must, nevertheless, entirely rely—was essential to make them not *able*, but *willing*, to obey.* Well might the good and faithful servant of his Master—him of the light yoke and easy burden—work on that problem. His comfortable belief, that the Father in heaven agreed with him, that there was reason for a re-adjustment of the tenets of Orthodoxy just at that time, was, doubtless, very encouraging to him. Thus he writes to Dr. Tyler: "I believe that God has seen reasons for having the system of Calvinism re-examined and discussed." Our belief goes farther than that.

The venerable and esteemed Dr. Pond, of the Theological Seminary in Bangor, in a letter to Dr. Beecher, makes a humorous confession of the skill and diligence necessary to the ré-adjustment of Calvinism to the passing times. He writes, "The business of instructing in theology is very much to my taste. I have one difficulty, however, which I will state. I early wrote out a course of theological lectures, hoping that they would stand by me from year to year; but I find, on recurring to them, that they do not *keep well*. They need re-writing almost every year. If you can suggest a remedy for so great an evil, I shall be very much obliged."

* Miss C. E. Beecher, in her book on the Religious Training of Children, quotes the following statement of this Calvinistic puzzle:—

" You never can be saved without repentance; you can repent if you choose: but it is *absolutely certain* that you *never will* choose, unless God makes you."

It was Dr. Beecher's complacent conviction, all through his life, that his own inner questionings, and the aim of his modifying theories, related, strictly and only, to a more correct philosophical apprehension and statement of the related fundamentals of Calvinism. That system charged upon all born of woman a native culpability or ill-desert. How was this culpability which preceded choice to be made consistent with the freedom of the will? Calvinism ascribed to men an impaired ability for obeying the will of God, with no diminution of responsibility to render such obedience. It was while Dr. Beecher was engaged in Boston, in his crusade against Unitarianism, that he was put upon his own self-defence by jealous brethren in Connecticut and at Andover, for his espousal of the heresies of the New-school Orthodoxy. The quarrel was a sharp one. It followed him to the West, when he assumed his office in Lane Seminary; and, while resulting in establishing in Connecticut the East-Windsor Seminary under Dr. Tyler, in opposition to the New-Haven School under Dr. Taylor, it brought about the rupture in the Presbyterian Church. Of the spirit with which the strife was conducted, we have a painful exposure in the following testimony of a son of Dr. Beecher:—

"Though I freely forgive, and pray for, the authors of the wrong, yet I must say, that, for a combination of meanness and guilt, and demoralizing power in equal degrees of intensity, I have never known any thing to exceed the conspiracy in New England, and in the Presbyterian Church, to crush, by open falsehood and by secret whisperings, my father, and others whom they have in vain tried to silence by argument, or to condemn in the courts of the Church." — Vol. ii. p. 406-7.

The editor of these volumes, probably taking for granted that the majority of those who would be most interested in their perusal would be well informed on the subject from other sources, has not allowed himself sufficient length and fulness of statement, in his presentation of the rupture in the Presbyterian body, to make the account even intelligible to readers who lack such information. The rupture, certainly,

was in the interest of liberality and reason, though only a very moderate advance was claimed or contested. The fact has been curiously and richly illustrated in the heretical developments of opinion among all Christian sects,—that, when any bolder or more restless spirit feels the constraint of the formulas or standards of his fellowship, he will be content with a very slight modification of them on the side of laxity. If he is put on his self-defence by his more Orthodox brethren, and made to feel the penalty of theological factiousness, he will generally find his temper and his time so severely taxed to vindicate the measure of liberty which he has asserted for himself, that he will not be likely to advance farther in the direction of heresy. Then the weakness and the difficulty of his position will attach, not to the defence of his modicum of heresy, be it more or less, but to the concessions which he makes to his opponents, in professing to hold with them the authority of their standards, and to agree with them —as most probably he does not—"for substance of faith." Dr. Taylor and Dr. Beecher, as heading the New-school party, a championcy into which they were forced, but which they did not assume, had been exceedingly annoyed by the charge laid at their door in the Unitarian controversy,—that they were themselves heretics to their own Calvinistic standards. The exigencies of their position under this imputation stirred their pride, and stiffened their purpose against allowing any more ground for the charge than was absolutely unavoidable. When, therefore, they found themselves challenged vigorously by their own brethren, hit in front and rear, they, of course, determined to keep within as close quarters as possible. Probably there were in Dr. Beecher himself the germs of all those specific and multiform heresies which have been developed in ramified directions by three of his sons and two of his daughters. But he was content to be the sturdy trunk, rooted for a firm hold, and drawing up vigorous sap, leaving the branches to choose their own direction of expansion.

The Calvinistic standards were understood to advance two propositions bearing on the subject-matter of the issue be-

tween the New and the Old Schools : first, the freedom of the human will, to the extent of restricting accountability entirely to the voluntary transgression of known law ; and, second, the innate ill-desert, sin, or culpability of every child born of woman. The confession affirms, that "God hath endued the will of man with that natural liberty that it is neither forced, nor by any absolute necessity of nature determined to good or evil." And this seemingly frank statement is balanced by this other, that "man, by his fall into a state of sin, hath wholly lost all ability of will to any spiritual good accompanying salvation : so, as a natural man, being altogether averse from that which is good, and dead in sin, is not able, by his own strength, to convert himself, or prepare himself thereunto." The difficulty was to adjust into consistency these two propositions. The man is yet to be born who can do that ; and, when he is born, he will have to bring into being with him a system of logic unlike any the world has ever yet found applicable to either mathematical or speculative problems. The real old-fashioned Calvinism, or Augustinianism, hood-winked those who might have been puzzled by this problem, by a cunning play upon the difference between *man* and *men*. God had never created but one single man, namely, Adam. All his posterity existed *in posse* in his loins, like a nest of Dutch boxes ; and were all stained, as by an ill color striking through them from the outside one. The one *man* whom God made was a free agent. All subsequently developed—but not then *created*—men had lost something which Adam had. What was it they had lost ? Old Calvinism was decided and plain-spoken on this point. Men had lost every thing. Humanity was a complete and hopeless wreck ; and the fires of hell were all aglow, at best, only banked up, ages and ages before the birth of the successive generations of *men* who were to be the sure victims of them. It was difficult to decide by Calvinism who was the father of *men*. It was only certain that God was not, and the paternity lay in doubt between Adam and the Devil. One thing, however, was certain, as the confession averred, that *men* were destitute from their birth of all "ability of will," and were

cursed with a natural aversion for all spiritual good. But Calvinism had somehow come to recognize, that God was the Father of men, and that he dealt with them as if he were indeed their Father ; and therefore modern Calvinists were concerned to show how Calvinism consisted with fatherly and filial relations between men and God. Every child was born with an innate culpability : " ill-desert," as the gentle phrase is, " is innate ; " and yet culpability can exist only where there is freedom of will. Both the Old and the New School were resolved upon holding to the former proposition ; and so they tried their skill and ingenuity in playing tricks with the latter. The one party maintained, that, though the will was free by creation, [by the creation of whom ?] its freedom was forfeited by the Fall ; i.e., all men are born free agents, but lost their freedom before they were born. The other party maintained, that there was no such real, positive loss of freedom by the Fall, but only an acquired *moral inability*, amounting, at worst, to an aversion to good ; an unwillingness, indeed, to will to be good. The one party affirmed, straight out and unflinchingly, that men *could* not do any thing right if they wished to do it. The other party insisted, very gingerly, that men *would* not do any thing right, though they had perfect ability to do it. The struggle was like that in a tussle between two combatants in pugilism, one of whom tries directly to lay his opponent flat on his back, while his adversary seeks to hit him " in the wind ; " acting on the reasonable probability, that, if so " hit," he will be likely to fall in the above-mentioned position.

Among the questions which keenly tried the wits of the scholastics in the interests of Nominalism and Realism in the Middle Age—and to as good purposes as many of our modern debates—was the following : In whom vests the right of property to the shadow cast by a jackass, as he stands upon the ground ? in the man who owns the jackass, or in the man who owns the ground on which the shadow falls ? The only full decision of the question could be found in the seizure, by one party, of the contested prize ; so that he might add the right of possession to the claim. It is clear, that the owner

of the jackass had the advantage here; though the owner of the ground might insist, that, as a condition of holding it, he must keep moving.

Had it been possible for the disputants in the ranks of Calvinism to have kept their temper during their strife, as the volumes before us show most signally that they did not, it might not have been unpleasant or unedifying to re-read the controversy. But many of those who engaged in it on either side were men of narrow spirits, having recourse to petty intrigue and backbiting. The worst of them are buried now.

Dr. Beecher bore his part in the strife, so far as we can infer from the record, and as the nobility of his character would assure us, with thorough integrity and manliness. Indeed, his real dignity and elevation of soul seem to have been drawn out more conspicuously under the slanderous persecution to which he was subjected, than by the ordinary experience of the common tenor of his life. We could wish that he might either have anticipated, or have had a lengthened life to have dealt with, the fundamental questions which vex our age. He was not a scholar, nor a philosopher, nor a man of the largest outlook, nor of penetrating vision. But he had clear common sense, much acumen, thorough fearlessness of spirit; and he was a hospitable entertainer of progressive ideas, even of those which concern the substance and the development of religion. He gave himself wholly to the working-out of what he regarded as a rectified philosophy of the old statements and tenets of Calvinism. The labor did not pay. It was on antiquated and musty material. All the men of mark and power now nominally ranked in the old fellowship are known to be heretics. They may insist upon their reception of the old formulas, yet it is because of something which they can make those formulas mean, or consist with; but not because they hold livingly, in their hearts and minds, what those formulas were designed to emphasize by the ancient believers who fashioned them. Any one of a dozen of the characteristic facts of life and experience and positive knowledge, which mark our own age, would hopelessly discredit and discomfit the fundamentals of Calvinism.

The Bible is not the book which Calvinism represents it to be, and once heartily believed it to be. The way of dealing with the Bible, which would draw Calvinism and authenticate Calvinism from it and by it, is now known not to be the honest or intelligent way of dealing with it. The phenomena of infancy, and of the first developments of character in Christian households, were the severest perplexities under which Dr. Beecher attempted a re-adjustment of the tenets of the system which he accepted. He did not venture upon the broader fields of the philosophy of human nature, even to the extent to which his daughter has, with an able pen, traversed some of them. Dr. Chalmers set himself with much of his zeal, and with all his rhetoric, to attempt a reconciliation between the dogmas of Calvinism, and the inferences drawn from the revelations made by the telescope, of the multitude of worlds to be cared for by God, and of the multitude of souls upon them—if they are inhabited by intelligent beings who have sinned—to be reconciled in the one only way,—by the offer of an infinite sacrifice. But the extent and character and other phenomena of population of this single globe offer facts and raise questions which utterly confound Calvinism. Calvinism evidently never contemplated the actual phenomena of what it called Heathenism. It was wrought out and formulized under wholly different views and aspects of things human and divine, than are now most positively certified to the average intelligence of our time.

Dr. Beecher seems to have been wholly oblivious, or even happily unconscious, of all the results of the sub-soil ploughing which has penetrated far beneath the surface-fields which he tilled, hoping to get from them their old crops. Not a single intimation do we gather from all his writings of any apprehension on his part of the real drift of the age which presented unmistakable tokens of itself all around him. He could take the crude material offered to him in the piously inclined young men to whom the zeal and charity of the East had opened a Theological Seminary in the West, with free maintenance and education; and he, with his colleagues, could train them by the literalisms of the old, unquestioned

formulas of Bible and creed. He could quicken them into rivalry with the youths whom the Roman Church was training by a similar though different process, for "the evangelization" of the Great Valley of our land. But when the scholars of Lane Seminary set up for a company of antislavery Protestants and champions, in vain did the professors set up their discipline. The Seminary halls were vacated, and the cage was emptied. Dr. Beecher had one son, whose bold speculations led him, though happily not past the reclaiming, into godless realms. There are thousands of our youth who are daring the same ventures now. But Calvinism will never bring them back.

After a period of faithful and fruitful labor at the West, the venerable man, drawing reverence and love wherever he went, returned for a while to Boston, and thence removed to Brooklyn, where he died in his eighty-eighth year.

ART. III.—JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

Poems by James Clarence Mangan. With a Biographical Introduction, by JOHN MITCHELL. New York: P. M. Haverty. 1859.

THE volume which gives the subject to this article is one of the saddest in the history of literature, which it was ever our fortune to meet, even among the dark pages of the lives of those "who learn in suffering."

We shall first give a brief sketch of the life of the unhappy being called James Clarence Mangan, and afterward offer a few remarks with specimens of his poems. The only record, except a very brief notice in Daly's "Poets and Poetry of Munster," which we find, is the sketch in the volume before us, where the illustrious exile, now in Fortress Monroe, expatiates upon his own wrongs and the tyranny of the Saxon oppressor, in the style of which we had such choice specimens, for the last four years, in the columns of the "Richmond

Enquirer." Unfortunately, Mangan, a dreamer of dreams, had altogether too little knowledge of the world to penetrate the bombast and futility of the schemes of the young Irelanders; and, without doubt, his regard for Mitchell was only as the noisiest and most prominent seemed to his dimmed eyes the greatest. His letter to Mitchell, when the latter was under prosecution, was honorable to his feelings, if not to his discernment; and we must remember, that many others were under the same generous delusion at the time.

James Clarence Mangan was born in 1803, in an obscure hamlet called Shanagolden, in Limerick County, Ireland. Of his parents, it is only known, that his father, James Mangan, was a grocer, unfortunate in business; and that he died while his son was yet young. His mother, whose maiden name was Catherine Smith, removed, after the death of her husband, to the place of her nativity, Dublin, and lived in what would here be called abject poverty, but which the "deeper deep" of utter destitution and starvation of Irish poverty leaves several degrees higher in the scale of society. Of the early life of Mangan, no tangible record remains, save that he attended school, for a short time, in an obscure alley of Dublin, known as Derby Square; and that, for seven years or more, he was a copying clerk in a scrivener's office, earning just shillings enough to support the mother and sister dependent on him. The office, or the name of his master, is not known; but he ever after, when mentioning the life he then led, expressed the utmost sense of loathing and detestation, which his gentle nature would allow. After he left the scrivener's office, there is a gap of several years in the record of his life, in which it is not known how he lived and fared. The story is, that by some chance, and the privilege of his acquirements,—when or how got, with his means and his life, is beyond conjecture,—he was admitted to the society of a family far above him in wealth and station, in which there were three highly accomplished and beautiful sisters: with one of these, Frances —, encouraged or not, he had the presumption to fall in love. By the rude shock by which his tender spirit was awakened from his dream, his whole soul

was unhinged. He fled to opium and whiskey for relief, and, as we have said, for several years hid himself from the eyes of all his friends. During this time, it is not probable that he was absent from Dublin. Indeed, it may be doubted, whether he ever saw more of a mountain than the Wicklow Hills, or knew the features of his native land, save in the pictures of Maclise. During all this time, he was sunk in helpless debauchery and degradation, in the lowest slums of Dublin, in the companionship of the vilest of the human species. Scarcely a sentient or responsible being, he was as isolated from humanity, as if on a desert island. Like that soul which,

"Inwreapt tenfold in slothful shame,
Lay there exiled from eternal God,
Lost to her place and name,"

the history of literature records no sadder fall or more innocent degradation. When he re-appeared, he was twenty-seven years of age, and as old in appearance as if forty. The clear blue eyes, and features of peculiar delicacy, which had distinguished his youth, remained; but his countenance was pallid and worn, like that of a corpse, and his hair prematurely white, presenting almost a bleached appearance.

At this time he commenced his connection with literature, by contributing short pieces, chiefly translations from the German and Irish, to an obscure magazine in Dublin. His compensation was hardly sufficient to supply his daily allowance of opium; but his pieces, by their peculiar qualities, attracted the attention of several literary men in Dublin, among them Dr. Anster, author of "*Xeniola*," and one of the innumerable translations of "*Faust*," Petrie and Dr. Todd, librarian of Trinity College. He was sought out, and by their aid employment was found for him, in the preparation of a new catalogue for the magnificent library of the College. He was thus enabled to procure a comfortable subsistence for his mother and sister, and opium for himself. The following sketch of his personal appearance at that time is given by his biographer:—

"Being in the College Library, and having occasion for a book in that gloomy apartment known as the 'Fagel Library,' which is in the innermost recess of the stately building, an acquaintance pointed out to me a figure perched on the top of a ladder, with the whispered information that the figure was Clarence Mangan. It was an unearthly and ghostly figure, in a brown garment,—the same garment, to all appearance, that lasted till the day of his death. The blanched hair was totally unkempt, the corpse-like features still as marble; a large book was in his arms, and all his soul was in the book. I had never heard of Clarence Mangan before, and knew not for what he was celebrated, whether as a magician, a poet, or a murderer; yet took a volume and spread it on a table, not to read, but with pretence of reading, to gaze on the spectral creature upon the ladder."

The story of the remaining years of his life may be briefly told. He contributed to various magazines, including the "Dublin University," poems and translations, giving as the latter some of his own grotesque yet beautiful utterances. His contributions also occasionally appeared in the columns of the "Nation,"—although his personal connection with the members of the Young-Ireland party was of the smallest,—where they shine like arabesque silver ornaments on the broad, green fustian banner of the "Regenerators." He had but one whom he called friend, Joseph Brennan, to whom he addressed one of his most touching poems, and who, shortly after the death of Mangan, removed to this country, settled in New Orleans, where he became an editor of the "New Orleans Delta," and died less than six years ago. Dr. Anster, Petrie, and others, endeavored to no purpose to reclaim Mangan, or establish some personal intercourse with him. He had become the slave of opium, and at times would disappear for weeks, avoiding all decent society, and holding drunken orgies in the lowest pothouses, in the company of beggars and ragamuffins, being occasionally found senseless in the gutters, and carried to the station-house. His appearance, after emerging from these sloughs of periodical debauch, was more like a ghost than a human being. At last the end came. After he had been missing for some time, word was brought to his friends, that he was lying ill in an obscure house in Bride Street.

He was removed, at his own request, to the Meath Hospital, where, after lingering seven days, he died, June 13th, 1849. At his last hour, he received the consolations of the Catholic religion, although he had not for a long time had any practical relations with that Church.

Such is the brief record of the life of one who most assuredly was in the world, but not of it. He hardly seems like a human creature, so weird, forlorn, and miserable is the whole story of his existence. It is doubtful whether he was ever raised to the height of which stronger natures are capable, even in the factitious heaven of opium, or was more than enveloped in a sort of Elfin land, where it is not day, but merely absence of night. His soul appears to have been without the knowledge of gladness, as flowers are white that have grown up in a cellar without sunlight.

With a person and mind so constituted, it would, of course, be in vain to look for any reflection or portraiture of national life or character in the volume before us. Mangan was in no sense, save birth, an Irish poet. The Burns, the Beranger, the Whittier of Ireland, is yet to appear. Perhaps the nearest approach at present is Mr. William Allingham, who is almost the only one that has appreciated the deficiency, or attempted faithfully to represent the character and scenery of Ireland in Irish idiomatic poetry. Beyond a doubt, "Lovely Mary Donnelly" and "The Girl's Lamentation" are two of the finest lyrics of modern times. They are full of local coloring and national idioms; in fact, are almost cantos of the old ballads, "Shule Aroon," and the like. But these are but the beginning of a promise, which we hope Mr. Allingham may live to fulfil, to rehabilitate and vivify with new life the fast-vanishing minstrelsy of his native country; to gather, polish, and string together the pearls into a chaplet that shall adorn the fame which his own original genius has already won. He may be proud to know, that his songs are printed on the half-penny broadsheet, and sold and sung all over his country. Thomas Davis, had he lived, and got cured of his "regeneration," would probably have ripened and sweetened into a truly national poet. As it is,—although his

poems contain here and there a scattered "wood-note wild," amid the rumble and blaze and noise,— he died too soon to be entitled to an enduring fame as an Irish poet. Gerald Griffin's verses, though sweet and tender, are at best feeble, and too much tainted with the "Keepsake" and "Annual" style to reach the heart of the Irish peasant. John Banim has left one poem, "Soggarth Aroon," which would alone be sufficient to stamp his name as one of the most forcible delineators of Irish life: it is full of power and pathos; a literal transcript of truth in the vividest and most idiomatic words. His other poems are much inferior. Samuel Ferguson, author of that noble ballad, "The Forging of the Anchor," which made such a sensation years ago, and seemed to give announcement of a new poet, has been content to be merely a lawyer, and indulge in literature only as a recreation. He is by far the best translator of the ancient Irish poetry. His poems have been collected recently, for the first time,* although in over-fastidiousness he has excluded many; and we can sincerely recommend their perusal to all lovers of poetry, or students of Irish character. Lover and Lever are not to be named as Irish poets. Moore is also out of the question. Aubrey De Vere is cold and rhetorical. Neither are any of the younger fry of the young Irelanders worth naming, although there is occasionally a piece worthy of preservation, amid the rant and fustian about the "sunburst" and "phœnix," and other strange cattle. In respect to the preservation of her ancient ballads and poetry, as in many another, Ireland has been singularly unfortunate: with airs of the most wild and plaintive beauty, equal, and in many respects superior, to those of Scotland,— every one of which undoubtedly had words attached,— there is very little remaining save the music, which can now never be lost. The poetry, which was handed down from mouth to mouth, has almost entirely perished, with the extinction of Erse as a dialect, almost in our own day. The few scattered fragments that have been pre-

* *Lays of the Western Gael, and other Poems.* By Samuel Ferguson. Bell & Daldy, London. 1865.

served, even in the clumsy translation that most of them have received, show what a treasure has been irrecoverably lost.

Mangan translated a number of pieces from the Erse, probably because they were better suited to the demands of the Irish market at that time than the German, but without any of heartiness or feeling necessary: singular to say, he did not even understand the language that he ventured to transcribe, being furnished with a literal prose translation of the words, by a friendly co-laborer in the library. Mangan's translations, although they reflect almost literally the intensely realistic expressions and allegorical repetitions of the originals, are almost entirely destitute of their sweetness and tender pathos, which Ferguson so clearly reproduces: they are too much like the literal versifying of a schoolboy's task, as thus in the old tale of "The Forgotten Wedding Day," or "Rory and Darborgilla":—

"Know ye the tale of the Prince of Oriel,
Of Rory last of his line of Kings ?
I pen it here as a sad memorial
Of how much woe reckless folly brings."

But hear ye further ! When Cairbre's daughter
Saw what a fate had o'ertaen her Brave,
Her eyes became as twin founts of water,
Her heart again as a darker grave."

This is scarcely an improvement on the literal prose translation. How differently Ferguson would have mellowed the sad sweetness of the original into his numbers may be seen in the "Lament of Deirdre for the Sons of Usnach." Or perhaps the best example of the difference in their styles might be "The Fair Hills of Ireland," which was translated by both.

But, passing by these as unworthy of the skill and taste of the translator, and the spirit of his subjects, we come to the translations of the German, which form the bulk of the volume. These again are very unequal, as was to have been expected from so much task-work; but among them are some of the finest gems of poetry, that seem to have almost received additional lustre from their setting in a new language. The

very measure and melody of Ludwig Tieck's "Herbstlied" are thus marvellously transferred:—

"A little bird flew through the dell;
And, where the failing sunbeams fell,
He warbled thus his wondrous lay:
'Adieu! adieu! I go away:
Far, far
Must I voyage ere the twilight star.'

It pierced me through, the song he sang,
With many a sweet and bitter pang:
For wounding joy, delicious pain,
My bosom swelled and sank again.
Heart! heart!
Is it drunk with bliss or woe thou art?

Then, when I saw the drifted leaves,
I said, 'Already Autumn grieves.'
To sunnier skies the swallow hies:
So Love departs and Longing flies,
Far, far
Where the Radiant and the Beauteous are.

But soon the sun shone out anew,
And back the little flutterer flew:
He saw my grief, he saw my tears,
And sang, 'Love knows no Winter years.'
No! no!
While it lives, its breath is Summer's glow!"

The translations include specimens from the whole range of modern German poetry, with one exception and a singular one,—that of Heine, none of whose poems appear: yet it would seem, that the melancholy madness, and despairing, bitter mirth of his lyrical drops of gall, would have been in perfect unison with the spirit of Mangan. Perhaps their highly concentrated essence and perfect finish deterred, or their edges, too sharp for his own heart, forbade them to be meddled with in the way of task-work. Not only do we find here the higher names in German poetry, but some that do not rank above the common herd in their own country; as, for instance, many of "raw-head-and-bloody-bones" sentimentalities of the once popular Swabian school of minor poetry,—Dr. Justinus Kerner and the like, representing the "Mysteries of

Udolpho" and "Castle Spectre" school of English literature. These, in many instances, are so transfigured and beautified, that the original authors would find it difficult to recognize their offspring. In fact, Mangan by no means considered himself bound to give a literal version in cases like these, often changing the whole structure, melody, and purport of his subject; so that little remained save the title, or interpolating his own fancies, when and where he pleased: this, which would be sacrilege in the case of Goethe and Schiller, is easily pardoned as regards the works of authors that have been justly consigned to almost total oblivion. The following little gem, from Kerner, deserves the credit of an original poem:—

THE POET'S CONSOLATION.

"What though no maiden's tears ever be shed
 O'er my clay bed,
 Yet will the generous Night never refuse
 To weep its dews.

And though no friendly hand garland the cross
 Above my moss,
 Still will the dear, dear moon tenderly shine
 Down on that sign.

And if the saunterer by songlessly pass
 Through the long grass,
 There will the noon tide bee pleasantly hum,
 And the warm winds come.

Yes—you at least, ye dells, meadows, and streams,
 Stars and moonbeams,
 Will think on him whose weak, meritless lays
 Teemed with your praise."

That he understood the true value of such maudlin sentimentalists may be seen by an extract from one of his own poems, to which it is time we now turned:—

"Did I paint a fifth of what I feel,
 Oh, how plaintive you would ween I was!
 But I won't, albeit I have a deal
 More to wail about than Kerner has!"

Kerner's tears are wept for withered flowers,
 Mine for withered hopes : my scroll of woe
 Dates, alas ! from youth's deserted bowers
 Twenty golden years ago !

Yet may Deutschland's bardlings flourish long !
 Me, I tweak no beak among them ; hawks
 Must not pounce on hawks : besides in song
 I could once beat all of them by chalks.
 Though you find me, as I near my goal,
 Sentimentalizing like Rousseau,
 Oh, I had a grand Byronic soul
 Twenty golden years ago !

Tick-tick, tick-tick ! — not a sound save Time's,
 And the wind-gust as it drives the rain :
Tortured torturer of reluctant rhymes,
 Go to bed, and rest thy aching brain !
 Sleep no more the dupe of hope and schemes ;
 Soon thou sleepest where the thistles blow :
 Curious anticlimax to thy dreams
 Twenty golden years ago.”

The translations included in the volume under the head of Persian, Ottoman, Coptic, are undoubtedly his own. On one occasion, being asked how he could credit such gems to Hafiz, replied that Hafiz paid better than Mangan, and that any one could see that they were only *half his*. His professedly original poems are very few in number, comprising less than thirty pages of this volume ; but in them he poured out his soul as man has seldom done, and on them must his claim to be considered a poet rest. It must not be forgotten in the contemplation of these, that the man was a wreck, body and mind, a once stout-built argosy, but utterly and hopelessly wrecked ; that he pursued poetry, — translating we mean, — which gave him command of rhyme, only as a means of bread. These are not the theatrical *morbidezza* of a Byron or a Poe, but, like the lamentations of the lonely Job, only the irrepressible moans of his own soul. He reports the horrors and visions that lie in the world of his experience of sorrow, with a realistic intense ness of expression that Browning could alone rival, with a wonderful skill of melody, and capricious variety of rhyme, peculiar to himself, and occasionally flashing into an expression of living fire, as of the hypocrites, who —

"Would look in God's face
With a lie in their eyes."

A specimen, by no means the best, but characteristic in every point, will give a better idea of the qualities of his poetry than the most labored analysis, and also serve as an autobiography of the life, which we have endeavored to sketch. It is entitled "The Nameless One;" and with it we shall close our brief record.

"Roll forth, my song, like the rolling river
That sweeps along to the mighty sea :
God will inspire me while I deliver
My soul of thee !

Tell thou the world, when my bones lie whitening
Amid the last homes of youth and eld,
That there was one once, whose veins ran lightning
No eye beheld.

Tell how his boyhood was one drear night-hour ;
How shone for him, through his griefs and gloom,
No star of all, Heaven sends to light our
Path to the tomb.

Roll on, my song ; and to after-ages
Tell how, disdaining all earth can give,
He would have taught men, from Wisdom's pages,
The way to live.

And tell how, trampled, derided, hated,
And worn by weakness, disease, and wrong,
He fled for shelter to God, who mated
His soul with song :

With song which alway, sublime or vapid,
Flowed like a rill in the morning beam ;
Perchance not deep, but intense and rapid, —
A mountain stream.

Tell how this Nameless, condemned for years long
To herd with demons from hell beneath,
Saw things that made him, with groans and tears, long
For even death.

Go on to tell how, with genius wasted,
Betrayed in friendship, befooled in love,
With spirit shipwrecked, and young hopes blasted,
He still, still strove ;

Till, spent with toil, dreeing death for others,
And some whose hands should have wrought for him
(If children live not for sires and mothers),
His mind grew dim.

And he fell far through that pit abysmal,
 The gulf and grave of Maguire and Burns,
 And pawned his soul for the devil's dismal
 Stock of returns :

And yet redeemed it in days of darkness,
 And shapes and signs of the final wrath ;
 When Death, in hideous and ghastly starkness,
 Stood on his path.

And tell how now, amid reck and sorrow
 And want and sickness and houseless nights,
 He bides in calmness the silent morrow,
 That no ray lights.

And lives he still then ? Yes ! Old and hoary
 At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,
 He lives, enduring what future story
 Will never know.

Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,
 Deep in your bosoms ! There let him dwell !
 He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble,
 Here and in hell."

ART. IV.—RADICALISM AND CONSERVATISM.

*An Address to the Graduating Class at the Cambridge Divinity School,
 delivered July 17, 1865. By ORVILLE DEWEY, D.D.*

"Prove all things : hold fast that which is good." — 1 THESS. v. 21.

RADICALISM and Conservatism: these topics are sufficiently indicated by the text, and they will be the subject of my discourse this evening.

"Prove all things." That is, analyze, assay them, as men do coin, to see whether it is pure gold. In other words, search all things ; go to the bottom, to the roots, of things ; go down to first principles ; go to the foundations of truth : do not take things upon trust ; do not accept what is propounded to you, whether from pulpit or professor's chair, simply because it is propounded : but understand, know, prove things to be true for yourselves : that is Radicalism. But, having reached

the best conclusion you can, having found what is good, keep, conserve, hold fast to it; keep an unswerving loyalty to it,—to the sovereignty of your convictions, to the right principle, in conduct, to the good law in society; hold on to it with a firm hand: that is Conservatism.

This distinction marks two characters or tendencies of mind; and, I think, of all minds. The one inquires, the other accepts. The one says, Why? Why this dogma, custom, law, institution, method of education, method of religious culture? It is not enough that it finds things taught, enjoined, ordained: it goes behind all that, and asks for the reasons and grounds of them. The other takes things as it finds them, and thinks of nothing but using and supporting them. The same difference may be seen in children: the parent knows it. Some are always asking questions, asking for reasons. They say, Why is this, or that? why must I do, or not do, this or that? I think it is natural to all children's minds to do so, though in some it is more marked than in others. But, if the disposition is repelled, the want unsatisfied; if, to the perpetual "Why?" the answer is, "Because it is so," or, "Because you must," then you are likely soon to have before you a conservative little child,—not the most promising form of character for the future. And yet, I think it is the character of most men.

But in speaking of grown-up men, in speaking of sects and parties, it would be unfair to apply the words "Radical" and "Conservative," in the extreme sense. This is often done, because men's opponents describe and denominate them,—not they themselves. It is singular, that the word "Radical," which, according to etymology, ought to mean simply going down to the roots of things, and therefore the most deep-founded principle, has come to mean the tearing-up of things by the roots. And because it is thus, the Conservative represents his opponent as a rash, reckless, unscrupulous innovator. On the other hand, the Radical retorts by defining the Conservative as a timid, selfish, obstinate defender of every thing old and established,—the enemy of all progress. "Fanatic" and "fogy" are the terms they apply to one another. Now, if this is right on one side, it is right on the other. But both

deny it, and justly deny it. Extremists there may be in both parties; but extremists are not the body of any party, any more than exceptions are the body of any rule.

When Paul said, "Prove all things: hold fast that which is good," it is evident that he did not conceive that he was requiring things incompatible with each other; and now I maintain, that the qualities in question are not so, by any fair and reasonable definition; that they are but opposite poles of the same harmonious world of thought; that they are not necessarily opposed to each other, in any sense that implicates the integrity or conscience of the contending parties, or that should make them violent opponents.

Nay; the same man may be both radical and conservative; and every healthful mind has both elements in it,—convictions, i.e., springing from roots within, guarded at the same time in their growth without,—original principles on the one hand, and careful and even distrustful applications of them on the other. Such a mind has ever a debate with itself: but it is a friendly debate; and why may it not be so with communities, with parties? Why may not a man contend, as he does with himself, so with others, in a thoughtful, considerate, and candid frame of spirit?

But I say a man may and should have in him both tendencies. Thus, there can be no more radical position than his who finds his religion, his philosophy, and all his deepest thinking, upon intuitions, upon original grounds of reasoning in his own nature. But may not this man be, at the same time, a Conservative? Why, he may be conservative, and inflexibly conservative, in holding on to these very intuitions. Woe to him if he does not! He loses every thing if he lets go that firm hold: his anchor does not take ground; and he must float upon the sea, a helpless wreck in religion or philosophy.

Radicalism lies in principles; Conservatism, in the application of them. A man may be thoroughly radical in his principles with regard to religion and philosophy, with regard to liberty and slavery, with regard to society and government; and yet he may be very considerate, cautious, and conserva-

tive about the application of principles. And there is always danger to be guarded against, in both tendencies. He who contentedly accepts things as he finds them—monarchy, aristocracy, law, Church-order, social ethics, prevailing opinion—is liable to become stiff, unyielding, unprogressive; and strong in what is established and respectable, to be hard, intolerant, and obstinate against all proposals of change and improvement. While, on the other hand, the abstract theorist, it may well be feared, though he begins right, may not end right; digging into the grounds of things, he may stop there; he may end in an extreme individualism, and, instead of being a broad and liberal thinker, he may be a mere come-outer; he may sink into his solitary intuitional hole, sucking in the cold and proud fancies of his own brain, sufficed and saturated with himself, rather than plant the healthful tree of faith, which shall rise up into the air, and draw sustenance from the living world, and catch light and revelation from the skies. Or else quitting the privacy of his thought, and applying his views to society,—most radicals are reformers too; and it is not uncommon to find a man who demands that his *peculiarity* shall be a *generality* for every body else,—applying his views, I say, to society, the innovating theorist may reject too much, pull down too much; and, caring for nothing but his own pet idea, may be willing to make a wreck of society, government, religion, in a fanatical revolt against every thing that is established. But still I maintain, that a man may be, in the just sense of the words, at once radical and conservative; and that no other man is a thoroughly and soundly wise man.

Or if the question be, as it is in this matter, between the old and the new,—between what the past has done for us, and what the future invites us to do,—what wise man thinks of discarding the claims of either? The past has nourished us, fashioned us, made us what we are. No past civilization or culture, and we had been heathen and barbarians. The past is venerable with the weight of years and ages. To ignore or scorn it, is as if one scorned or ignored his father. To think of cutting loose from it, is as if one proposed to cut

off his youth from his childhood, or his manhood from his youth; or to cut off the flowing river from the head-springs and fountain-lakes that feed it. But to think of stopping all growth and progress, of shutting out from religion or science all new or better views; to say that youth is not to expand into manhood, or that the river is not to flow on, and fertilize new fields,— is an equal folly on the other hand.

But now the main and practical question is, Can these two elements not only co-exist, but co-operate? Can they do this in society, in legislation, in polity, in religion? Can they do so in our own religious body?

First, Can they do so among ourselves? We have lately organized ourselves for work, not as a sect, but as a religious body; aiming, in common with other Churches, to do our part in promoting the common religious weal of our country and the world. Is there any thing in our differences to prevent our carrying out the plan successfully? Is there any thing to prevent our taking friendly hands, and heartily working together? I think there is not. We have in our body what are called Radicals and Conservatives; the left wing and the right wing. The one builds its religion more upon intuitions, upon original data in the soul; the other, more upon outward authority, upon positive and inspired teachings. Now it is true, that if any one held his intuitions to be of such exclusive value that he would believe in nothing else,— neither in Christianity nor Church, neither in God nor immortality,— those of a different faith, or rather, who have any faith at all, could not join with him nor work with him. But this is far enough from being the condition of things with us. We all believe in God. We all revere Jesus Christ. We all value Christianity and the Church. But we do not all construe the Gospel in the same way. Some of us believe that Jesus wrought miracles; others do not. Some of us believe that the four Gospels are throughout a reliable historical record; others doubt or deny it. But both draw from them the precious nurture of the highest life,— the great lessons of actual life. Must the agreement go for nothing, and the difference for every thing,— breaking off all communion, all co-operation?

I do not think so. I believe we may be all united, notwithstanding our differences, in one brotherhood of respect, of Christian affection, of mutual help, and help to every good word and work.

Nay, for myself, and so far as the Church is concerned,—the Church, i.e., as a body of persons united simply for worship and fellowship,—I should be willing still more to broaden the ground. If there were a Church, gathered from all sects,—each member consenting to sink his peculiarities out of sight for the sake of a common worship, of a devout and humble approach to the Infinite Father,—much as I like my own communion, I should be inclined to join that Church Universal. If, in a population of two or three thousand people, there were, as is usual with us in this country, four or five Churches, when but one or two could be well supported; if there were a Baptist and Methodist and Episcopal and Universalist and Unitarian Church in such a township, all struggling to live, and their ministers finding, for their part, that they could not live, were leaving their posts every two or three years, till, in the rural districts, the profession had become almost nomadic; in such circumstances I would rather take the Sears Liturgy,—which, be it observed, does not recognize the modern doctrine of the Trinity,—and so worship with my fellow-Christians in one Church, built for all.

It is true, that a Church in this view is a different thing from an association, whose object it is to send out books, tracts, and preachers, to build up the cause of religion. As there is some diversity of views among us, not with regard to vital religion, but with regard to its philosophy and its records, the question is, whether this diversity can be either ignored, or suffered freely to express itself in the books, tracts, and preachers that are sent forth. If we think it cannot, then we cannot unite in this work. If we think it can, then we can unite. The late Convention in New York must have thought so, else it could not have proceeded at all in the work it has undertaken; else it would not have accepted large contributions from Churches marked by every shade of difference. For my

own part, I am satisfied in *this* respect with the catholic ground on which it placed itself. My only doubt would be, whether it was catholic *enough* in *another* respect. That is to say, I was glad that the members of the Convention, notwithstanding their differences in opinion, could agree to work together; but then it is obvious, as a matter of justice and fairness to one another, that the platform which they laid down should be one on which they all could satisfactorily stand. For the one party to say, because it was strong, "We will have this plank, whether you like it or not," did not seem to be fair dealing; and although the other party agreed to accept it, rather than break the platform in pieces, it did not seem to be right that they should be pushed so hard.

To be sure, it appeared to me surprising, that they should think the concession, on their part, so great a one. To their own reverential feeling towards the common Master and his teaching, I cannot believe that the phrases, "The Lord Jesus Christ," and "Building up of his kingdom," taken in their simple sense, free from others' constructions, could be any serious offence. And what if others did accept those words in a superstitious sense, or they thought so: *they* did not. On the other hand, the simple name, Jesus Christ, Master and Lord as he *is* in the realm of our spiritual life, embosoms and embodies a sanctity and venerableness to which no prefix could add any thing; and I should have been content to let it stand in its simple grandeur.

As to the difference between what are called the conservative and radical portions of our body, if any one thinks it essential,—vital to Christianity,—he should not belong to the American Unitarian Conference; he should not consent, being of the one party or the other, to receive help, aid, money, from those whom he deems alien to the essential faith of the Gospel. If I saw Christian men on the one side in this question, and unchristian men on the other, I could not consent to any union between them, in such a work as the spread of truth and religion. But I must confess, on the contrary, that I see as good men, men as full of the spirit of Christianity, on one side as the other.

I know that I am speaking on a subject on which there is much conservative anxiety in many minds among us. The rush of the conservative vote in the late Convention was proof of it. There is a fear among us that every thing in our religious body is running out into individuality, into dispersion, into nothing ; and that the same fatal tendency is showing itself in all religious bodies. I cannot sympathize with this fear. I believe that this running-out, as they call it,— i.e., this free and varied movement,— is the natural tendency of thought, and that it will vindicate itself as right and good. If men think, they must think diversely : thought will struggle with thought, and the result will be something better than universal acquiescence.

And it will be stronger too, in its power to spread and prevail. Truth unchained, not bound fast in a creed ; truth marching over the earth, not entrenched in a Church camp ; truth in dispersion, not in concentration,— this is our election. There is a force in cohesion ; but there is a greater in diffusion. The sun, by its attractive force, draws and holds the planets in their courses. But, according to the recent doctrine of the Correlation of forces, or Conservation of force, the heat that streams from the sun becomes, when it strikes the surrounding orbs, a form of power: it is positive, mechanic force, manifest in all the constructions of vegetable and animal life ; it builds the trees, the groves, the forests ; it covers all the worlds with verdure and flowers. The sun does not go out into nothing by diffusion ; but it goes out into every thing that we call life and power.

But to return to the point which I am considering in this discourse: From there being these two necessary, but not necessarily irreconcilable nor mutually destructive opposites, in all thought, I have contended for catholicity, for toleration, in religion. I wish now to carry the plea into a wider application; that is to say, from our religious to our political and social differences. The application is practical : it concerns our duties. I am not going beyond the proper province of the pulpit ; and I think that the pulpit, that the preacher, is especially bound to take account of it. It deeply concerns us all

as citizens of this country, and it concerns us as citizens of the great modern Commonwealth of civilized nations. For all the tendencies of human thought are now rushing, as never before, to this issue between Radicalism and Conservatism; between the interests of the many and of the few; between peoples and aristocracies; between slaves and masters; between the low and the high, in all communities; between humanity, and every power that denies its claims. And the question is, Are we to debate these matters with calmness, candor, and patience, or with selfish hate and factious violence? Are we to debate them with reason and temperate speech, or are we to debate them with war and bloodshed?

When this dreadful war began, now just ended, firmly believing that it could come to but one issue, I felt that when it *should* be ended; when this nation should set out on a new career; when it should have established, among the nations, its claim to stand up for the rights of the many against all birthright prerogatives of the few, then there would be a call upon all thoughtful and patriotic moralists, philosophers, and preachers among us, to speak such words of wisdom and warning, such words about obedience and law and suffrage and government, as they had never spoken before. And now I believe that the time has come for them to speak.

When all government is in the hands of hereditary rulers, or emanates from them, the people are not to blame for the wrongs or abuses of which it is guilty. But we have taken into our own charge that awful depository of power. We are directly, personally, every one of us, responsible for the exercise of it. And if we continue to be, as we have been, insensible to the magnitude of this trust; if we proudly claim to be free citizen electors, without thoughtfully and conscientiously fulfilling the duties of electors; if we vote factiously, or will not vote at all, because the poll is a disagreeable place to go to; if beneath the majestic frame of a free, representative government, the only thought of our citizens is to play out their little game of private ambition, of money-getting and pleasure-seeking, only freer than other peoples to be more

selfish and self-willed ; if the arena dedicated to sacred freedom is given over to violent and unscrupulous party contests ; if demagogues are to be our great men, and the wise and thoughtful are to shrink back, or to be pushed back by the crowd,—then official dignity and morality will continue to run down as they have done ; our general government will become, what some of our city governments already are,—you know what *that* is ; and the time may come when majorities will be more oppressive than despots, and we shall be ready to flee from the many-headed monster, as did the Roman republic, to the one-man power.

There is always danger of losing the sense of personal responsibility, in our connection with great organizations. As corporations are said to have no souls, so those who deal with them often act as if they had no souls. The failure of honesty or principle, or of any positive duty towards a neighbor, is quite otherwise reckoned with, when it relates to a bank or to a railroad corporation ; still more to a government or to a nation. His debt, an honest man will pay strictly and in full ; his tax, perhaps, he will withhold or lessen, or get rid of as much as he can. This way of thinking is the ruin of political morality ; and, if unchecked, will be the ruin of the Republic.

For ruin is still possible, though we stand so strong now. Bravely and well we have vindicated the national sovereignty : now we have to take up again the great problem, not yet solved, whether a free people will govern themselves wisely and well ; whether we have, or are to have, enough intelligence and virtue for this stupendous achievement,—far the grandest, I believe, ever seen on earth. All the men in this country, honestly and heartily working to that end, cannot do more than achieve it. We have fought the battle with armed hosts, and have gained the victory. We are now to fight a longer, harder, and more perilous battle, with ourselves ; with our selfishness, greed, and private ambition ; with ignorance, with national vanity, with arrogant boasting ; with vice and moral sloth and enervating luxury ; with the lawlessness of men, and the madness of parties ; with all the evils

which may grow out, at once, from unprecedented abundance of means and unprecedented freedom of action, to choke and blight all private virtue and all public prosperity.

What is to help us in this perilous conflict? Not arms nor armies, not guns nor battlements, but intelligence, sobriety, modesty, moderation, and obedience. And I say now, moderation and obedience.

Moderation, I mean, in our political and social controversies. Men do not truly see and fairly judge their opponents. Radicalism and Conservatism do not; for these are the reigning elements in all popular questions,— Democrat and Federalist, Whig and Tory, Republican and Monarchist, Antislavery and Proslavery, stand precisely upon those grounds. The former stand upon natural right; the latter, upon vested right or established usage. I do not deny that the opposition is serious and important; but I say that it need not be prejudiced, passionate, and abusive. When it is so, then follows unhealthy agitation, electioneering intrigue, bribery and corruption, mutual hate, or bloody war.

Radicalism and Conservatism, pushed to bloody arbitrament,— this was the awful war that we have just gone through: with regard to political principles, Radicalism at the South, and Conservatism at the North; with regard to slavery, Conservatism at the South, and Radicalism at the North. This was at the bottom of the horrible war of the French Revolution. This may bring on wars of opinion, scarcely less horrible, in England, and all over Europe. Is civilization to find out no better way to discuss and settle such questions, than by violence and blood?

Let it not disturb any of my hearers, that I bring these unusual terms into the pulpit. They *must* be heard— they or their equivalents — in the pulpit. We cannot stand upon pulpit etiquette when such vital matters are at stake; and there are no words more vital to human welfare and duty than these words, “Radical” and “Conservative;” written often in mutual hate and scorn, steeped in the sweat and tears and blood of men, pronounced over desolate homes and desolated countries. Behold all the accumulated woes and

horrors of a French revolution or of an American rebellion ! No tongue can tell what they have been. And, when it is asked what it all means, the answer is, The fight of opinions,—yes, of radical and conservative opinions,—hath done this !

The question between Radicalism and Conservatism is a wedge that is to be driven deeper into the solid mass of human interests, both in the present and the coming time, than any other that I know. This nation is now entering upon debates to adjust the claims between natural justice to the African man, and the laws affecting his civic and social position; between the functions of the States, and of the General Government; between the just punishment of treason, and the conservative wisdom that will not let it go too far. Is it not possible to bring something of moderation into these debates, to avoid opprobrious and scurrilous personalities, to avoid appeals to passion and violence ?

Is civilization, I repeat, never to find out any better way ? Cannot something of thoughtful sobriety moderate our old party animosities ? If both sides, in all such questions, have claims to be considered ; if both sides do actually exist, and patiently reason together in the same man, and must, if he be a wise man, why may they not in different minds ? Why may they not in different countries, in different sects, in different systems of education or social science ? Why not, in the natural controversy between Europe and America ; between Monarchy and Republic ; between Churchman and Dissenter ; between Romanist and Protestant ; between the right wing and the left wing, in every debate ? I welcome, — if I am not a prejudiced and unreasonable person, — I welcome a fair and friendly antagonist. I welcome an honest and candid reasoner, who takes side against me, in an argument. I can meet with no man that can do me so much good. I desire truly to make up the issue with him, and thoroughly to try it. Counsel do so with counsel, in a case at law. Why may not nations, communities, sects, and political parties do so ?

One word more I must say, and that is upon obedience,—the great conservative principle that lies at the foundation of States. In inquiring and determining *what* shall be obeyed,

let the radical principle have place and free play ; let there be full and free investigation into the grounds and reasons of all political institutions. But when they are established, unless they are consolidated into an intolerable despotism ; when a people has framed the best institutions that it can,—then let there be a devoted obedience to the Law, to the Constitution, to the Government. Especially in a Republic like ours, it is a matter of the most pressing necessity, that every man determine honestly to serve the State, in every function of citizenship,—as elector, juror, sheriff, magistrate, judge, and governor,—yes, and soldier.

I know that saying all this may seem to be to very little purpose ; that it may seem like throwing a dart into the air. But I will throw that dart. I think we should all *begin* to do this work, each one in his own sphere, however small ; that all thoughtful men, and especially all public men, should begin, from this time forth, to speak and reiterate words of wholesome counsel and warning, upon the duties and dangers that press upon us ; and, above all, that all preachers should do it. What might not the whole body of clergy in this country do, if, getting rid of the notion that preaching has nothing to do but with doctrine and church-going, or with the religious life in its common rounds, they would press upon the people, from time to time, the specific duties they owe to one another, and to the common weal, in watching, guarding, and building up the great and holy State ?

And surely I need not say, that, in the terrible crisis of the last four years, we have most solemn admonition.

In the Southern rebellion, we have witnessed the most awful explosion of disobedient self-will that the world ever saw. This self-will, I think, was nurtured by the slave system. I am certain, that it never could have reared its monstrous head among the intelligent and law-abiding people of the North.

But we have still enough to learn of this great fidelity to the Law and Constitution, this great fidelity to our country. For citizenship in this country, let it be emphatically said, must be a different thing from what it is in any other country. We have a new lesson to learn, a new part to act. It is

not fidelity to the law alone, but fidelity in every way to the common weal, that is required of us. This is the special point, I think, that is to be pressed upon our people. *We are living a new civic life.* Under despotic forms, the people have little to do with the Government: here, we have every thing to do. There, obedience is compelled; here it must be voluntary and devoted: and it must be obedience to duty, in every function imposed upon us by the State.

And when was any people ever more fearfully taught the lesson? *Disobedience* has covered the land with all these horrors! Lawless passion, infuriated by resistance to its will, pushed to madness because denied the spread of that hateful system of slavery which had nursed it, has struck at the nation's heart; levied war; launched pirate ships upon the sea; instigated robber raids upon our borders; desolated fair regions with fire and blood; and, with yet more horrible atrocity, starved prisoners to death by tens of thousands; plotted the burning of our Northern cities, or the spread of pestilence in them; and, at length, as the end and consummation of its fell hate, has struck down, with the assassin's blow, the noblest man of us all.

O Lincoln! martyred for fidelity to thy country; entombed in a nation's tears: O spirits of our sons and brothers, who have been slain on a hundred battle-fields! — from your bloody shrouds, from your sleeping dust, let the great adjuration come to this people, to be a united, loyal, and obedient people! In the homes to which a victorious soldiery is returning, many of them, too, shattered in health or maimed for life; and in the homes, alas! to which none shall ever return, — let the solemn resolve sink down, never to treat lightly, never to abuse, never to neglect the heritage so dearly bought.

Gentlemen of the Graduating Class, — If it were proper for me to address any words to you directly, in close, I think the subject of this discourse would furnish me with sufficient occasion. But the way in which it applies, especially to thinking men, whose professional business it will be to think and teach, is so obvious, that it can scarcely be necessary to dwell upon it.

Radical, in the sense in which I have defined the word, you must be. There is nothing so fatal in this vocation as to take a stereotyped religion, and mechanically to preach it. It must be the religion of a man's inmost life that he preaches, or he had better preach nothing. There is a spiritual radicalism, if I may so call it, which, as a habit of thought and feeling, is the only defence against our greatest peril,—the spirit of routine. I do not like to call that a defence, which is the very life of religion in us. But so I am sure it is, that, if ever the preacher finds reiteration threatening to bring dulness into his religious themes, then he should pause, and settle himself anew upon the very foundations of his deepest life; then, instead of rushing to meetings, or running after liturgies, or betaking himself to books of devotion, or even to prayers first, let him sink into the bosom of his own experience; let him resolve the matters of spiritual concernment, the greatest or the least of them, in the depth of his soul; and from thence will spring prayer and life and power,—eloquence and joy and gladness in his work. And *conservative* also must you be, if you are to be wise men, or safe and sound teachers of the people; conservative of the original principles of truth in human nature; conservative of the everlasting sanctities of religion and virtue; conservative of the spirit and law and love of Jesus Christ; conservative of all the institutions and usages that support the welfare and prosperity of the Republic and the Church.

To this field of thought and action,—of thought and action so inspired and guarded,—I bid you, young gentlemen, heartily welcome. I welcome you to its studies and to its cares, to its prayer and labor. I welcome you to the brotherhood of Christian teachers, to the communion of the churches, to the sacred and tender relations that await you as preachers and pastors. I welcome you to the fulfillment of the ardent hopes with which you have been studying these many years. May they be more than fulfilled to you! And I trust they will be. One who is about retiring from the work, and who, with whatever short-comings, has found it the most intense and delightful employment of all his faculties, gives you this welcome and greeting, and heartily bids you "God speed."

ART. V.—SOUTH CAROLINA, ONE OF THE UNITED STATES.

1. *Universal Suffrage, and Complete Equality in Citizenship, the Safeguards of Democratic Institutions; shown in Discourses by HENRY WARD BEECHER, ANDREW JOHNSON, and WENDELL PHILLIPS.* Boston: Press of Geo. C. Rand & Avery, 3, Cornhill. 1865.
2. *Manifesto of the Citizens of Abbeville District, South Carolina,* June 21, 1865.
3. *Address of the Citizens of Boston, assembled at Faneuil Hall, June 21, 1865.**

“WHAT constitutes a State?” The answer to this query, varying in different ages, is something of an index to the character of political thought in each age. In antiquity, the State was the city, *πόλις*. This term carried with it no notion of territory outside the city limits, except it was subject territory. The essential idea underlying the institution is that of political organization; and this idea enters into our definition of the State, as that portion of it which we have inherited from the ancients. In the Middle Age the prominent conception is that of sovereignty. The term was a new one, and it follows that the thing designated by it was not an altogether familiar one. The paramount authority of the baron, balanced by the reciprocal tie of allegiance, was a different thing from the brute force of an oriental despotism, or the “*primus inter pares*” of a Roman magistrate. Very soon the mediæval State becomes distinctly territorial; it is identified with the land over which its sway extends, and every tract, however narrow, must form an integral part of some political organization. These three essential ideas—organization, sovereignty, and territory—together make up the inherited and accepted definition of the State.

Our age is not yet satisfied, but searches further, and de-

* The writer of the present article has been, for the larger part of the last two years, a resident of the South; and his observations are dated from Charleston, S.C.

mands to know where the sovereignty belongs. Not to the baron, is the answer, as in the Middle Age; not to any ruler by divine right,—but to the people. From this answer follows an idea, which, more than almost any other, is significant of the political tendencies of the present day. The people are sovereign; but who are the people? In the stormy turmoil of European political movements, there is one prevailing purpose clearly discerned. Everywhere we find an effort to determine, by investigation into the origin of peoples, and their character and associations, precisely how far the natural limits of each State extend, and who they are that constitute what may be called a political family. Communities arbitrarily tied together by the ambition of rulers or the intrigues of diplomacy, but at heart aliens to each other, are struggling to free themselves from distasteful connections, and to follow the laws of natural affinity, the promptings of natural affection. Therefore, to the great traditionary principle, that the State is an organization, attached to a definite territory, and endowed with a sovereignty which resides in its people, the nineteenth century adds the requirement, that the "people" shall themselves be a natural unit, homogeneous and distinct,—that is, a nationality.

Nationality is, by the side of democracy, the governing political thought of the nineteenth century. We see Holstein annexed to Germany, and Savoy to France. Thessaly is demanded for Greece, Rome and Venice for Italy. Pan-slavism is groping in the dark for a national life. The kingdom of Italy is nearly complete. Scandinavia and Germany are both longing for unity. The independent confederation of the Danubian principalities is one of the dreams of statesmen, which events may soon hurry upon us. Nay, in our great rebellion, the mad cry of the South was, "Are we not aliens; cavaliers and puritans, of different blood and different nature?" While the North calmly replied, "Are we not kindred; of one blood and one faith? Do not nature and necessity make us one nation?"

States, like constitutions, must not be arbitrarily shaped out of chance materials, but must have a vital principle of their

own; and each community must have a sense of unity, of personality, and of mature power. A city or a canton battling from its birth with aggressive tyrannies or fierce rivals grows into political manhood and political thought both at once, and develops an appropriate organization by the time it becomes maturely conscious of the need of one. This is accomplished by the moulding of events. But our American method has been to reverse this process, and hasten political organization before there exists any social community prepared to receive it. Narrow, almost uninhabited, strips, just conquered from the wilds, are endowed with self-government, and welcomed into our sisterhood of States, often with indecent haste, to gain some political end. And, to-day, we are impatient to reconstruct the seceded States, before they have recovered from the anarchy into which their own acts have brought them, and before they understand their new relations. The inhabitants of South Carolina do not at present form a *people*; they are a mass of individuals. Society there is disorganized. The citizens must rally from the shock of war, and the ruin of their fortunes; they must become imbued with the spirit of the national life, before they will be ready to form a true State. And this will be best done under a temporary military rule. We would not undervalue the influence of State action, of the organization itself, in bringing about this result. As soon as the times are ripe for it, civil institutions will be of the greatest service in developing a true State sentiment. But, at present, delay seems to be the all-important principle. For elements of reconstruction do not exist; the materials are heterogeneous and hostile.

In the first place, there are the genuine Unionists, few in number among the whites, but of an intense and bitter loyalty. The people of the North, in their safe homes, do not know what an earnestness of conviction and strength of purpose it demanded, to stand up against a despotism of public opinion, of which they have seen no example, amid all the discouragements of the war. We call popular opinion tyrannical at the North, sometimes, and we are apt to fancy it peculiar to democracies; but members of the proudest houses in the haughty

aristocracy of Charleston quailed and humbled themselves before the peremptory commands of their order. And when a little band has kept its faith through four such years, meeting in secret, and paying their homage to the loved flag at the risk of their lives, can we wonder that they loath treason, and would visit traitors with stern and swift retribution? Citizens of Massachusetts have no right to feel one throb of vindictive passion; or, if any, it is only they who in their own person, or that of some near friend, have suffered the tortures of Belle Isle, Florence, or Andersonville. But a loyalist of Tennessee or Missouri may be pardoned if he passes, in intensity of hatred, even beyond the bounds of just vengeance. Of the blacks, who form a majority of the loyalists, we shall speak below.

The second class is larger, and is daily increasing in numbers.* It consists of those who, seeing that the rebellion has

* The rapidity of the change, and its satisfactory nature, may be shown by a comparison of the following extracts from the papers. At a public meeting held at Orangeburg, June 12, the following preamble and resolution were adopted:—

“Whereas, it is held by the Government of the United States that the Ordinance of Secession, adopted by a Convention of the people of South Carolina, on the 20th day of December, 1860, was and is null, void, and inoperative, and that the Federal Union remained of full force, and unaffected save by actual resistance to its authority;

“And whereas, all such resistance on the part of the people of South Carolina has now wholly ceased and been abandoned, and it would seem to follow, that the State, still in the Federal Union, and offering no resistance to its authority, need no longer be deprived of the benefits of Civil Government, so important to the interests of the great body of her people. Therefore,

“Resolved, That, under the circumstances above set forth, a committee of _____ be appointed by the Chairman of this meeting to draft and report a petition to the President of the United States, praying that the functions of Civil Government, now suspended, may be permitted to be resumed in the State of South Carolina.”

On the 8d of July, Mr. Orr (formerly member of Congress) spoke to the following effect at Anderson:—

“That we had met for the purpose of taking our position as members of the United States; that we had pursued a course adverse to its Government, and had found ourselves, by the fortunes of war and circumstances, to be necessitated to be again subjected to its laws; and our duty, as good citizens, was to bow and acquiesce in the decree. That it should be no half-handed acquiescence, but that we should now give the Government our full and hearty support; and, as citizens,

failed, tired of fighting, and convinced that further fighting would be useless, take the oath of allegiance in good faith, and without reservation; not repenting perhaps of the past, but perfectly sincere as to the future. These men will make good citizens, and, at an earlier period than we are apt to think, will be a majority of the citizens. The rapidity with which, under the healthy influences of trade, free speech, free labor, and intercourse with Northerners, they actually change their views as to secession and slavery, and become loyal, not merely in name and in act, but at heart, is most gratifying. They acknowledge that slavery is at an end; and most of them say, frankly, that they are not sorry, and that both themselves and the State will be no losers by it. If planters, they readily and cheerfully make contracts with their former slaves, and try honestly to live up to them.

There still remains a body of citizens who do not, and never will, accept the new order of things in good faith. They acknowledge that for the present the slaves are free from their control, and enter into contracts with them, because the military authorities require them to do so. They take the oath with their lips, because they must do this or starve, and will keep it as long as our troops remain in their neighborhood. Indeed, to do them justice, there is probably no disposition among them to make any further resistance, and there would be no outbreaks, even if the troops were withdrawn. But, as towards the freedmen, they cannot be trusted. They make it no secret, that they expect Congress still to restore slavery, or at least make emancipation gradual; and meanwhile they submit reluctantly to what they consider a temporary inconvenience, and give grudgingly just so much as they have no power to refuse. So long as this class of men form a majority of the qualified voters of the State, as they have done until recently, and perhaps do still, there can be no safety in restoring civil rule. But the conversions from

conform ourselves to the laws and regulations adopted for the government of the people."

The Abbeville Manifesto, which we have placed at the head of our article, is in the same temper and tone.

them are many and rapid. The intelligent citizens are very fast awaking to a consciousness of the folly of rebellion; and, what is better still, they are beginning to see what a horrible delusion they have been under all this while, and what a brutal institution they have been cherishing. Within a very few years we believe that there will be hardly any thinking man in South Carolina, who will not be amazed and humiliated to recollect the fatuity with which his State gloried in that which was her chief shame. As for the purely selfish, coarse, unintellectual class of planters, many of whom can neither read nor write, and whose god is money, they will never learn. The generation must die out, and give place to a better.

There is neither sense nor justice, when we are speaking of the people of a State, in utterly ignoring the majority of its inhabitants, on the ground of a distinction which has nothing to do with political capacity, but is the outgrowth of the evil institution which has just been destroyed. This seems self-evident. We are no believers in an inalienable right of all men to the suffrage. Nobody has a right to it, who does not know how to use it, and will not use it honestly; and we are as fixedly opposed to extending the elective franchise at once to the mass of the negroes, as we are to bestowing the same high privilege upon raw foreigners, or the brutish hordes in the dens of our great cities. Our New-England theory lays it down as the duty of the State to establish such educational institutions as will qualify every citizen to be a voter, and, as soon as he is qualified, to make him one. But we should very much dread, in re-establishing civil institutions in the Southern States, to see the ignorant blacks, who would form a majority in some of them, endowed thus with controlling power. To refuse to extend the suffrage to them on the ground that they are black is an outrage upon humanity and common sense; to refuse it to such of them as are ignorant—and to such whites, as well—is the simple dictate of statesmanship and common prudence. There are hundreds of colored men in every considerable town of the South, and even scattered through the plantations, who are

as well acquainted with political questions as the majority of the whites; and these ought by all means to be allowed to vote. But most of the field hands have no political ideas at all. If you put a ballot into their hands, it will not be they that vote,—it will be some demagogue, who votes through them.

We must own to no little amazement at the turn the discussion upon this question has taken of late in the North. We had supposed that there was no lesson this nation had learned more surely, and at higher cost, than that the rule of ignorant masses is ruinous. We had supposed, that, if there was one thing upon which New England had made up its mind, it was upon education as the only safeguard of democracy. We had supposed it was proved, that the South had ruled the nation by means of the ignorant districts of the North, and only by these; and that it was the uprising of the intelligent democracy of the North which overthrew this oligarchy. We had supposed, that, when Massachusetts excluded from the suffrage all who could not read and write, she did it on principle, and with a definite purpose.

But it seems we were mistaken; and it is deemed safer to put political power into the hands of the ignorant negro of Carolina and Georgia, than the ignorant Irishman of Massachusetts. We are told that immediate, unlimited, universal suffrage is the only safe and consistent principle. Nay, so eager are some of the advocates of this measure, that we have even met with grave arguments to show, that, on the whole, the uninstructed, unsophisticated masses make better citizens than those more enlightened. Really, the eulogies of ignorance which we meet with in some of the newspapers are among the marvels of literature.*

We do not regard this as any thing more than a passing *furore*. Perhaps by the time these pages are in print, the

* A correspondent of the "Commonwealth" writes, that "a man can be ~~un~~-learned and moral at the same time, but he cannot be *ignorant* and moral." This observation contains a profound truth. Now, the plantation negroes are, as a rule, very ignorant and very immoral.

popular mind will have returned to reason. Still, we think it well to point out a few of the fallacies that beset the subject.

It is not true in any broad sense, that the ballot educates. Municipal self-government, such as exists in our New-England towns, is the most perfect form of democracy, and the most efficient of educating institutions. Democracy of this kind elevates and instructs. But to put a ballot into a man's hand, and tell him to drop it into a box,—this calls for neither knowledge nor character on his part. The intelligent exercise of the elective franchise supposes a man to be already educated. Voting—unless it is a mere farce, performed at the dictate of some leader, as it is in all ignorant communities—is the result of thought and discussion. In our town-meetings we have this discussion: the people take part in it, speak or listen, are instructed, and make up their minds upon the question at issue; the vote at the end merely records the result to which they come. Where, on the other hand, there is no such open debate, but all that the citizen is called upon to do is to vote, there is no education except in the previous preparation,—in newspapers, speeches, and the other accompaniments of a popular canvass. And, until a community is already educated, the ballot is worse than useless,—it is like an edged tool in a child's hand. The colored people need to be educated before receiving the election franchise: first, by schools; then, by genuine municipal institutions,—the most essential, but the most difficult to provide. At some points in the negro colonies,—as Mitchelville, Skiddaway, and Island No. 63,—these have already been established, with gratifying results; and we look upon the extension of them as the most important thing that can be done for the advancement, not only of the colored race, but of democratic principles and habits throughout the South.

Neither is it true that the ballot is a sure safeguard against oppression, nor even that it will certainly act in that direction. The ballot is a powerful weapon in the hands of one who knows how to use it; but an unskilful person is as likely to

turn it to his own harm as his own good. It gave America the beneficent rule of Abraham Lincoln; it placed France under the despotism of Louis Napoleon.* That pro-slavery journal was not altogether unreasonable, which advocated the suffrage for the blacks, on the ground that it would be the surest means of keeping political power in the hands of their old masters. As a rule, we feel no apprehension of this result; but there is no manner of doubt, that, in many cases, it would work in this way. Cowardice always goes with ignorance; and, even granting that the negroes were always able to tell who are their true friends, they are so easily persuaded and intimidated that there would be great danger of their votes being controlled by those nearest to them and most constantly in contact with them. Moreover, in perhaps the majority of instances, there has existed a real mutual attachment between the slaves and their masters. One rarely hears the freedmen complain of their former treatment; and, on the other hand, their life since they were freed has been such a hard one,—so full of disappointment, privation, and abuse,—that it would not be strange if many of them sighed for the flesh-pots of Egypt. It is certain that golden visions were held before their eyes, which have never been realized; and that some of them have experienced from the "Yankees" insults and outrages wholly new to them.† It is only pro-slavery Northerners and "poor whites" who hate the negroes. Now, as fast as they become enlightened, and learn to judge of cause and effect in political matters, the freedmen will be

* "The artisan class from 1840 to 1846 gave their effort to sustain the Corn Laws; the peasants also, if they had the vote, would probably use it against themselves. To give voting-power to ignorant masses, accustomed to abject obedience, is surely no political panacea."—"English Institutions," by F. W. NEWMAN, p. 12. It would almost seem as if Mr. Newman wrote these striking words with reference to the great question now under debate in this country.

† The writer has talked with a freedman in Charleston, who inherited from his master a house, and piece of land, with a considerable sum of money. He happened to be visiting upon a plantation near Columbia, when General Sherman's army passed through, and says that the "Yankee soldiers" hung him three times to make him confess where the owner of the plantation had hidden his silver,—which he did not know.

able to combine effectually for their own protection; until then, they are quite as likely to combine for their own destruction, under the lead of their worst enemies. Do any of us doubt that the combinations of the Irish voters in defence of slavery have really stood in the way of their own best interests?

It is not true that the negro, if he receives the ballot, will always vote right. Those who make this assertion forget that there can ever be any question at issue but the present one. Of course, if they were to vote to-day, they would vote for Union and emancipation. But both these questions are already decided,—they are never to come before them; and it is a serious matter of doubt whether the negroes would, as a general thing, vote right on all the questions that are to come up within a twelvemonth. It is certain that ignorant men, when they act in masses, do it under the lead of some one who knows more than they themselves do; and it is equally certain, that, as a general thing, they follow the lead of demagogues rather than of statesmen. It is not perhaps so well known, but it is no less true, that such demagogues are already at work in the South, and that the minds of the freedmen are already sadly bewildered as to the great social questions that concern them. Probably half of the negroes of South Carolina believe that the land rightfully belongs to them; some of them believe, that, having worked all their lives for nothing, they are entitled to be supported in future; many believe, that they are the only loyalists in the South, and that they are to be its rulers, to the exclusion of the whites; and nearly all, in making contracts for labor, would be disposed to demand higher wages than any planter can reasonably afford to pay. These notions have been put into their heads by sentimentalists and demagogues, and they are plausibly defended by reason of the element of truth that there is in most of them: can it be doubted, if the negroes had the right to vote, that they would elect to office men who thus flatter and mislead them, in preference to those who give them sober counsel?

It is not true, that, if we let this occasion slip, their chances

of obtaining the suffrage are gone for ever. We are not blind to the importance of making use of the power which we now have in our hands, before it escapes from us; but we would use it to gain a real advantage, not a measure so doubtful as this. We would not willingly suffer the re-establishment of civil authority, until the civil and political equality of the races is secured. But even if we fail in this, and a premature reconstruction takes place, we should not for that reason despair of eventual success; nor indeed should we deem it, on the whole, an unwholesome discipline for the colored people to be obliged to wait and struggle a while longer for their full rights. But we believe that freedom, by its natural workings, will necessarily and speedily bring after it all that we desire. It has already secured one inestimable right,—the acknowledgment that negroes are American citizens; and this carries with it the right to testify in Federal courts. Already, in Charleston, the testimony of colored persons has been received against United-States officers, much to the consternation of the whites; and what is permitted in national courts cannot long be prevented in State courts. If the right to vote in national elections were once granted, it would soon be followed by the right to vote in State elections. So, too, the organization of the militia is entirely in the hands of Congress; and, at this day, the freedmen of South Carolina have the same right to be enrolled in the militia that their masters have. And, if it is urged that the disqualifications that negroes are under in certain Northern States are an indication of what we might expect in the South, we will say that these disqualifications are simply the result of the political power of the institution of slavery. With the destruction of the institution, its power is gone; and the whole train of abuses that sprang out of it will speedily follow.

It is not true that an educational test will bear proportionately hard upon the colored people. The mass of the whites, throughout the Southern States, are as ignorant as the blacks; and, at the present time, it is not the whites, but the blacks, that are learning. By the time that civil institutions can be established,—certainly as soon as they ought to be,—there

will be a sufficient number of colored people qualified for the suffrage to make themselves felt as an element of power. Indeed, for this purpose there are enough now; for, be it observed, it is not necessary for their protection that they should form the preponderating power in the State, but only that they should be numerous enough to take a position for themselves, and demand respect. Once get the edge of the wedge in, and the work is done. When it is seen that intelligence carries with it political power, these people will have a direct incentive to self-culture, which, at present, does not exist; and, if it is made impossible for the ruling class to exclude any who are qualified, new applicants will throng in year after year, until the vast majority of the colored people — all who are good for any thing — will be endowed with the suffrage.

This leads us, indeed, to a consideration of great importance, but which is frequently overlooked in this connection. It is trite enough to say, that no nation will ever be good for much, which does not make itself; and that no possession will do us much good, which we do not earn by hard labor. But this is precisely what we are prone to forget in the case of the colored people. They did not free themselves, — we freed them. Except for the few colored regiments that have distinguished themselves in battle, it is not too much to say, that the popular mind — we do not say thinkers and philanthropists, but the common people — would never have believed that the race deserved freedom. It had come to them, without any effort of their own, as the result of our fighting. They had not earned it for themselves; but their heroic deeds proved that they could have earned it for themselves, and all were satisfied. Now that they are free, comes the further demand for political rights. Shall this, too, be conferred upon them as a boon, or shall we wait, and let them earn it? In point of fact, they are too much disposed to expect it as a matter of course, and to intermit their efforts for self-culture. Adult schools among the freedmen are, as a rule, failures. Some strong inducement, like the promise of the suffrage, is needed to stimulate them to attend regularly

and study faithfully.* Let us say to them of the suffrage, "This is yours,—but first you must earn it by industry, intelligence, and morality."

This is no idle counsel. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that emancipation is still an experiment. We believe, without any question, that it is to be a successful experiment; but, strong as our faith may be, the world is not yet convinced, nor is it right that it should be. It cannot take it on trust, that these half-civilized people will, all of a sudden, become good citizens,—still less, intelligent voters. It is due to the white citizens of the South, it is due to the cause of free institutions all over the world, most of all it is due to the colored people themselves, that they should not be intrusted with a mighty power until they have shown themselves fit for it. We, democrats, do not claim that democracy is good for all people,—Esquimaux and Hottentots as well as Anglo-Saxons. And it is a serious reflection, that, if the power is once conferred, it can with difficulty be taken away, however scandalously it may be abused.

A chief source of fallacious reasoning upon both sides of this subject is an ambiguity that exists in the word *equality*. The advocate of slavery asks, "Is the negro equal to the white man?" And we answer, "We do not know nor care. That is a matter of fact, to be decided only by a comparison of individuals. All we claim is, that he is a man, and is thus entitled to equality before human law."—"But," he asks again, "will you marry a negro?"—"That," we reply, "has nothing to do with the question. Equality may be social, civil, or political. With social equality the law has nothing to do; that will be determined by events. Civil and political equality, on the other hand, are the common right of all men."—"Then," interrupts the champion of universal suffrage, "if all men are politically equal, you have no right to deny to any the elective franchise." Neither do we. We would simply require that every one should make himself com-

* The writer made an attempt, in Charleston, to instruct a class of adults in the simple principles of the American government. They began well, but the experiment soon fell through from a lack of persistent interest on their part.

petent. A man disqualifies himself by crime; why not by ignorance? It is only civil rights to which we can lay claim as a matter of course, and by virtue of humanity. It is in these that freedom really consists: it is the possession of these that makes a man or a woman a citizen. If any person is forbidden to hold property, to marry, to testify in court, to bring a suit,—that person is not free. All these rights are essential ones. But political rights are necessary only as a guaranty and safeguard for these. They are not mere individual rights, like these, but invest the holder of them with power over the lives and fortunes of his fellow-citizens. We know what has always resulted, in times past, from power placed in the hands of ignorant and vicious masses; and we have no desire to see the experiment tried anew in any section of our Union.

What we must secure is, that the newly acquired freedom of the colored people shall not be endangered by unfriendly legislation, as has lately been the case in Tennessee. To insure this, we would not lay special stress upon the ballot, even for the most intelligent among them, but would make every effort to carry an amendment to the Constitution, forbidding any discrimination on account of race or color. The true principle is not "negro suffrage," but equality of race. If it is not thought advisable to wait for an amendment of the Constitution, we hold that Congress has a right to require this of the rebel States, as a condition of their resuming their places in the Union. Or we could wish that President Johnson had thought himself warranted in declaring that all intelligent citizens, of whatever color, should be entitled to take part in the reconstruction. But it certainly would have been a much more arbitrary exercise of power on his part, thus to widen the basis of suffrage, than it was to exclude the notoriously disloyal from the polls. As Republicans, we should be slow to censure him for abstaining from an act which was wholly outside of his legitimate authority, and which would indeed have been strictly a usurpation of the highest functions of sovereignty. However brought about, this equality before the law is the indispensable condition of any permanent ar-

rangement. The suffrage can be established afterwards, on a just and satisfactory basis, upon this principle.

A chief reason for preferring an amendment of the Constitution to either of the other methods is, that we should thus secure a principle which would be of equal force in all parts of the Union,—in Illinois and Connecticut, as well as in Alabama and Florida. We should clear our own skirts first of all complicity with this wrong. There would be complaint at the South, and with much justice, if a rule were imposed upon them which was not also observed at the North. This alteration of the Constitution, or one which should either lay down a rule of suffrage in national elections, or give Congress the power to establish such a rule, would be manifestly just and proper, and would, we believe, recommend itself as such to the good sense of the Southern people; while a law made to apply to them alone would naturally be regarded by them as intrusive and oppressive. If the safety of the nation should demand it, let all such considerations give way. But believing, as we do, that very much depends upon gaining the good-will and co-operation of all classes at the South, we are in favor of a broad and generous principle which could be made acceptable to them, rather than of a special rule which would cover the ground only of the present emergency. We should, moreover, be careful to maintain the true principles of our political system. Now that we have put down the heresy of State supremacy, we are in danger of running into the opposite extreme of centralization. Let us never forget, that the doctrine of "State Rights," correctly understood, is simply a development of the democratic idea.

There is an argument, advanced by many persons, to the effect, that all men, *as men*, have an inborn right to take part in the *organization* of any new government (such as it is claimed that these are), whatever be the rights accorded to them in the *administration* of the government when in regular operation under its Constitution. If this argument is rendered complete by being made to include women, who have precisely the same *natural* rights as men, and who are citizens as well as men, we will listen to it. At present it has no logical value.

In thus taking ground against what appears to be a favorite measure of the North, we are far from shutting our eyes to the dangers that menace us on the restoration of these States to their political rights. It is not that we overlook the peril, but that we do not believe that the measure proposed would prove a protection. It is a departure from well-established principles of government, for the sake of obtaining a doubtful and temporary good.

Wise and cautious statesmanship, and a firm adherence to true principles, are required to conduct the State safely through these critical times,—not the crude, tumultuous balking of plantation negroes. The one self-evident principle should seem to be this,—that no reconstruction can be genuine and successful, until the inhabitants of the State form, so to speak, *a community*; until, as Governor Andrew says, “the loyal sentiment has time to concentrate.” And we see no reason for being seriously apprehensive upon the subject. President Johnson has shown that he understands the problem before him; he has given us good reason to feel confidence in the uprightness of his intentions towards the freedmen; he has not yet suffered the reins of government to slip out of his hands, nor do we believe that he intends to lose them. Supposing that it were entirely safe and practicable to re-establish civil government at once in these States, it would be the grandest triumph we have yet achieved, and the completest justification of our course in suppressing the rebellion; and no person at the North but will rejoice when genuine self-government shall exist throughout the South. It is well that it should go widely forth as the sentiment and will of the American people, that all races shall be equal before the law. It is not well, however, neither is it the sentiment of our people, that ignorance is as good a foundation for political institutions as intelligence.

A measure less persistently urged at present than indiscriminate negro suffrage, but still a favorite in many quarters, is confiscation. Confiscation failed signally as an engine of war; it will fail as surely, and no less signally, as a means of peace. If the mere threat of it excited those against whom it

was aimed to more powerful and desperate measures, to carry it actually into effect would drive them into perpetual hostility. These people, whether we like it or not, are to be citizens of this State,— perhaps disfranchised, but still citizens. They are an element in its future population. If ever we are to have peace, order, and prosperity within its borders, such a policy must be pursued as will gradually revive among them the long-vanished sentiment of loyalty and love for their whole country. Unless this is accomplished within a reasonable period, we have failed; and, instead of a harmonious Republic, bequeath to our children a hot-bed of discord. We do not sympathize with that intolerant spirit which confounds firmness with severity, gloats over the distress of the Southern people, and insists upon the extremest penalties of the letter of the law. We may recognize in this distress and ruin which have come upon a whole community, the slow but sure retribution which visits a career of crime. But enough punishment has been inflicted already; and we would not by a word add unnecessarily to the weight of adversity which crushes the people of the South. A policy which metes out strict justice to whites and blacks, yet tempers that justice with mercy, and tries to smooth the ungrateful path back to allegiance, will surely be rewarded by a speedier and completer restoration of harmony.

Another thing we should remember,— that they have suffered wrongs and indignities which should bring a blush to the cheek of every honest man. If a South Carolinian ever speaks with bitterness, it is not because his State has been brought to subjection after a long contest, or his lands confiscated for treason. That was the fortune of war, and he knew it. It was the fortune of war too, that when our army occupied a town, it seized whatever was needed for its support. Nobody complains of this. But it is very different, when he tells you of the squad of soldiers that drove up to his house, and carted away his furniture; of the *gentlemen* who picked out the choicest books from his library; of his watch rudely demanded from him; the rings torn from his wife's fingers; articles from his daughter's wardrobe carried off in a soldier's

knapsack; his parlor ornaments wantonly smashed to pieces; his house burnt because he declined to take the oath. No doubt our military commanders have, as a rule, intended to govern justly and humanely; and it is a fact, that, as soon as military government was fairly organized, these outrages, as well as the abuse of the negroes, ceased for the most part: but the intervening time, whether through weakness or indifference, was crowded with deeds the recital of which will be a lasting disgrace to our history. And, we must own, even since the establishment of regular military government, the seizures of cotton and of furniture, and the thousand petty exactions of officers "dressed with a little brief authority," have exasperated and alienated men who were inclined to be well disposed, and make one almost long for a civil government, even at the risk of peace. A rare opportunity to win over a subjugated people by a temperate, just, and firm administration; by counselling and fostering a spirit of harmony between the different races and classes of the community; and by showing in our conduct that we did not forget that the situation might have been reversed,—was scornfully thrown away; and now months must do what weeks might have done.

We must remember, too, that they do not yet see that they have committed a crime. They are not yet convinced that either slavery or secession was wrong. They were as sincere in their faith as we in ours. They have been taught these heresies as unquestioned articles of faith. The sophistries by which they are defended have formed a part of the education of every young man, and are commonplaces throughout the community. Loyalty to the nation hardly existed in South Carolina. For her there was no nation,—or none but herself. And if, blinded with this fanaticism, puffed up with arrogance, vindictively and passionately, they have brought destruction upon themselves and almost upon us, we should not rudely repulse them when, weary of fighting, they come to us saying that, whether they have been right or wrong, they wish now, at any rate, to live in peace under the terms that we impose. Hedge political privilege about with as

many guarantees as need be ; disqualify from political power for as long a time as need be,—this may be necessary for our security ; but let it end here.

We speak thus strongly, because we are mortified at the revengeful spirit manifested in the North since the close of the war; all the more humiliating because there was so little of it before. It is not merely to promote good feeling, that we urge a lenient and conciliatory policy in civil matters towards the South, but because we are convinced that there is an element here which will eventually be of real value in the State. When we say that these men have the faults of an aristocracy, we must not forget that they have its virtues also. There is excellent material here,—vigor, manliness, ability, self-respect, and culture. No State has had a larger number of statesmen of national reputation than South Carolina. It is the only State in the South, that has produced a literature ; a literature in its infancy, to be sure, bearing too distinctly the marks of conscious effort, as if they said to themselves that a literature was a good thing to have, and therefore they would have one,—still a literature not to be despised. In one branch, indeed,—political science,—it is not surpassed in ability by any section of the country. South Carolina produced an original school of political writers, and an original system of political thought. It was a false system, as we believe, unchristian and sophistical ; but daring, and very able. It boldly took up arms against the spirit of the age, declared that South Carolina alone, in all the world, had founded her institutions on a true principle, and defied the world to battle on the issue. It was this political literature,—Calhoun, and his eloquent, enthusiastic, and conscientious followers,—that plunged the nation into a war which was strictly a contest between these ideas and those of the no less eloquent, enthusiastic, and conscientious school of political thought in Massachusetts. Nor must it be imagined, that the philosophy of these men was all wrong. Some of the most valuable contributions to political science have been made by Mr. Calhoun and his disciples.

As to other branches of literature, it could not be expected,

where all independent thought upon the most important subjects was forbidden, that real originality should exist. When the community set itself against the spirit of the age in one thing, it was not likely it would be with the age in others. Its culture was very genial and elegant, but rather founded upon admiration for the past, than appreciation of the present. The great lights of former ages it knew and reverenced: the present age it knew and cared very little about. As a consequence, the world out of South Carolina cared very little for it. When Mr. Simms published a novel, or Mr. Grayson, Mr. Hayne, or Mr. Timrod a volume of poems, we knew beforehand, that they said nothing that would help us in the great, earnest questions that were working in our minds, and we passed them carelessly by. We use the past tense here, because the thing is of the past. This genial, cultivated, hospitable aristocracy, is gone for ever,—it is a solemn fact, and of vital moment,—swept out of existence because it was based on injustice. Three years ago,* we declared that on this depended the future welfare of the South; and now it has come to pass. In its place we are to have democracy, with its characteristic faults and virtues; but, let us hope, with some of the fine materials of the old structure built into the new.

The character of these materials, as elements in the future, has been well tested. These men who come back from Lee's and Johnston's armies to find their homes desolated, and starvation staring them in the face, and who turn their hands at once to the hoe, the axe, the pen, or whatever else will gain them bread; these proud ladies, who are prouder than ever to wear homespun, and eat corn pone, and abstain from tea, sweeping their own rooms, and washing their own clothes; these girls, nurtured in luxury, but now reduced to teach colored schools, or take in sewing,—privations cheerfully and gaily borne,—all these are having in this an education which they needed, and from which, we have faith to believe, they will not be slow to profit.

* *Christian Examiner*, November, 1862.

It is the young people that we hope most from. They have adapted themselves to their changed circumstances in a spirit that deserves all praise, and gives great encouragement for the future. As to their parents, the change is harder for them. And even if they acquiesced as readily as we might desire, their old habits and associations will stand in the way of their being very active in the work of re-organization. A distinguishing characteristic of Southern society is an incapacity for co-operative energy, or lack of what we call public spirit. De Tocqueville's analysis of the functions of Association under a democracy is familiar. In an aristocratic State, like South Carolina, this was almost entirely wanting. The oligarchy acted as a unit, under the influence of class feelings, and in the interest of their class: the rest of the inhabitants did not act at all,—except to vote as they were told. Therefore, while individuality, in matters not political, was well developed, public spirit did not exist. A painful illustration of this is to be found in the utter helplessness of the Charleston people at the present day, in the presence of the appalling mass of poverty suddenly come into existence there. They have never been in the habit of bestowing any extensive or systematic relief upon the poor (they had, to be sure, a theory that under slavery there was no poor class); and now that a great work is before them, they find themselves unable to manage it.

Another obstacle to a satisfactory solution of the problem is the absence of municipal organizations co-extensive with the territory. The resemblance, which has been so often traced, of the Southern institutions to the feudal system, is especially true in this respect. Only the towns—and these at very distant intervals from one another—possess municipal self-government. The chief part of the territory is simply governed at will by independent "barons," under the general superintendence of the State. Southern statisticians boasted of the freedom of their section from crimes. Of course,—because every planter had the powers of a magistrate as towards his slaves; his court—not a court of record—taking cognizance of all common offences, without appeal:

none of these appear in the statistics. Now, the relation between master and slave being once destroyed, and this jurisdiction necessarily falling with it, there is nothing to take its place. If all national and State authority were overthrown in Massachusetts, the town governments would still subsist, and would maintain order throughout her borders. But when the Confederate Government perished, and the authority of Governor Magrath was pronounced null, nothing but anarchy could exist, until the United-States forces appeared to take the place of authority which had ceased.

The two things that the South most needs, therefore,—next to loyalty and education,—are habits of association, and municipal governments. The first of these will, no doubt, be soon developed in the new order of society; for the second, we must wait. Some system of municipal democracy, commensurate with the territory of the State, is imperatively needed, for the sake of tranquillity, and for the education of the masses in political knowledge, as well as for the efficient administration of local affairs. We have no doubt that the need will produce the thing. Under the Southern system heretofore, any such institution would have been useless, for the want of citizens to put it in operation. But now that thousands of colored men are citizens, and soon to be voters; now that emigrants from the North and from Europe are about to flock in; now that freedom, trade, and internal improvements are to produce a more compact population, and towns are to spring up, with trade to supply wants that have never existed until now,—we need not fear, when this new life is working throughout the South, but that some form of local democracy will be developed, adapted to meet its peculiar wants.

On this point, we desire to make a suggestion which we think of importance. We have denied above, that the ballot is an educating power. Municipal institutions, on the other hand, when actually administered by the citizens themselves, as in the New-England towns, and not left to elected officers, as in chartered city governments, are the most powerful means of education that we possess. As applied to these, the argument that the possession of the elective franchise

will educate the voter in practical politics is perfectly sound. In genuine municipalities, democratically conducted, we are in favor of a suffrage as universal as is practicable. What little inconveniences may result from this in practice will be more than balanced by the degree in which it will work for the elevation of the masses.

The question is often asked, whether the negro will work without the constraint of slavery; and, as it is asked in good faith, it deserves a respectful answer.

In the first place, the Africans differ from most barbarian races in this; that, when stolen from their homes, and put upon a plantation, they are, as a rule, faithful, industrious and well-behaved laborers. The Indian would die under this treatment: the negro quickly accommodates himself to it.

In the next place, now that they are freed, they all expect to work. For a short time, as has been often remarked, they fancy they are to live without labor; but this delusion very speedily passes away under the pressure of necessity. They will not work for certain people, nor in certain ways. They do not know how to work like freemen; but *according to their own standard*,—that to which they have become accustomed in slavery,—they do work, and work well. Towards no class of people is it more unjust to apply our standard of performance instead of their own. It is disingenuous on the part of their enemies; and for us who wish them well, and hope much from them, we shall surely be disappointed if we expect them—for the present at least—to do the work of Northern farmers. It is all we have a right to expect, if this generation becomes self-supporting. If they do this, and are thus no burden to society, it is nobody's business but their own, whether they do more or not. There must, at any rate, be one of two inducements to labor. They are not used to acting with reference to a distant and uncertain reward; and, if they are employed to cultivate the crops of others, the terms of wages and times of payment must be so arranged as to bring it home distinctly to their minds, that, the harder they work, the larger will be their recompense. If this is done, working for wages is probably the most advantageous arrangement for them at

present; for their modes of labor are so slovenly and unskilful that they really need a white man of the right sort to superintend and direct their operations. Inasmuch, however, as such white men are rare, and there is real danger of fraud and abuse, probably the true policy is to encourage them to acquire small freeholds as rapidly as possible, and trust to circumstances to give them the industrial education they so much need. We would not have these freeholds given to them outright. Let them earn them, and pay for them at a fair price. Their manhood requires that they should owe their possessions to their own exertions; and there will be land enough in the market before long, and at low enough rates.

For the planting interest through the State has received a shock from which it can never recover. The planters have always, as a class, lived beyond their means. Their habits of living have been extravagant, their management unsystematic and wasteful. As a rule, they have spent their income before they have received it, drawing upon their factors freely for all the money they wanted, on the faith of their next crop, and never making a square settlement of accounts; the factor knowing, of course, that his advances were secured by the land and slaves. To such a class as this, four years' suspension of the crop, four years of expenses balanced by no income, are utter ruin. And even those who kept their heads above water, and were growing rich — as indeed nearly all were in name, by the increase of their negroes — are hardly better off than the others at present; for their accumulated wealth either consisted in slaves, or was invested in the Confederate loan, — both kinds of property utterly worthless now. It would seem, therefore, certain that the lands in the South will very extensively change hands. Those best off will have to sell half their estates, in order to obtain the means to carry on the remainder.

It is important for the future welfare of the State, that, in this sweeping transfer of landed property, a system of farms should take the place of the plantation system. Already this change has taken place in some degree in the upper districts

of the State. The cultivation of cotton, except in small quantities for home use, having been forbidden by the Confederate Government, the result has been, that the owners of small plantations have found themselves living so much more comfortably and independently than ever before, growing their own food, and wearing their own homespun, that they do not care to go back to the old method of producing only for sale, and buying all their necessaries. Of course, the home manufacture of cloth will soon be superseded by the cheaper production of large establishments. But, in future, it is likely that cotton will be only one among the crops of the farmer,—the crop to which he will look for his ready money; while he will depend upon his farm for his corn, potatoes, bacon and fruit.

To the small farmer these upper districts of South Carolina offer an inviting field. Nearly all the crops and fruits of the North can be grown there to good advantage. By the side of wheat, corn and potatoes, he has his fields of cotton, upland rice, and sweet potatoes: in addition to apples, peaches and plums, there are figs and pomegranates; and no portion of the country is, we believe, finer for grapes. The air is healthy and invigorating, and one suffers hardly more from heat than at the North. And, if a few weeks at midsummer are too intensely hot for continuous labor, there is no part of the winter in which work need be suspended. A man can spend as many days of the year in hard labor in South Carolina as in Massachusetts.

In the low country, as it is called, it is different. In time, perhaps, the miasmatic swamps of this section will be drained, and the country rendered healthy; but, for the present, it would seem as if there were only two alternatives,—large plantations, and small negro freeholds. Probably both of these will exist side by side, as certainly seems preferable, and there are some localities in which white farmers, even from the North, can cultivate long-staple cotton with their own hands. With respect to the other great staple, rice, the forebodings of the South Carolinians are most gloomy. No white man can live, they say, on the rice plantations; but the sys-

tem of cultivation is so scientific, and necessarily conducted on so large a scale, that the large plantations must be kept up, or the crop will fail. At the same time, the labor is so hard and disagreeable, that the colored people, the only persons who can live upon them, will refuse to remain. These are the reasons alleged; and time only can show how far they are correct. For ourselves, we have entire faith in competition, as the great influence which is to make men out of the slaves; and we have no doubt that high wages will always command labor enough. The staple is too valuable: a monopoly of the best rice in the market is a source of wealth not to be lightly thrown away.

Through much toil and suffering, through the most fearful ravages of war, and the wholesale impoverishment of her citizens, with diminished population, diminished wealth, and in the humiliation of an insufferable pride, South Carolina commences her new career as one of the United States. She has learned a bitter lesson. She has been forced to recant her favorite doctrine of State Rights, to surrender her favorite institution of slavery, and to return to the sisterhood that she once spurned. We believe she will take the lesson to heart, and will act in good faith; so that a heartier Union than has ever existed heretofore will spring out of these dissensions. If there was any one sentiment that at first spurred her on to war, it was contempt for the Yankees. That is all over now, — forgotten in a gallant contest of four years; and a friendly intercourse is going on such as has never taken place before. We have great faith in the healing power of Time, and look to see this intercourse continue and increase, until we have once again the cordial feeling that existed when South Carolina gave her vote for John Adams, and Massachusetts hers for Charles Cotesworth Pinckney.

*H. G. Bragg Jr.***ART. VI.—HORACE MANN AND ANTIOCH COLLEGE.**

THERE is a certain timeliness in the publication of the memoir Mrs. Mann has recently given to the world. War gives place to the works of peace: Massachusetts plants the statue of the educator in front of her State House; and a circular from the West announces the re-animation of that institution Mr. Mann gave his life to establish.

The stirring pages of the book itself must impress upon all readers the rapidity with which our history is making, and the dependence of that history on the work done by schools and churches among the common people, especially at the West. When we read to-day those letters from Washington, written fifteen years ago, full of the Wilmot Proviso, the 7th of March Speech, the Fugitive-slave Bill, and they bring back to our spirits that cloud of apprehension so oppressive then, we lift our eyes with a sort of incredulous joy to see half a million emancipators marching home from the South, the light of victory striking along the glad faces they turn northward, their banners, as they pass through Washington, saluting the statue of Liberty that crowns the dome of the Capitol.

Mr. Mann indeed foresaw the strife. He wrote, "I think part of the South will rebel;" and again, "Dark clouds overhang the future; and that is not all, they are full of lightning." But did he foresee such a strife and such a victory? Could he, with all his faith in man, have believed that, where he was then defending Drayton and Sayres, we should to-day have our Freedmen's Bureau, and be debating the question of the freedman's ballot? As we look back and around, we may well perceive, that the web of history does not lose its brilliancy as time unrolls it, but that life is to-day so condensed and rapid as to blunt all the sensibilities that perceive it; and that, as Mr. Mann said then, "We are yet too near to take a view of the Olympian vastness of these events."

But no reader can fail to see, that, though he was so painfully alive to every movement at Washington, he yet felt the true contest and arena to be in the homes of the people, in the States and Territories themselves. He saw the fact, so prominent for four years past, that our national officers are not rulers but servants, following, rather than leading, the public sentiment; President and Congress being but the executive arm and vocal tongue of the great popular sensorium lying behind them both. Prohibitory clauses in the new constitutions of Oregon and California; antislavery tracts sent out to New Mexico, and printed both in English and Spanish (see Life, p. 294),—were better than any words or efforts in Washington; and all his life in Congress but confirmed his judgment as to the importance of that educational work from which he came, and to which he returned. He saw,—it was patent in those days to eyes less penetrating than his,—that, if a good man in the capital could mould public sentiment for good, a bad man, an ambitious man, could mould it for evil; he felt that we must rest, not on the precarious virtue of leaders in Washington,—where we have many Pierces and Buchanans to one LINCOLN,—but on the aggregate virtue and good sense of the home-keeping millions,—the true rulers in the Republic.

With that frankness which makes the book so charming, Mrs. Mann has told us (p. 403) of the deep emotion with which he severed his relations with New England, on turning his face toward the West. He was indeed leaving “the scenes not only of honest triumph, but of much wounded feeling.” He was turning away with a great hope, but also with a certain disappointment in his heart. The most sensitive public man of his time, so conscious of the hallowed nature of his own purposes that he felt personal defeat to be the defeat of righteousness, any failure was to him far more bitter than death. But when was defeat itself so consecrated as when he turned from one scene of conflict to another,—from the field to the arena, from disappointment to martyrdom?

When Mr. Mann went to Ohio, in 1853, he hoped to plant a great Normal School there in the heart of the country. Ohio

had risen, in fifty years, to be the third in population of the federate sisterhood. Illinois, which now stands next to her, if indeed she have not already crowded her out of her place, was then the eighth State below; for that was twelve years ago, and twelve years do the work of a full generation in the West. That midland was just then entering on its period of most astounding development. California's gold had begun to stimulate all internal improvements. Railroads were everywhere knitting their prolific iron net; and the farms, finding an outlet for the wealth that gorged them, were opening their incredible stores. Nothing better evinces the growth of that region, than its addition of transportation facilities during the decade then begun. Ohio had then but five hundred miles of railway, where she has three thousand now; Indiana had but two hundred, where she now has two thousand; Illinois had a hundred and ten, where she has three thousand to-day; and there was then but one line of communication between the great lakes and the great rivers, where now those lines strike the Ohio in eight places, and the Mississippi in ten.

Though the census of 1860 had not then made its astonishing revelations as to that garden-land lying about the junction of the great rivers, and nobody knew how rapidly the seat of empire was shifting itself into those valleys, Mr. Mann saw what a power would be wielded by him who could make any impress on that nascent civilization. His zeal did not need the announcement of the census, that those States trebled their taxable wealth, and added sixty per cent to their population, in ten years. He felt, that, for the well-being of mankind, the power developing there must be consecrated; and he would have appreciated Mr. Roebuck's frank confession to his constituents.

In his letters to Mr. Fay (*Life*, pp. 365-370), he mentions the unsectarian character of the college, and the admission of women to all its privileges, as the features which drew him to this particular institution. There was no occasion for his avowing the fact, that he hoped to make the college embody his own spirit; to make it, not only the teacher of the teachers, so correcting that ignorance in the West which many

ridiculed but few strove to enlighten, but also the home, not so much of science as of virtue, of exemplary life, and the fortress of a cheerful and untrammelled faith.

The lecture-room had brought him face to face with the best elements of the Western masses; face to face also with the fact that here were thousands hungering for the speech of men whom, almost everywhere in our country, church and school put under ban,—men like Emerson, Parker, Chapin, King, and Mr. Mann himself, who would not be permitted to hold a professorship in any Western college, and who had no means but the lecture-desk of coming in personal contact with the people. What was true then is true now. Colleges there are indeed in the West,—Ohio has some thirty of them,—with endowments adequate to their opportunity. But their general educational function is subordinated to some sectarian use. They are the engines of an advancing civilization only as its wheels grind in Presbyterian or Baptist ruts. And they are stunted and malformed by a species of denominational breeding in-and-in. Originating amidst a comparatively illiterate ministry, the stream cannot rise higher than its source. The project is inaugurated, the funds raised, by ministers who illustrate, as well as feel, the popular need of education, but who themselves must furnish forth the Board of Instruction. One, less ignorant or more influential than the rest, is dubbed D.D., and set up as president of the new "University;" and, thereafter, the grade of the school is fixed. The people, in all honesty, believe these men the finest scholars on the Continent,—for have they not their own word for it? and any proposals for improvement are regarded as in very bad taste, being virtually open or covert assaults on these eminent men, the fathers of the denomination.

No one can have lived in the West without witnessing the process here described. New-England schoolboys could not credit the ignorance of some eminent ecclesiastics and college officers there; an ignorance not merely as to language, making them literally unable to read a page of any tongue other than English, but as to the simplest facts of natural science, and best known events or characters of history. The writer met,

within a year, a most estimable bishop, who for forty years has been doing an apostle's work just south of the Ohio, who asked, in all simplicity, how geologists know that the world is more than six thousand years old,—and asked again, when General Wadsworth's then recent death was mentioned, “Was that the poet Wordsworth, sir?”

Of course it is the praise of these men that, despite their limitations, they have made themselves ministers of life to that people. The labors of such as these have christianized those semi-barbarous communities, and prepared the way for the coming civilization. But their field was the camp-meeting, not the college; and, as they begin their regenerating work there by bringing the sinner “under conviction of sin,” they need now the presence of true culture and scholarship to beget, in these many colleges, the conviction of ignorance.

The professors at Harvard College teach not only there, but in every college and High School in New England as well, stimulating all by the high standard of Cambridge. But, in the West, there is a fatal disparity between the grade of the colleges and that of the public schools. The schools being free, while the colleges are sectarian, they take rank much more nearly with kindred institutions here, and find themselves kept down by the colleges, rather than lifted up. It is impossible that the High Schools in all these rapidly multiplying cities should import their teachers from New England, and equally impossible for them to be supplied from Western colleges without being degraded. Hence, as Mr. Mann had furnished, in his Massachusetts work, ideas and examples for all the common schools in our country, he needed to do a similar service for the Western colleges, that the schools might do their work unhindered.

He had thus a multiform purpose and a manifold influence there. And he exiled himself to the West with the hope of planting there in the heart of the country, hard by the fountains of future political power, an institution which should not only accord to woman her right to an equal share in the world's educational beneficence, but should welcome those of every faith and color; should work as the instrument, not of a

sect, but of a civilization; should send out from its preparatory department teachers trained as the Normal Schools of Massachusetts train them; should maintain, in the college proper, a standard of scholarship then unknown at the West; and, more than all, should watch with all its eyes, and mould with all its influences, the moral life of its pupils,—making virtue no subordinate thing, but the one central object of the teacher's endeavor; thus showing an example seen nowhere else on earth. This was the great characteristic of Antioch College. Horace Mann would not increase the intellectual power of an immortal youth. It seemed to him like arming a madman. He required a quick conscience, a consecrated will, from every pupil of his charge. He tolerated neither vice nor moral indifference. And he felt it far more his duty to labor and watch for a pupil's moral development than to educate mental power, or bestow scholarly accomplishment.

The college took indeed a foremost place in scholarship in the West. Taking thither New-England teachers, methods, and standards, testing every step by severe written examinations, it maintained, under both its presidents, a grade surprisingly high. The want of previous training kept most of its students in the preparatory department; but the ripe age and mental maturity of those who entered college, enabled them to make attainments in many branches beyond those reached by the younger pupils of Eastern institutions. This maturity of judgment and character is evinced by that extract from one of the Commencement parts, given at page 454 of the *Life*; as well as by a paper from the same pen, and by another written by one of the lady pupils, published at New Haven, in the "University Quarterly" for January and April, 1860.

But all that was subordinate, in Mr. Mann's thought, to the vital phenomena, the moral purpose and aspiration of his pupils. Not the increase of power, but the consecration of it, was dearest to his heart. No prioress ever watched her novices with more prayerful vigils. His greatest joy was in their well-doing; his most mortifying pain, in their unworthiness. Who that ever witnessed it can forget the impressiveness of the scene, or his attitude and expression, so beni-

and fatherly, when, at the close of morning prayers, before dismissing them to their daily toil, he paused, while the hush of expectation made the chapel breathless, and gave some little anecdote or incident sure to sink deep into those hearts, stamping ineffaceably there its lesson of the blessedness of obedience, the beauty of holiness? As he spoke, the cloak he wore seemed like a Roman toga round him; and he looked the incarnation of manliness,—like a senator of Rome's best days.

And who could make folly so ridiculous, or vice so hateful, as he? Small chance was there to make a college hero of the offender once subjected to his excoriation. Though the power of his sarcasm was so tremendous, and though the smoking of a cigar was a grave offence in his eyes, it was rare that any popular re-action in the school interposed itself to lighten his stroke. For his pupils always perceived the kindly purpose, the fatherly affection and care, which prompted him. "They felt that he suffered more than the offender. They got no impression of undue severity or vindictiveness. If he seemed to them to magnify small offences, they knew that he was resisting the beginnings of evil, as the watchman on the levee does not wait till a district is devastated, but assails the first percolation of the flood through its sandy wall. It is to be noted, in this connection, that what little college vice he had to deal with (that which he would call "unsanctified fun," "where it isn't fun for both sides,") was the infection, direct or indirect, of other schools. Boys from other Western colleges, where rowdyism is part of "college life," or from New-England academies, into which our college vice strikes down, felt themselves defrauded of their rights, and robbed of some proper scholastic enjoyment, if forbidden to inundate the beds of sleeping freshmen, or to play Samson with the college gates. But Mr. Mann's ridicule made it expensive fun: his wit was irresistible, and his severe rebuke was like one's vision of the day of judgment.

But the general impression of his ministry there was one of cheerfulness and joy. His delight was to show the folly of vice, that the offender is more fool than knave; and some

witty anecdote or pithy saying, easily kept in memory, was his favorite weapon. He felt safe, when vice was made ridiculous. Nor was any thing more gratifying to him, than to make the offender convict or punish himself. On one occasion, a student, dissatisfied with the diet in college commons, unceremoniously tossed a certain dish out of the window. When summoned to Mr. Mann's house, he was taken to the table, and led to praise the corresponding article there; but what was his confusion on being told, that this was the very dish he before condemned, the aggrieved steward having sent it over for the president's inspection!

Mr. Mann's mirthfulness, and love of fun,—traits quite lost sight of by those who picture him with the frown of contest on his face,—made sunshine about him at home, in the faculty-meeting, in his recitation-room. His laugh was like that of a child. His fund of witty or humorous stories seemed inexhaustible. His enjoyment of nature's sights and sounds was of primitive freshness. His resilient temperament retained all its spring to the last, manifesting "vitality enough to make a college thrive in Sahara," as Starr King well says, recognizing a nature as sunshiny as his own, albeit with an added grandeur of storm. Never were such severity of moral judgment, and intensity of personal endeavor, brightened by such incessant cheerfulness. The cloud that seemed to many so grim and menacing, lighted only by fitful bolts, had another side, where the illuminating sunshine poured brilliance, warmth, and softness, over all its billowy breadth and height.

Mr. Mann drew to himself the most enthusiastic and devoted love of his pupils. His influence at Antioch was like that of Arnold at Rugby. It was not scholastic, nor through judicious regulations. It was personal. He became himself the inspiration of those gathered before him. This may not have been his wish. He felt, with many to-day, that we must lean on persons less, and principles more. He strove to impress the great lessons of law, reward, retribution. But his pupils, following a true instinct, perhaps building better than they knew, felt that love and reverence—the great forces in

life — regard not principles but persons, care for law only as it reveals the law-giver, the source of power; and so, while heeding his exhortation, were influenced far more by his personal presence, which moulded their carriage, their tones, their spirits, stamping their innermost being with his image. They clung not to his teaching, but to him: remembered his principles only as he incarnated and illustrated them; and thus gave him that highest ministry of those who engraft others with their own life. But is not this the highest ministry of all? Life is one great web of personal relations. Principles guide, but they cannot impel. Hope and fear cannot do the work of love and reverence. The latter look only toward persons: they contemplate recognition and response; and they are the great forces without which we toil in vain to influence human nature for good. "It takes a great-souled man to move the masses, even to a cleaner sty." And what do we care for law, for the power of God, save, at the prompting of a self-interest more or less refined, to keep ourselves in or out of the path in which his power is moving? We hunger for the great Personality which stands back of law,—the Inspirer of life, the object of our mightiest affections.

Mr. Mann was of a supremely religious nature. The great organized doubt of "positivism" never seemed to touch him. He was reverent, and full of faith. But he stood at enormous disadvantage at Antioch, in sharing with thousands to-day a religious faith which has not yet taken form or polity; and as having, for the direct constituency of the college, a people strictly evangelical in their religious views, feelings, and methods. True, he never stated his theological opinions to his pupils, in public or private. He gave no weight to such opinions, as compared with habits of daily obedience. Nothing could be more ludicrous to him, than the question asked at one of the Christian conferences, "Whether the religious teachings at the college did not tend to make the students live pure and virtuous lives, and do good to their fellow-men, rather than to love God, through faith in Jesus Christ, as applied by the Holy Spirit?" (Life, p. 538.) But the question had graver significance than he ever admitted: it touched

a difference which underlay all the troubles at Antioch College, and cost him fearful trials, even the sacrifice of his life.

There has been great misapprehension as to the attitude held by the Christian Denomination, and their conduct towards Antioch College. It is only fair to consider it from their point of view. They founded the school because they felt their own ignorance, and desired to possess within themselves such institutions as all other denominations possess, to educate their young people, and especially to train young men for their pulpits. They desired and sought a school which should be unsectarian only in so far as they themselves are so. They had no thought of a school which should not be strictly evangelical; which should not expect revivals in winter, as regularly as vacations in summer. They were founding a school for their own denominational purposes, which should aid civilization through their sect; they expected to see their own ministers and young people, as soon as possible, the sole teachers in it; to see a theological school connected with it; to see it thus as strictly a denominational organ as one of their own newspapers. Their want of scholarly men compelled them either to start the school on a grade fatally low, or to look outside their own borders for a leader and head; and, in choosing the latter alternative, they showed a good sense and good feeling worthy of all praise.

But, in choosing Mr. Mann, they made as grave a mistake as he did in accepting their invitation. Dazzled by his brilliant reputation and great power, rejoiced at his endorsement of their sentiments, fired with the hope of powerfully re-enforcing their denominational strength through him, they failed to see that he, in all good faith, was accepting their unsectarian pledges and battle-cries in a sense utterly hateful to them,—he meaning freedom within the bar of conscience only, or at least within that of unchallenged private interpretation; they meaning freedom within the bar of the infallible Book, and that too under a set of opinions not avowed or formally stated, but perfectly well understood. They desired the school to aid civilization by serving their sect; he desired it to aid their sect only as it served civilization. He and they were thus,

at the outset, in feeling and purpose fatally at variance. If he had his wish, they must fail of theirs ; and he probably never would have set foot within those walls, had he known how their meaning of the words "Christian character" differed from his.

In Christology, they were for the most part Arians, denying alike the humanity and the supreme divinity of Jesus ; and, in their religious methods and ideals, their views of conversion, salvation, and Christian character, they bore more resemblance to the Methodists than to any body of people with whom Mr. Mann had been wont to worship. They have indeed so little denominational coherence and uniformity, that there are many, especially in New England and New York, to whom these remarks do not apply ; and, throughout the body, there are men of genuine liberality, breadth of view, heartiness of feeling, and great force of character. But that misconception, on their part, of Mr. Mann's theological status, and his misconception of the ground and nature of their liberality, worked mischief with their relation and with Antioch College. It was too much to ask of them to change their whole denominational character, accepting an ideal and a method foreign to all their habits and thoughts. It was too much to ask of them to give a cordial support to a college which seemed to them to be robbing them of their young men altogether, instead of training them for the denominational work. And, under the circumstances, we claim that they manifested commendable forbearance and charitableness, and should not suffer in the estimation of these considering them from without. With no experience in such enterprises, with no organic unity, it was natural that they should miscalculate, and financially go to the wall, and that they should be greatly disengaged by such a misadventure. It was natural then, that the great sensible body, perceiving this, and that they were theologically on the wrong tack, should keep a grieved silence, the best men withdrawing from the scene, while the poorest, the most narrow and captious, should take up their complaints, assail Mr. Mann, and thus bring odium on themselves, and, most unjustly, on the body they so unwor-

thily represented. But all this, and all talk of broken faith, pledges unredeemed, boasts of liberty made ridiculous by illiberality,— which, if true of the few, is false of the many,— should not blind the eye to that great misconception which arose naturally, and, without involving unworthy motives or dealing on the part of anybody, made success with the original undertaking an impossibility.

And we may be sure of this,— that Mr. Mann's memory is nowhere more reverently cherished than amongst brethren of the Christian Denomination to-day. There was, despite all difference, a vital adoption of him into fellowship. He has become a part of their denominational history. Their young people, who saw his face at Antioch, who are counted by hundreds, and scattered through all the States, cherish it as their most precious reminiscence. And the best men in the body feel that, if Antioch, in origin and idea, was theirs, not alone her failure, but her glory and success, are also theirs. Theirs too must be her future glory and success. If they maintain other schools,— and they should have one in every State,— the teachers of them will be graduates of Antioch, their pupils will always look toward Antioch, and she will hold the place of the mother-institution over them all. Whatever anybody may purpose or wish, this will be found inevitable. And her influence will continually raise the grade of their pulpit ministrations and intellectual life, and bring them to a truer freedom than they have ever known.

It must greatly comfort all friends of Horace Mann, that Antioch is to have a future. His martyrdom is to bring forth other fruit besides its quickening of individual devotion and hope. Antioch was an educational Gettysburg. The sacrifices and struggles there made the spot sacred to liberty, ground to be hallowed by fit monument for ever, not to be surrendered to any unworthy tread. It was a painful scene,— his struggle there with ignorance, with bigotry, with prejudice of creed and caste, with financial complications, and the personal hate of disappointed, petty ambition. It was a painful, though glorious sight,— his six years' struggle with those foes, before whom he would not yield an inch, nor quit the

field, nor spare himself any personal exposure, any care of watching, or wearing labor of detail, maintaining his regal attitude till he fell. When he fell, it seemed as though his life were thrown away. But the great sacrifice is doubly redeemed from barrenness, if his hopes are now fulfilled in the institution, and it is made a centre of New-England influence there for ever.

It has a natural constituency, such as no other college can appeal to. Its classes always contained representatives from all sections of the country, and all ranks in society. There were young men and women from the South, bringing their prejudices with them. There were women from New England, going thither to secure a privilege, or a right, denied them here. There were husbands and wives entering school together, in one or two cases graduating side by side. There were the children of families which removed thither from distant States, that they might educate their sons and daughters together, and under the restraints of home. There were the sons of wealth, sent thither by anxious parents as to a city of refuge; and the aspiring children of poverty able to attend where subsistence was inexpensive, and where the college bills were less than forty dollars a year. And, better than all, there were representatives of that wronged race, to whose education the whole North must now turn its hand,—the colored loyalists of the South. All this constituency remains, scattered throughout the country, and growing with its growth. The newly issued circular of the Trustee Board intimates no change in any of the great features of the school. And, if the present hopes of many come to fruit, Antioch has a future greater than the expectation of her warmest friends, under a president of whom any college in America would be proud. Rising to greet the new light of peace, keeping all that was good in her past, and having triumphed over what was evil, she enters on a future whose promise of beneficence we contemplate with joy and pride.

ART. VII.—SPENCER'S SOCIAL STATICS.

Social Statics; or, the Conditions essential to Human Happiness specified, and the first of them developed. By HERBERT SPENCER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1865. *C. C. J. 1865.*

MR. HERBERT SPENCER is a clear reasoner. He writes good English; and, for an Englishman, he is brave in following out an idea to its consequences, and accepting the legitimate results of his own principles. These mental and moral qualities are enough to give the collection of his rather hasty reviews a good deal of deserved popularity. That popularity will be rather increased than lessened by the republication of "Social Statics."

It is, however, rather a pity, if you can help it, to rake out a book fifteen years old, and reprint it, when those fifteen years have all been engaged in experiments and discussions upon the subject involved. Excepting books of pure speculation or of high genius, every generation has to write its own books; and there are indeed many books of pure speculation and high genius which do not deserve to outlive the generation of men in which they were born. There is nothing in "Social Statics" to make it one of the exceptions. Counting a generation at thirty-three years then, fifteen thirty-thirds of this book, at the least, have to be floated up by what is left. The illustrations borrowed from English politics and English scandal of 1848 and 1849, are not very piquant now, and, being mostly forgotten in themselves, do not illustrate a great deal. And so the author has to explain, in a prefatory note, that the book must not be taken as a literal expression of his present views. All we have got, therefore, is an authoritative document as to what Mr. Spencer thought in December, 1850. He does not think the same things now. Thus "the bases of morality," as explained here, "are but adumbrations of what he holds to be the truth now." "They form but a moiety of the groundwork of a scientific

system of ethics." — "The chapters on the rights of women and on the rights of children" need qualification, and so on. Such large retractions as these lead one to wonder a little why the book is reprinted at all. But there is left, undoubtedly, a theory of society; and this is so boldly put, and so distinctly explained, as to be worth study.

In an introductory notice, which explains by extracts from a pamphlet of Mr. Spencer's the odd accident by which the very inadequate name of "Social Statics" happened to be given to this book, he says himself, very happily, that his aim is not the increase of authoritative control over citizens, but the decrease of it. "A more pronounced individualism, instead of a more pronounced nationalism, is the ideal of this treatise." — "Society," he holds, "is to be re-organized only by the accumulated effects of habit upon character." That is, as men become better, society will have less and less to do with controlling them; and, when all is well, there will be no government at all. This is the central theory of the book.

In plan, it is divided into five parts. The first annihilates the doctrine of expediency, as held by Bentham; and, with great distinctness of statement and illustration, substantiates the existence, and asserts the province, of the moral sense. The second part, defining morality first, argues the steady evanescence of evil from the world; and then claims that the divine idea, or the creative purpose, is the greatest happiness of men. This need not be the immediate aim of man, however. The fatal error of the expediency philosophers has been to suppose that it is. Man's business is to ascertain the conditions by conforming to which the greatest happiness of the race will ultimately be obtained. As the social state exists in spite of us, these conditions are stated thus: First and all-essential, Justice; supplementary to this, Negative Beneficence, or abstaining from injuring others; secondary to this, among sympathetic beings, there must be positive benevolence; and, lastly, under these limitations, each individual "shall perform those acts required to fill up the measure of his own private happiness," or, as the gentle reader would be more apt to say, "shall do as he likes."

From these foundations there is wrought out, by different processes, in the next part, the "first principle" of the book, which is, that —

"Every man has freedom to do all he wills, provided he infringe not the equal freedom of any other man."

Any qualifications of this principle, however necessary, must remain for private and individual application, and cannot be recognized in the just regulation of a community. This principle is then applied to the rights of life and personal liberty, the right to the use of the earth, the right of property, the right of property in ideas, the right of property in character, the right of exchange, the right of free speech, the rights of women and children, and some further rights.

The next part applies the general principle to political rights,—as the duty of the State, and the limit of that duty; to national education, and similar offices which have been assumed by organized governments. The last part is a summary of conclusions.

Scattered among these discussions, there are some fine passages of eloquence and beauty on the possible charm of human society. There is an exquisite and very valuable statement of man's sympathy with other men, as supplying much of the working power of man's life. The greatest mutual dependence is held up as one of the triumphs which we shall attain in the perfect world. Yet this greatest mutual dependence is to be joined with the highest individuation. By the highest individuation is meant the most perfect separation of each man, as an atom or unit, from all other men. And, as the undercurrent of the whole book, it is clear enough that, for all the rhetoric about sympathy, Mr. Spencer considers society as a sad bore after all. He repeats with enthusiasm a fancy of Coleridge's, that the true idea of life is a tendency to individuation; and undertakes, in a specific illustration, to show, that from the sponges to the *Alcyonidae*, from these to the Corallids, and from these higher yet, the lowest of animals ascend as they gain more individuality and more. He thus, consciously or unconsciously, argues that

the human race will attain its perfection when the individual men and women are most widely separated; that Simon Stylites and Alexander Selkirk are thus far the most successful men, and Robinson Crusoe, till he was cursed by Friday's arrival, the most successful idea of manhood; indeed, that solitary confinement for life, as occasionally ordered for the most depraved of criminals, really gives to them, after lives of worthlessness, one happy dream of the ultimate perfection of mankind.

The true theory of the human race is precisely opposed to this. Fichte states it very precisely, where he says the human race is the individual, of which separate men and women are the several necessary organs, each necessary, even essential, to the welfare of all the others. St. Paul had stated it better, in some memoranda of his, made centuries before.

Because Mr. Spencer's book works out with great gallantry and precision the unsocial view of society, it has a decided interest for people who believe with us, that man is a gregarious animal; that the existence of a family is not an accident, but a result of the creative design; that society has an organic life, all its own, and is not a mere heap of separate individual lives; and that government always has a divine element in it, and in the end will be thoroughly divine, or the kingdom of heaven.

We do not propose, in the few pages we can assign to this history of what Mr. Spencer thought in 1850, to follow this contrast in the speculative discussion of the theory of individuation. We shall merely trace it in one or two of the brilliant illustrations where Mr. Spencer carries his theory into practice.

First of all, as we have intimated, before Mr. Spencer was a philosopher, he was an Englishman. And, though he is perhaps the very boldest of English speculators, there is always the very drollest reference to English customs and precedents, as if, "of course, you know," there were no others worth considering in the world. The Americans are justly thought to

hold a good opinion of themselves; yet we remember no American writer of philosophy, who would venture on a statement so charmingly cool as this:—

“The English national character, as contrasted with that of other races, will supply a further illustration. We are universally distinguished for our jealous love of freedom, for the firm maintenance of our rights. At the same time, we are not less distinguished for the greater equity of our general conduct.”

Starting on as comfortable a theory as this, Mr. Spencer illustrates the practices of government purely from those of England. His allusion to administration in other countries are always inadequate, often mistaken. Now the English administration, however good it may be thought,—and he certainly thinks it very poor,—is simply the administration of an oligarchy. Claim, if you please, that the members of that oligarchy are saints, still they are an oligarchy,—a handful of men governing a much larger number. When Mr. Spencer, then, in discussing the interference of Government with the management of affairs, as of lighthouses, post-offices, banking or trade, clinches his argument by showing how the English Government has failed; he only proves what all the world outside of England knew very well before, that the English Government is a very imperfect one, and that England is not very fortunate in her system. To show that Parliament has legislated ill for silk-weavers or cotton-spinners, is only to show that an assembly elected mostly by landed proprietors, educated to preserve game and write Latin verses, cannot and will not understand rightly the interests of manufactures. But how if you enlarge the constituency of that legislature? How if you open the lines of promotion, so that every living man votes, and every living man is a candidate for your Parliament? Then, in the long run, you will have legislative bodies which will embrace men of very wide experience, of very curious information, and who will respect the knowledge of experts about their own affairs to the very fullest. On the other hand, each interest will be quite jealous enough of favors or advantages extended to others. Such a

legislature is every legislature of every free American State. Unquestionably they make blunders. But a blunder hardly survives the first year of its trial. As unquestionably, such assemblies hit upon and carry out very complex systems for the development of industry and the extension of the rights of men, which never had been theoretically stated; which are due wholly to the successive experiments, even to the successive blunders, of successive legislatures; and which do practically enlarge the domain of human intelligence, and subdue the world. It is worth the while of real statesmen to examine such systems.

Take, as an illustration, what is known in the Northern States of America as the "General Incorporation Law." To enable small capitalists to combine their resources, and to work with them as efficiently as a large capitalist could do alone, is a great practical question. It is especially so, in a country where there are but few large capitalists. It is a question discussed, *ad nauseam*, in the books. It is a question which has been discussed in its applications to manufactures, to mining, to navigation, to education, to every human interest, indeed, in every legislature in America. Unnumbered experiments have been tried upon it. We do not pretend to say that it is yet settled. But we do say, that the General Incorporation Statute, first tried in the State of Connecticut, wrought out there in very curious detail, till that State proved it had hit on a working system, and then adopted, in principle, by almost all the neighboring States,—contains the elements of success. It is a step which will not be retraced. It satisfies everybody. So far as it goes, it gives greater opportunities than were possible before for man's triumph over inanimate nature, which is one great part of the business man was put into the world to do. Still further, this system is a system which could not have been tried without a Government to try it. It could not have been tried merely by the voluntary agreement of certain men to try it. The State, as an individual power, had to say, at a certain fixed time, "This experiment *shall* be tried, under such and such conditions, in order that we may all see whether, under such

conditions, capital will be most freely employed and industry most surely rewarded." To say that the British Parliament has never hit on any such plan, or has never succeeded in any such details, is simply to say, what Mr. Spencer proves very perfectly, that the British Parliament does not well understand the business of internal administration.

We make this reference first to Mr. Spencer's English short-sightedness, because it is perhaps, at bottom, the origin of his contempt for government, and of his theory of individuation. For it does happen, even with wise men and with theorists, that some early prejudice must take the credit of the birth of their whole theoretical system. Mr. Spencer's theory is, that "government is essentially immoral. Is it not the offspring of evil, bearing about it all the marks of its parentage? Does it not exist because crime exists?" To both these questions, anybody who has seen government born, as an American settler does, says, "No." The repression of crime is only a very small part of the duty of government or of its business. It is hard to separate the proceedings of one man from the work of the State, of which he is not an atom, but an organized member. But let us attempt this in Mr. Spencer's fashion. Let us suppose a being from another land, if necessary from another world, dropped down in America. He takes a wild piece of the world to subdue it. What are his relations to Government? He has no relations with it, but that the Government of the country has sent intelligent surveyors into that region before him, who have marked off the land into sections of one hundred and sixty acres; and this Pole, or Hungarian, or inhabitant of the planet Mars, may enter on any one of them, build any house, castle, or shanty, he pleases, try any experiment in agriculture he chooses, and, by virtue of that preliminary survey, he will be protected in his castle or in his experiments against all the world who may try to dispossess him, while he is trying the experiments, or living in the castle. There is no crime here. There is no repression of crime. There is a great favor conferred on this settler, and, as it proves, on everybody else in the world too. Literally, nobody is

aggrieved by the arrangement. Now, into that man's neighborhood come other settlers,—Englishmen, Bohemians, Armenians, and, if possible, inhabitants of Vesta. They find it convenient to make their road to the nearest river on some system, instead of making sixteen roads from their sixteen houses. They meet together, and appoint a committee of selectmen to see to this road. Their neighbors, the county through, meet, and appoint their committees. All together meet, and appoint county commissioners of roads. But there is no suppression of crime in the matter. These officers are chosen, or this government is established, because there are certain things to be done by the whole body, for the convenience at once of each and of all. It is more convenient to have one insane hospital for the whole county, than for each man to have a separate insane retreat attached, against a time of need, to his own house. It is more convenient to have the children of a town educated in ten schoolhouses, than to have a governess hired in each family, and the dining-room given up to a jury schoolroom. It is more convenient to have the State build the lighthouses for my ship, than for me to send out engineers in advance to set up lights on the dangerous headlands, when I propose to send her on a voyage. It is more convenient for me to bid the government carry all my letters, and all everybody's else, than to keep a staff of couriers and their horses in readiness for me to send a note to Winona or St. Paul.

So little is government the child of crime, or created for the chief purpose of suppressing crime, that there constantly occur terms of county courts when there are no criminals; and the renting the county jail to summer boarders is an event which has happened so often, that people do not now put it in the newspapers.

The proportion in which the correction of crime is the work of government appears fairly enough from the expenses of a State. In the ordinary expenses of the State of Massachusetts, the largest item is that for public education. Its cost to the people annually is about \$1,500,000.

The item next in magnitude, which appears on the public

accounts, is the public charge of the poor by the several towns. Its annual cost is about \$600,000.

The item next in magnitude is that for State charitable institutions; viz., for three insane hospitals, four hospitals or alms-houses for foreigners, two institutions for the blind, and two for the deaf, and some smaller expenses. These amount in a year to about \$320,000.

The next item is the charge for reform schools for boys and girls exposed to temptation, and for the State Prison. This charge is about \$140,000. The county jails involve a charge of \$182,000.

The next item is the expense of the legislature, which is about \$130,000.

The next is the salaries of the judges and officers of court. This is about \$110,000.

The last is the salaries of the various executive officers,—about \$75,000.

We do not include in this statement, a statement of the charges of the government for railroads and other roads. The statistics are so intermingled with that share of such expenses met by individuals, that it would be difficult to separate them. But to that feature of our civilization, a very large share of the work of the executive, legislative, and judicial departments is given. Without attempting any estimate of the annual charges here, we will only say, that the charges named above for correctional institutions—even including the reform schools, which are rather preventive than places for punishment—include every penny spent by the people of this State directly for the punishment of crime. This charge is \$322,000. On the other hand, the education and public charities of the State cost \$2,420,000.

A third amount, \$315,000, required by the legislature, the executive, and the judiciary, might fairly be shared between the other two, and the various interests of the public, which do not appear in either of the heads of correction or charity,—such as roads, commissions of inquiry, administration of banks, insurance, and other business. They should be shared proportionally to their amount, or nearly so. At the very

most, then, the repression or the correction of crime requires not one-eighth of the expense or of the attention of the government.

We are well aware, that such statistics are very inadequate. They should be accompanied, on the one side, by the detail of the taxation and expenses of a town, and, on the other, by those of the nation. For such an examination, we have not here the space. But any person acquainted with the facts knows, that, in town expenses or national expenses, a proportion, even less than we have named, is devoted to the detection or repression of crime.

At this point, however, Mr. Spencer's special admirers will say to us, that, by "crime" he does not mean the crime which is punished by courts in prisons. He means wickedness in general, they will say. In the introduction to his book, he makes a very ingenious parallel between his study, and that of a physiologist. In physiology, he says, we study a supposed perfect human body. It is the business of therapeutics to deal with disease; but physiology deals with health only. And so, he says, "social statics" only deals with upright men, and a world of upright men. If anybody wants to write a book of social therapeutics, he may. But this is not that book. Accordingly, when the book makes any statement which would otherwise seem quite bold, there comes in a little reminder at the end, that all this applies only to possible human beings, and not to actual. After you have admired for twenty-two pages, at being told that you must not coerce your children; that, if they choose to eat unripe apples in dog-days, you must let them,—it appears that all this only applies to perfect children; and that, in case of an "imperfect humanity," the twenty-two pages may be used for waste paper. After it has been proved, that men would volunteer to carry the mail across the prairies and the Rocky Mountains, from Passamaquoddy to Sceattle, for the love of the thing, and its natural and spontaneous rewards, it proves that these are to be perfect men, "upright men," in a perfect age. This occasional reminder, that the book has, in strictness, nothing to do with the circumstances in which we are

actually living, detracts from the vivacity and point of most of its radicalisms. We do not consider, however, that this disclaimer even, broad as it is, is sufficient to justify Mr. Spencer's argument, that government is the child of crime, only intended for the repression of crime, and shows always traces of its origin. It is true, that any book on government seems to savor of milk-and-water a little, when the author falls back on the government of cherubs and of angels. But, granting that such is the object of such treatises, we still hold our ground. To revert to the particular instance with which we began, which is, in fact, generally the origin of government in America,—the case of road-building. We claim that a company of seraphs,—Uriel, Michael, and Raphael themselves included,—if settled in this world with the object of subduing it, would find it to their advantage to subdue it on system. It would be advisable, that one seraph should do the surveying, one the mining, one the bridge-building. It would be desirable, that they should assign these services according to fitness of seraph for duty. It would be desirable, that is, that they should institute a government.

And, to return to the position from which we entered on this discussion, we believe Mr. Spencer himself would make a similar statement, if the repeated failures of the English Government had not driven so many English radicals into the false theory, that, at best, government is the creature of crime.

Mr. Spencer's first head in applying his general principles is, naturally, the consideration of property in land. His argument is concise, clear, and perfectly satisfactory. He apologizes more than he need for it, we should suppose, even in addressing Boeotians or Englishmen. Society is the landlord. Each man living has a right to a farm somewhere, if he will pay the rent society demands. In strictness, there is no private property in land. This is simply to say, that the government guarantees every man's title to his land, on condition that he pays the taxes which the government, as the original holder, demands for its rent. What we call fee-

simple is really a perpetual lease; and the taxes and other services due to the State are the rents paid. In America, this would be called very conservative doctrine; for it gives society or government that complete and absolute power which, in America, we know that divine institution demands, commands, and should exact for its own preservation, to the last penny of accumulation, and the last drop of blood. Mr. Spencer seems to shrink a little from the consequences. And he encourages his English readers by telling them, that, as a matter of expediency, it may be well to recognize old titles; and that "men having got themselves into the dilemma by disobedience to law, must get out of it as well as they can;" that abstract morality has no concern with our extricating ourselves from the perplexities accompanying the present tenure of property. This encouragement savors a little of the consolation which the preacher administered to a hearer who had been overwhelmed with anguish by his description of Calvary and its sufferings. Finding it difficult to soothe her, the frightened pastor said, that, after all, it was a great while ago; and that the place was far off where it happened. Abstract morality, as Mr. Spencer admirably shows in other places, has a great deal to do with the extrication of mankind from their present perplexities. It is a pity to surrender the elixir, at the moment we have discovered the poison. The answer that the Duke of Leeds or the Duke of Sutherland, whom he invokes, would make to his appeal should be this, and, as we suppose, it would be: "We are tenants of society. We pay enormous rents to society. Whatever society demands, when it chooses to enlarge these rents, we pay. We hold on precisely your tenure." If Mr. Spencer says, in reply, that society is very inadequately represented by queen, lords, and commons, the dukes would answer, that that was not their fault, but "society's." If society in England chooses to be so represented,—and certainly it does, so far as the world can see,—they do all that can be demanded of them, in paying to its bailiff all the rents that he demands.

Having thus stated the origin of what we call property in

land, Mr. Spencer proceeds to state that property in the products of a man's labor springs from it. It is, in a certain sense, more absolutely a man's own than is the earth on which he labors. Society's contract with the workman has been this: "Provided you deliver to us a stated share of the produce which, by cultivation, you can obtain from this piece of land, we give you the exclusive use of the remainder of that produce." We consider this view of personal property completely sound. It recognizes the essential fact, that property is the creature of civil order or of society; that it cannot exist, in any sense, without some mutual agreement. There is no original or divine right of property: it is an institution resulting from the organization of society.

Proceeding safely and surely thus far, Mr. Spencer plunges into the consideration of property in ideas. Partly, perhaps, because an author's experience is more like to make him conversant with such property than with property in stocks or in land, he enters on this discussion with an intensity which we hardly observe in other chapters. He is bitterly severe on legislators and on courts, because they do not recognize, he says, property in ideas as a right, and because they say that a patent is only a stimulus to industry and talent.

But all the invective in this chapter seems to us undeserved. Has not Mr. Spencer just been showing that property in things is not in itself an original right? that it has been earned only by the supposed rent which a man has paid to society for the earth out of which these things are created? Why should the property in an invention be any more sacred than the property in a bushel of corn? It is because speculators like Mr. Spencer claim too much for the right of property in ideas, that legislators and courts, pushing their claims to the reduction to absurdity, are so apt to speak carelessly, as if they had no claims at all.

Mr. Spencer's doctrine about visible property, which we conceive to be true, is this,—that society is the owner of the whole earth: then, for purposes of convenience, the earth is assigned into different sections, of a size fit for use, and the use of them is given to tenants, who are called

owners, on condition that they pay to society such rents or taxes as are demanded. If they pay these rents,—any corn, trees, houses, metals, wares, pictures, or statues, which their industry, mediately or immediately, produces from the land, is their property. No man may take it away.

Let us now apply the same principle to what is thought the analogous case of property in ideas. The domain of Truth is the common freehold of all society. Let a man pay his rents, and he may enter where he will, and develop it as he will. In that event, a specific invention which he makes is his own. But it is only his own, on condition that he pays society some rent or tax to compensate it for the undivided use of his invention. For this payment, Mr. Spencer, so far as this chapter shows, makes no provision.

Farther yet: the analogy between the bushel of corn, and the invention of a machine, wholly fails, if the inventor try to push his right so far as to claim the right in all similar machines. If we adopted Mr. Spencer's favorite reduction to the absurd, we should say, that in the invention of a new machine lies the germ of all the machines which shall ever use its principle. Because it contains this germ, the inventor should be paid at the outset for its value in all time to come; or whenever, in after time, the machine is made, he shall be paid a royalty by the maker for the value of the germ. If we tried this alternative in the case of the corn, the farmer would be paid in advance for the contribution he makes to all the bushels of corn of which he sells the germs; or, through all time, he would have a claim to a royalty on all the corn which grew from his bushel. In this alternative, Mr. Spencer would accept the first half. He would say, pay in advance the inventor, for the worth that his idea is going to be in all possible future industry. But this is, clearly, to claim an impossibility. Who shall determine this value?

The truth is, that, granting the inventor has a right to his idea or invention, society has at least an equal right to compel him to make the invention. God gave him the power of invention, for the common good, not for his own. Woe to him, if he do not use it! It is the omission to observe this

right of society to the service of all its members, which complicates so much the consideration of the so-called rights of inventors and authors. Mr. Spencer, as usual, looking with contempt on society, and sympathizing with individuals, ignores the right of society altogether.

But how, if, on a disabled steamer, which had lost a rudder, an engineer on board should say, "I know how to construct a steering apparatus, which will bring us all to port; but I will not teach the rest of you how to make it,—unless you unite in giving me all your property, and binding yourselves to me as my servants till you die"? We should say he had no right to make this sale of his invention. Yet his claim would be very small compared with Mr. Spencer's. How, if, at the outset of the rebellion, a statesman had said, that he had invented a system of conciliation, which would emancipate all the slaves in the land, and restore the Union, and satisfy all parties; but he would not announce that system until we had settled on him and his heirs the whole national domain? Clearly, he has no right to drive any such a bargain. As little have the heirs of Archimedes the right which Mr. Spencer claims for them to a royalty, every time any man calculates the weight of water by Archimedes's invention; or the heirs of Shakespeare a right to a royalty from every man who says,—

"A rose

By any other name would smell as sweet."

In point of fact, the share of society in the joint right by which property in ideas is held is so large, that the property is worthless unless society have fulfilled, painfully and well, its share in the invention. Why is the copyright of Mr. Dickens's book or Mr. Spencer's worth five times as much in America as in England? Because in America the government has chosen to spend millions on millions in teaching everybody to read these books, while in England the system of government makes it desirable that very few people shall be able to read them with interest or pleasure. Grant that the right to the idea is Mr. Spencer's or Mr. Dickens's, the right to the enjoyment of it seems to spring, in a proportion vastly

larger, from the work of those who have prepared the readers to use the idea. The value of the idea, without such preparation, may be precisely estimated by those who will carry the books to Madagascar, and essay the sale of them there.

Mr. Spencer himself, as usual at the end of one of his chapters, acknowledges that he does not know what to do about it. He confesses that several people may make an invention at the same time, without knowing of each other. In that case, he is at a loss how to decide. But, as usual, he says it is none of his business. The decision does not seem to us so difficult. Its principles, as we believe, are these.

Society has a right to the utmost efforts of all its members. Just as it may make every man fight for it, it may claim that such thinker or officer shall think his best for it. This is universally acknowledged regarding moral truths. No man has a right, we say, to hold back his moral convictions. It is equally true regarding all truth, invention, or discovery.

Let society, then, after inventions have been made and tested, after books have been written and circulated, decide by its most solemn and careful tribunals what are the fit rewards to be paid from the common treasury to the inventor or the author. No system of award could be so false and inconsistent as the present. Our system of copyright pays to the author of a novel worse than worthless, if it is only highly enough spiced with licentiousness, higher rewards than it pays to the author of the "Mécanique Céleste." The inventor of a machine so simple that every one can make it after it is invented, obtains nothing for his patent because it cannot be protected; while the inventor of some large-scale improvement, which must be used under the eyes of the world, watches his "rights," and obtains his princely income. No system but that here suggested, will, as we believe, ever rescue copyright and patent-right from the absurdities which surround them when we attempt the futile task of classifying them with other forms of property.

Applying in detail the "first principle" of the book to the things the State has been accustomed to do, Mr. Spencer

argues that Government has no right to regulate commerce, none to regulate religion, none to relieve the poor, none to educate children, none to establish colonies, none to care for the health of the people except by suppressing nuisances, none to issue currency, none to carry mails, none to build or maintain lighthouses. The specific illustrations given of the danger of people putting their fingers into what they do not understand, are admirably put; but, as we have intimated, the sweeping theories themselves result from the habit of considering the governors and the governed different people, with different interests. Let government be what it should be,—the organization of the governed for the carrying-out of certain affairs essential to all,—and they will themselves see to it, that the process shall not interfere unduly with individual privileges. Mr. Spencer suggests, rather lamely, that what he calls private enterprize will carry out the work which he would prohibit government from undertaking. A private corporation (why not call it the Trinity Board) shall be established to build the lighthouses of the world. Another private corporation (let us call it Thurn and Taxis) shall carry the mails of the world. Another private corporation (shall we call it the Royal College of Physicians) shall regulate the sewers. Another private corporation (let us call it the Church) shall see that by no accidental failure of personal charity Darby and Joan starve to-night. After having established a few hundred of such private corporations, we may rub our hands with glee, and say, "We have left every thing to unrestricted care: things are taking care of themselves; we have discharged all these interests from the function of government." But the toil-worn man of public spirit, as he rushes madly from one election of directors to another; as he finds all these institutions of private benevolence clashing with each other, even when administered by perfectly upright men, as the whole book supposes,—exhausted after his attendance at the last election of the three hundred, will be apt to say, Why should we not, once for all, lay out a system by which the relations of these several Boards to each other should be adjusted once for all,—a system by which

the choice of these administering officers shall be made at once, and with direct reference to dividing the work, as they can best discharge it? This is to ask, Why not establish a constitution of government with very large powers, to be used at the direction of the governed?

Jos. T. H. Jr.,

ART. VIII.—STATE CRIMES, AND THEIR PENALTY.

THE scene of the 7th of July closed the last act of that gloomy tragedy which began with the murder of the 14th of April. It is not a very pleasant or a very profitable thing to dwell on,—the putting to death of four persons, bound and helpless, in that deliberate, ostentatious, mechanical way, which is called a public execution. In general, it has been proved true, that the punishment of death has in it something to harden and demoralize the popular heart; and when a popular exhibition is made of it, as it still is in many countries, it is one of the great schools of depravity, and a public horror. If it is ever to be justified at all, it is in a time of revolution like the present, when a solemn act of State invests the human tragedy of death with an awe and respect which are apt to be lost while human life is cheapened in the accumulation of worse horrors,—so that the doom of those four malefactors does more to impress the imagination, and give a sense of the awe of death, than all the carnage of a battle-field, or all the mortality of a hospital; or else, when any given crime has, by peculiar circumstances of guilt and atrocity in it, thrown the public mind somewhat off its balance, and jarred the general conscience in a peculiar way, to which the feeling of satisfied justice seems to bring some relief,—when the criminal's life is deliberately required by the State, as the forfeit of his deed.

It is purely by the good or evil of this moral effect, as we believe, that the death-penalty can fairly be defended or accused, as a part of the ordinary administration of justice. In safe and ordinary times, in a civilized and orderly State,

the cases must be very rare when it is either wise or right. The arguments which have generally upheld it have been either the cowardice that would shuffle crime and its consequences out of sight as fast as possible, or else the superstition that has held so blindly to the worst mistakes and horrors of the past. Nothing, perhaps, has done so much to brutalize the temper and debauch the conscience of the criminal classes themselves, as the shocking repetition and cheapening of it in some modern countries.* To be of any good effect, or to plead any justification, it should be a very rare, a very deliberate, and a very solemn thing. And its main justification then will be, that it is the only way which the law has — unless we should go back to the ancient horrors of bodily torture — to set apart a particular class of crimes, and testify that abhorrence of them which is the general verdict of mankind. It is not for vengeance, not for cruelty, that human law thus banishes the criminal for ever from the face of the earth, and the society of human life, — remanding him from man's judgment to the bar of Him who sees not as man sees, and is wise to ordain, and just to judge, where our judgment fails. Nor is it because death is a more severe or a more adequate punishment of guilt than long imprisonment (for instance) with hard labor, or exile and disgrace. But, if we may say so, there are cases which seem to appall and paralyze our judgment; and, with a certain horror and repugnance, we long to have every visible token of them buried from our sight: we long that the deed itself, and the chief agents of it, should pass from the face of man into oblivion, — at least into history, — and be henceforth to all the world as if they had not been.

We assume without debate the right of human society over the life of its subjects and members. Being attacked in its

* Thus, Miss Martineau tells us, that, in the year 1785, ninety-seven persons were executed in the city of London alone, for the crime of pilfering from shops; in one instance, a batch of twenty persons at once, hung in the public street, before a vast, profane, quarrelsome, and half-drunken mob of men, women, and children, of a Monday morning, as the fruit of the previous week's action of the Courts. In 1811, when Sir Samuel Romilly moved the third reading of his Bill in the House of Commons, "at that moment there was a child in Newgate, not ten years of age, under sentence of death for this offence." — History of the Peace, vol. ii. p. 86.

liberties or sovereignty, a State may stand to its own defence, and employ the persons of its citizens, in whatever way seems best, safest, most effectual and humane, as a barrier between it and ruin. Whatever our previous scruples about it may have been, and whatever our dread of it considering the cruel and despotic way in which the sovereign power in other countries has used it,—in conscriptions, in standing armies, in wars of ambition, in terrible vengeance visited upon conspiracy and rebellion,—the general sense of our people has heartily ratified that extreme power, and has submitted to a conscription so vast as to be the astonishment of the world. This is the practical acknowledgment of the right of society to claim the lives of its members at need, put to the severest test, and triumphantly sustained. A corresponding right it clearly has, in those extreme cases of crime and its penalty, which have been spoken of. A right to be used very cautiously, and only in the last resort. A right whose sacredness would all be lost, if it were to be used for vengeance or cruelty or cowardice. A right which is only justified, when it is used to express, in the most solemn, the most unequivocal, the only way, the deepest moral conviction of a community, in judgment of the deepest order of human guilt.

But Justice must hold the sword, as well as the scales. If there are merit and honor on our side, there must be guilt and blame on the other. And that guilt, that blame, must have their expression in human codes of law. Of course, law cannot pretend to measure the degrees of personal merit and blame. No doubt,—everybody knows,—a child is brought up in crime, or a man is led to crime, by a thousand circumstances utterly out of his control, which imply no more blame in him than the fact that he was born at all, or born in such a city, or such a State. And, if we set about measuring the degrees of personal guiltiness, there is no one, of any tenderness of conscience, who could ever bring himself to pronounce sentence on his fellowman. "Who am I," he would say, "to declare this unhappy creature a sinner, and unfit to live; I, who have been comfortably and respectably brought up, who hardly know what violent passion and strong temptation mean; I, who never felt the pressure of haggard want, or the

curse of evil companionship,— who am I, to judge this poor fellow-creature, born under a different sky, breathing a different air, trained to another code of right and wrong, beset by temptations, hounded on by passions that I hardly know the name of,— who am I, to pronounce his doom? Let me put myself in his place rather; and let me think to myself which is perhaps more guilty before the bar of God, he or I!" This would be the language of conscience dealing with the question of the degree of personal guilt. But human justice does not deal with questions of conscience,— that is, essentially and directly! It leaves them to be settled in the court of conscience, at the bar of religion, between a man's heart and his God, or the teacher he selects to interpret to him the mind of God. Human justice, as expressed in law, must deal with facts, with tendencies, with dangers and their remedy. It cannot go into questions of casuistry, or the metaphysics of free will, or the philosophy of those influences which act on character. It deals with men, with facts, with deeds. The highest reason which it understands, or can take account of, is the safety and advantage of society itself. If it does its best for that, it is obliged to leave all questions of human liberty and guilt and doom, reverently but absolutely, to the God who alone can judge in the sphere of absolute truth and perfect right. There will always be a dash of pity in the indignation which a right-minded person feels for guilt. And, within the bounds of public safety, the court must allow for all circumstances that extenuate the guilt or mitigate its doom. But we are not to forget, that, in the division of employments in a Commonwealth, it is the business of law to guard the public safety, just as it is of religion to guard the public conscience; and that the last and highest consideration which law, as such, can entertain, is the order, the security, the true liberty, of the State.

In the accumulation of great crimes and horrors which have marked the latter stages especially of the war, there has been an uneasy feeling that we ought to do something to retaliate or avenge, before the bar of our conscience, the guilt from which the nation has suffered so deeply, and the hearts of the people have bled so cruelly. There can be no doubt,

that, where definite acts of crime can be brought home and proved upon the doers of them, they ought to be dealt with sternly, impartially, with the rigid and even justice which marks the true course of public law. But for retaliation, retribution, any thing that attempts to apportion the penalty to the guilt,—and that on so wide a scale and over so vast a territory,—it is impossible to entertain a serious thought of it. "What!" some say, "shall all those monstrous crimes go unpunished? Shall we have no satisfaction for the war which was brought on us wantonly and unprepared? Shall we have no compensation for the tides of blood that have been spilt? Shall the lives of our sons and brothers, slain in this most wanton of rebellions, go unavenged? Shall not this vast calamity which has overtaken our nation and race be visited upon the heads of those who, with their eyes open, brought it upon us?" In one sense, it is even so. We are not commissioned to measure out or to punish the degrees of personal guilt in the authors of all this misery. Still less are we commissioned to be the agents of any feeling, however natural or even just, of retaliation and revenge.

We do not speak of that technical retaliation, in a military sense, where the life of a prisoner of war, for example, is threatened, in order to prevent cruelty and outrage on the other side. Here, there is no thought of punishment, no accusation of guilt, no thirst for vengeance. It is an awful last resort,—one so dreadful in its nature, that, in every instance we can call to mind, our Government has shrunk from carrying out its threat, and preferred the humiliation of seeming to break its word, and forsake its helpless men, rather than exact the penalty of their wrongs, in the lives of captive enemies. We have no judgment to pass here on that awful last resort of the law of arms, when the innocent are deliberately made to suffer for the guilty. But there is another sort of retaliation, which is nothing else but mischievous and wrong. Wherever our armies in the South felt free to "punish" (as they called it) the guilt of treason, of which they felt those people to be guilty,—in the burning of houses, the destruction of estates, the plundering or insulting of the people, or any sort of personal cruelty upon them,—in any sort of vio-

lence or destruction not strictly enjoined by the law of military service, or strictly required to supply the wants of our own armies, or to weaken the military force opposed to them,—then it was a crime; and the evil consequences of it are sure to be brought to bear upon the conscience and welfare of our people. To some feeble degree we are atoning for it, by feeding the multitudes who were left to starve, and by clothing the multitudes who were stripped to perish. But the great atonement of that wrong must be worked out through years, perhaps generations, of suspicion, ill-will, secret hate, and brooding treachery; also, through the crippled industry, the diminished welfare, the more difficult administration, of the domain won back blasted to the nation's rule and care. Every such thought of retaliation, every such notion of the punishment of guilt by unlawful modes and unauthorized hands, was a mistake in the beginning,—a dreadful and disastrous mistake, whose immediate act was crime, and whose late result must be for evil.

And this is a distinction which it is important to make very clear in our own minds,—very much more clear than it seems to have been in many of the discussions we have heard upon the subject. The war, let us understand, is a thing of the past. Whatever the guilt of it in its origin, it has been visited in the most awful manner upon the whole section of country, and upon every class of men who have taken part in it. Nothing can be added on our part to that vengeance with which divine justice has repaid, with even curious, almost (we might say) statistical completeness, each item of wrath that had been laid up against the day of wrath. The day when the public safety might seem to call for or justify measures of retaliation, has passed by with the war itself,—let us hope, never to return. It is time for us, now at least, to look upon this whole matter of crime and its penalty, calmly and dispassionately; to look at it *only* as it bears on the future safety, welfare, honor, and the truest moral interest, of our nation.

Those criminals who were executed in Washington the other day, for instance,—whatever emotion of wrath or vengeance their crime had roused, had entirely passed away, with

most of us, in the course of their long trial, in the light thrown upon the circumstances of their lives, and the unravelling of their wretched plot, in the spectacle of their friends' distress, and in the human pity that is awakened by the near presence of a helpless human creature, bound, and waiting its doom. All wrath and vengeance were laid aside. Even, we might say, there was more likelihood of a sentimental compassion, a morbid tenderness, towards them; so that of the millions that loudly demanded their lives in April, very few would have signed their death-warrant without compunction in July. But among these few was that stern, inflexible man, of severe feature, of unbending will, and with a life's experience very hardly tried, who was, as it were, the divinely commissioned minister of doom, to expiate his predecessor's murder. Swiftly the stroke fell. One day only intervened. The country was spared the scandal, and the criminals the pain, of those wretched months that so often intervene between the sentence and its execution. All was over, and the heart of the nation says, It is well.

What has been so strikingly illustrated here, we ought to have in mind in that whole course of criminal justice which now lies before our Government, in dealing with the authors and upholders of the rebellion. A great and in some respects a heavy and dreadful task! But one which will be very much lightened, not merely to the doers of it, but to the heart of our people at large, who must sustain their agents in it, if we keep in mind the safe and only rule of public justice: *Absolutely nothing for retaliation and vengeance; little, if anything, of the pretence to weigh out and apportion the measure of personal responsibility; every thing in view simply of the general good, the future peace and honor of the nation.* In the course of the war, there were other feelings which inevitably came up, and it seemed as if they *must* be satisfied, could the nation only get the power. Now the nation has got the power; but the question of using it shows itself in quite another light. The controlling motive now must be, not merely to secure the advantage, safety, and satisfaction of that part of the nation which remained loyal when attacked, but to bring back to harmony, prosperity, and peace, a vast population and an

enormous territory long alienated and distressed by war. There have been many crimes in the course of it, of peculiar atrocity,—the burning of houses; the hanging of men for loyalty; the plunder, outrage, and dispersion of their families; the shooting and starving of prisoners; the series of desperate plots by which the later fortunes of the war were sought to be retrieved. There will be work enough to deal with the doers and accomplices of these, and inflict on them just sentence according to the best established principles of law.

But at heart we have felt as if there were one crime which lay behind them all, and embraced them all; and this we have called the crime of treason. How can we deal with it, now that the day of its great madness is over, and that its power is gone out in ashes and blood? Still we say, there is but one safe rule,—the peace and security of the State. If that requires, in a given instance, a man's exile or imprisonment, or the confiscation of his goods, or the forfeiture of his life even, so let the law decide, yet without emotion of wrath, or thought of vengeance, to enforce its verdict. It is not for us to measure the degrees of guilt, or to mete out the amount of retribution. These men, for all we know, were like other men,—no better, and probably not much worse, than the average of men. Let us put ourselves in their situation, and we shall not find it hard to see how we might be led, we will not say to share in their crime, or to approve of it, but to accept it as one of the dreadful necessities of the state of things they had brought about. As to the first act itself, which we call treason,—that is, armed resistance against the Government,—they first persuaded themselves there was no wrong in that. They had carefully trained themselves to a theory of government which assumed the right of one State to renounce the authority of the rest. No such apparent harm in that, perhaps, as we look at it in theory: at any rate, it was a doctrine which twelve years ago was getting rather popular among some classes of us here at the North, who longed to see New England free of the restraint and odium of laws passed in defence of slavery. Follow out their theory, and New England, a dozen years ago, might have been a sea of fire

and blood. They were kept in check by the average loyal common sense of the North. At the South there was no such check. Personal pride, recklessness of moral restraint, the habit of despotic authority, feudal temper cherished by feudal institutions, State rights, and local jealousies,—all worked together to make it easy and plain, to turn the plausible theory of secession into the awful and dangerous experiment of secession. And, having once chosen their path, it was harder and harder to quit it.

It is not necessary to think they were criminals, and guilty above all other men ; that is to say, guilty in their own eyes, acting against their own sense of right, criminal in the sense in which a thief or murderer knows that he is guilty. That they were bred in a system of slavery, corrupt and effete, was surely their misfortune, and not their fault ; and, granting this, all the rest follows, almost of its own accord. Most likely they did not expect a very severe struggle, a very bloody war, to establish their supremacy. At any rate, their supremacy they were determined to establish, cost what it would. Every man would rather secure his ends at a cheap rate, than a costly one ; at a cheap rate of guilt and suffering, if he can ; with as little wear and tear of conscience as he can. The war — at any rate the great scale of it, and the terrible necessities it brought with it — was no doubt a dreadful and a sickening surprise to most of those who brought it on. Some of them were no doubt prepared for it, and perfectly ready and reckless to plunge the country into it. Some thought the mere show of violence would be enough to bring the Government to terms of surrender,—at least, to terms of peaceable bargaining and compromise. Some proposed to get off cheaply, with one or two acts of murder at starting, and offered great rewards to any who would prevent the inauguration of a Northern president. Some hoped one thing, some another. But what strikes us in their language at the time is, that *everybody hoped, and nobody feared*. On our side, we remember how different it was. Everybody feared, and few hoped. There, all was hopeful, sunny, proud, complacent, self-confident. They had embarked on the fatal stream. Little

did they know where it would carry them. Almost we might say, little did they care. Least of all did they know or suspect the gulfs and whirlpools of crime it would sweep them into; successions of crime, each by itself startling the world with a new revelation, as it were from the pit of darkness, and ending with a culmination of atrocities at which the world, as it comes to know them, will stand aghast.

When a man has once set out on a course of wrong, ever so simple and slight, there are only two things open to him: one is to repent, and change his course in season; the other is to *succeed* in it, and to go on "to the bitter end." The first, as we know, is very hard for most men. It galls their pride. It confutes their judgment. It upsets their plans. At the moment, it is a cruel blow to their self-respect. And so nine men out of ten, as we find them, will take the other road. No doubt these men would have preferred to live and succeed, without the painful need of committing any crime; to keep the mask on, without the painful discovery that they were wearing any mask; to maintain their proud place in the world's eye as the representatives of modern chivalry, and the chiefs of a new order of civilization. But, before all, they must *succeed* in the course they had entered on; *succeed*, though it should entail the utmost horrors of civil war, and crimes worse by far than that in the world's conscience, if not at the bar of God,—the crimes of robbery, conspiracy, house-burning, and murder. We have no right to say how many or how few are directly implicated in the worst of these crimes. We only say, that the moral law is evident; the compulsion of that dreadful necessity which will compel men even to such crimes as these,—average and ordinary men,—when they are in a course where success has grown to a necessity, and when affairs are getting desperate. They catch blindly at such refuges as these, for the last gloomy chances of success. They are like a crowd of men drowning together in a river, when all skill, prudence, discipline, self-restraint is gone; and, in his blind, helpless struggle, a man shall drag his best friend with him to destruction, or fight for the chances of safety with a woman or a child. But it required the crime

to show the nature of the struggle, and the nature of the men. The necessity of it was contingently assumed, when they took the first step which committed them to the alternative, to destroy their country's Government, or to perish in the attempt.

How easy it is to see with them the tangling of that fatal net of circumstance, which wraps unawares those who have set themselves wilfully against the laws of society and of God! The miserable sophistry, half wilful, half sincere, with which a man persuades himself to crime by dwelling on the motives that brought him to it, we have seen in the letter left written by the assassin himself. He did the deed very deliberately. Months, years, he dwelt on the details of it, to bring it to a perfect issue. He took counsel on it; he took pay for it; he hired his accomplices and abettors; he left his written testimony, on purpose to show how he persuaded himself that he should be a hero of history, and the slayer of a tyrant. But what is all that now? The mask dropped from the murderer's face, when that pistol-shot was fired. More; the mask dropped from the murderer's heart. The crime stood revealed in the astonishment and horror of the world. The criminal became a fugitive and vagabond upon the earth. The retribution that fell has struck the imagination and religious sense of our people with a certain awe. No man would venture to add any further penalty to that doom. Tripped by the flag he mocked with his lying words and his fatal deed; dragging himself with a broken bone to that ten days' ignominious and torturing flight; shot down at bay like a wild beast, and dying a death of conscious and sharp agony; buried in some unknown and unhonored grave,—here was a definite, swift, and terrible retribution, to which human vengeance could have added nothing. Those others, poor and cheap tools of a plot they were never admitted to comprehend,—base instruments of others' crime,—to them the killing of a man seemed a small and easy thing, while it could be planned in secret, and its parts assigned as the parts of some petty stage-play. It was a very different thing when the deed was done; when the eye of the world's conscience was awake; and when Jus-

tice, "with feet of wool, and hands of iron," was tracking and hunting them to their hiding-place. Poor fools! to them, or to the conspirators who set them on, it seemed that the death of this man and that man would be the confusion of the Government, and the safe vengeance of the South. Fools, and blind! it needed only the stripping-off of that one more mask from the false cause they served, to kill its last chances of a sort of half success; to lift the man they hated upon the pedestal of a slain martyr in the cause of liberty, and give him almost the glory of a saint and hero in the heart of men; to bring upon themselves the cursing and execration of all the civilized world; to enthrone armed Justice in the place of tender Pity; to put in the place of power a man more keen to know, and more stern to punish, than he whom they foolishly spoke of as an enemy and a tyrant; to make a great nation as terrible in its roused sense of indignation, and its demand of strictest penalty for crime, as it had been formidable and strong in defending itself from armed assault.

Meanwhile, we do not anticipate the action of the Government, or the verdict of the courts. The Administration, it is said, is disinclined to hold any more military trials; and the proceedings thus far are little else than the accumulation of the evidences of guilt. For the one great crime against the nation's life, there seems little doubt that its penalty will be left to the working-out of laws more deep and broad than any statute,—laws written in the constitution of human life, and built into the framework of human society,—laws which we reverently call judgments of God, as we see them traced upon the face of that desolated and impoverished land. Whatever "satisfaction" we get for the blood of our brothers or children who perished as victims of that crime will be had not from vengeance upon those who slew them, but from the triumph of the cause they died for. While, for other crimes, not only against the State as such, but against humanity itself, and every human code, the magistrate "bears not the sword in vain;" and the long delay of justice is only, we will trust, that its work may be more calm, deliberate, and complete.

ART. IX.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

THERE is no class of religious writings which deserves to be treated with more sincere sympathy and respect than those which, in spite of sectarian cavils on one side, and the strong secularist drift of science on the other, attempt to make Theism a positive creed, and a religion of vital piety. In Miss Cobbe's little treatise of "Religious Duty,"* we see something of the conscious effort to maintain a position exposed to hazard and attacks from the two opposite sides; but, if we mistake not, a good deal more of the genuine and fervent spirit of piety itself, which the book is meant to teach. It would be hard, we think, to bring passages from the most devout Christian writers, which exceed in tender, unaffected, and cheerful piety some of the chapters,—particularly those on "Thanksgiving," "Prayer," and "Faith." Where it differs from the more familiar model of devotional treatises is, first, in the vein of ethical argument, running underneath, and perpetually appearing at the surface; secondly, in the frequent and rich citations from the sacred writings of the ancient and oriental, no less than of the Jewish and Christian, faiths; and, thirdly, in the polemic appeal to principles of physical or moral science, as against errors and wrongs in the current opinions or practices of Christian sects. So that we have a treatise of practical piety, very rich in suggestions, with a marked flavor of erudition, cheerful and healthy in tone, optimistic even to sentimentalism in doctrine, and in close harmony with the devoutest manuals of Christian piety, while keeping, on purpose and by pains, wide aloof from the traditional forms of Christian argument and appeal.

With these qualifications, the volume occupies mainly the familiar ground of religious ethics, and half of it might have been taken bodily from sermons of average thought and style. We are, indeed, forewarned, in the very divisions and titles of the chapters, that we are invited to no bold and fresh speculations, but to meditations on trite and hackneyed topics. The Religious Offences are blasphemy, apostasy, hypocrisy, perjury, sacrilege, persecution, atheism, pantheism, polytheism, idolatry, demonology; the Religious Faults are thanklessness, irreverence, prayerlessness, impenitence, scepticism, worldliness; the Religious Obligations are thanksgiving, adoration, prayer, repentance, faith, self-consecration. And each of these topics is treated, at various length, in the way of independent homiletic exhortation. We do not commend the literary style, which is frequently vague, diffuse, and declamatory, to a degree only pardoned in works of this class. But the spirit is altogether pure and noble. It reminds us, more than any other one work, of the "Meditations" of Marcus Aurelius. The aim is one which brings to a practical test perhaps the most important spiritual problem of the present day; namely, how to develop "Theism as a religion for the life, no less than as a

* *Religious Duty.* By Frances Power Cobbe. Boston: Wm. V. Spencer.

philosophy for the intellect." And, surely, no experiment is more interesting, than that which seeks, in pure intuition, meditation, and science, an effectual substitute for the grand religious traditions of the past, and firm mooring amid the conflicting tendencies and powerful "drift" of modern speculation.

How positive is Miss Cobbe's own faith in the future of her philosophic and sentimental creed is seen when she speaks of "the mighty fates where, in future ages, the Theist nations shall adore their only Lord" (p. 93). The force and clearness of her religious intuition are shown in such sentences as this: "There is no better proof of the power and vitality of man's consciousness of immortality, than that it has supported for ages such a solid mass of horrors as the doctrine of eternal hell" (p. 121). The fineness of her moral perception appears in the striking argument by which she contrasts the current traditional doctrine of the future life with the truly spiritual conception of immortality (p. 125). In the long passage of reasoning *against* the use of prayer for physical good (pp. 168-182), we seem to find a needless check on the simplicity and spontaneousness of the heart's religious language: but this is required, perhaps, by the strictness of her doctrine, that prayer for spiritual gifts is veritably heard and answered; while, in our philosophy of the matter, it is doubtless true that "it invariably happens that *prayer begins where science stops, and that as science advances prayer retreats*" (p. 172). We copy, from near the close, a passage in which a profound truth is touchingly and nobly expressed: —

"It was not when God's angel-thoughts were around him, and he took freely his cup of agony from his Father's hand, that the Christ achieved his everlasting crown. It was when the death-darkness mounted slowly up the cross, till heart and brain grew dim, and God's face was hid, and the cry burst from his soul, 'Why hast thou forsaken me?'

"And, in other and lesser martyrdoms than that of Calvary, it is equally true, that the sacrifice lies in the slow completion of the self-abnegation, and not in the first oblation. When the exile for conscience' sake stands on the heaving deck, still beholding his loved ones waving their last farewell, and feeling their tears yet warm upon his cheek, his sacrifice is but prepared. When the long years of mind and heart solitude have stolen the vigor from his brain, and filled with sickly longings the void in his affections; when the weary life is drawing to a lonely close, — *then*, if his soul be kneeling still, laying *willingly* still its great gift upon the altar, then is his sacrifice truly made to God. And thus, too, must be fulfilled all sacrifices, — freely, cheerfully, *to the end*; for it is *in the perseverance* that lies the sacrifice. And herein, too, may live its joy and glory! Each moment that the soul resists the temptation to regret, and renews in spirit its vow of sacrifice as freely as at first, it actually accomplishes its act of virtue: it is marching forward in its path, and not merely, as it sometimes seems, standing still on the barren rock whither a wave of resolution has borne it." — On *Self Consecration*, pp. 318, 319.

THE title of Mr. Merivale's volume* suggested the hope, that something had been done to fill the gap — which the public have expected

* The Conversion of the Roman Empire. The Boyle Lectures for the year 1864, delivered at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall. By Charles Merivale. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

and demanded should be filled — between the close of his great History and the era of Constantine. Such a task, at any rate, seems indispensable to be done by somebody ; and by whom so well ? In default of it, we take up his volume of "Lectures" with something of hope, and more of disappointment. From its slender bulk a good deal must be deducted, for the apologetic and homiletic requirements of his lectureship ; and of the remainder, there is barely enough to give us a few glimpses and hints, where we want the clear outline, if not the full detail, of a finished picture. What the book contributes to our knowledge of the period it treats — the four hundred years from Julius Cæsar to Constantine — is, first, the independent judgment of a man of letters, as well as churchman and apologist, reviewing the facts from a position as broad and enlightened as his official character will permit ; and, secondly, a series of very interesting groups of testimonies, to illustrate the phases of Pagan thought with which the early church militant had to deal.

In two or three instances, these illustrations are given in scenes, or historical sketches, drawn with a good deal of force and skill. Such is the parallel, in the first lecture, between the two most noteworthy scenes that mark the beginning and end of the period under review, — the trial of the accomplices of Catiline, in which Julius Cæsar made, without rebuke, his striking declaration of utter disbelief in a future life ; and the Council of Nicæa, also a great council of state, presided over by the chief magistrate of the empire, and consulting how to state the terms of a revelation which had so powerfully moved men's minds by the reality of things unseen and spiritual. This striking sketch, showing at one glance the immense space travelled over by the human spirit in those centuries of struggle, is the finest single achievement of the volume.

In the second lecture, a description is given, hardly inferior in interest, of the ceremonial of lustration (detailed by Lucan), to expiate the impiety of Cæsar's parricidal attack on Rome. This, with the religious re-action, or revival, cherished by Augustus, is used to illustrate what is one of the most valuable points in Mr. Merivale's History, — the reality and power of a secular or state religion among the Romans, having no reference to a future life of retribution, but only to the edicts and judgments of the unseen powers respecting the secular majesty of Rome. A religion how genuine and powerful few suspect, unless with some such guidance as this they have made it a matter of special study.

The third exposition made by Mr. Merivale — valuable in what it gives, but much less detailed and complete than we should wish — is of the development of Roman law, from its rude and harsh germ into a system of breadth enough, and of abstract justice enough, to serve as a "schoolmaster to bring men to Christ." This genuine appreciation of what was good in Pagan life and thought, so honorable in him as an historian and critic, is further seen in his treatment of the Roman moralists, — the "preachers" of the heathen world. With a true and noble aspiration, but with a tone sad and desponding, they also did an important service to the ethical development of Christianity. A corresponding service might be claimed, perhaps,

but it is less distinctly urged, for the "spiritualists" and mystics of the later Pagan faith. That this phase of faith degenerated into necromancy and pious frauds suggests its parallel in our day—which Mr. Merivale draws in a manner not flattering to the modern counterpart. The closing lectures of the volume state the positive elements brought by Christianity to the great war of the religions,—its definite theological creed, and the moral power of the Christian life. In this portion, the thought, in a good measure, is Neander's; and the illustration is neither complete nor original enough to add much to what we had already. Indeed, the chief value which the reader will find in reference to these matters consists in the citations made from early writers, both Pagan and Christian, of which the body of notes serves as a tolerably complete and very interesting collection.

HISTORY AND POLITICS.

WE have received from England a pamphlet, by Mr. F. W. Newman,* containing more political wisdom than is often found in the same number of pages. It embodies the results of the author's long study of the institutions of his country, given in a few words, not often with the evidences and the processes of reasoning which have led to his conclusions, but with the general political principles always stated in full which these conclusions illustrate. These give to his suggestions a high philosophical value. Almost every point which he makes "is developed out of the single principle, that *centralization*, and the *bureaucracy* which it nourishes, must be severely abated" (p. 30.) For this reason, the views presented here deserve to be carefully studied in this country, where, as in all civilized countries, centralization is at present a serious danger. In England, however, the danger is of an individualizing centralization; in the United States, of a generalizing one. That is to say, in England, the Parliament has swallowed up, or tends to swallow up, all local legislation, and is, consequently, overburdened with private bills, and with matters which really concern only individual towns or counties: our Congress, on the other hand, is disengaged of all such burdens as these, and has no inclination to meddle with the details of State administration; the temptation it is actually under is to undertake to lay down general rules which shall apply to all the States without distinction, in matters in which the inherent differences in the States would make it desirable to leave them free to adopt their own course of action.

The central idea of the pamphlet, as we have already remarked, is the menacing growth of centralization and bureaucracy.

"Centralization has come in from continental despotism, from the first French Revolutionists, and largely from the writings of Bentham, as I understand. Bureaucracy has been ever on the increase through the enormous extent of the empire, and the immensity of power devolving on the ministry

* English Institutions, and their most necessary Reforms. A Contribution of Thought, by Francis W. Newman, late Professor in University College, London. London : Trübner & Co., 80, Paternoster Row. 1865. 8vo. pp. 82.

of the day; while Parliament is too slow in learning facts to be any adequate check. The House of Peers, as an order, has no interest in bureaucracy, and none in centralization. Hence, without a shadow of paradox, and with perfect straightforwardness, I maintain, that, from a true conservative point of view, our nation has to retrace many wrong steps, and make many right ones, quickly and boldly" (p. 4).

"The decay of English institutions, from the ascension of William III. to the death of George III. was mainly due to the fact, that, during European war an English Parliament can ill attend to any thing else. Just so, parliamentary reform was abandoned, because Russian war came upon us. This is an evidently defective and barbarous condition; and puts us into melancholy contrast with the United States, in which no intensity of war lessens the domestic energy of the State Governments" (p. 24).

"The task laid on the Commons House is at present too overwhelming. Without new machinery, which shall relieve it of the present intolerable load, no imaginable change in the mode of electing is likely to cure the evil. One supreme legislature for 230 millions! Englishmen who come out of practical life, and have been deeply immersed in special and very limited occupations, are to judge on private bills innumerable, and on the affairs of people very unlike to us, and quite unknown to us! In the United States, for thirty-one millions of people, there are thirty-five independent local legislatures, each having, on an average, less than a million; while the Supreme Congress is wholly disengaged from all local law, and regulates only a defined number of topics which concern the entire homogeneous union" (p. 13).

"In the last century and a half, while our population has been growing in numbers, and our affairs in complexity, so far have we been from increasing and developing our organization, that we have destroyed or spoiled the organs which existed. The Parliaments of Ireland and Scotland have been annihilated (one by flagrant, the other by suspected, bribery), and the power and status of our municipalities and our county organization have been gravely lowered" (*ib.*).

Of more practical importance to us are the remarks upon the extension of the franchise: —

"Of what reforms do we now hear talk? Prominently and solely of extended suffrage and the ballot. Let me grant to a radical that each of these may have its value — the ballot for its mechanical convenience, and as a temporary engine to save a limited class from intimidation. Yet, unless these are mere steps towards after-reforms, they will leave Parliament over-worked and helpless, the bureaucracy as despotic as ever, India disloyal, the House of Lords as obstructive as ever to all religious freedom" (p. 11).

"The course which Whig-radical reform has hitherto taken has greatly frightened many reasonable conservatives. I maintain, that it ought also to displease, if not alarm, all sincere and reasonable radicals, because it tends to bring us to the French goal, not to the American goal. With a central authority preponderating so enormously over our local; a Parliament, by the side of which every Municipality is a pygmy; a ministry, wielding an executive so vast, while our Mayors and Lord Mayors have sunk into pageants, — every step of change which merely extends the parliamentary franchise is a step towards a system in which it is decided by universal suffrage once in seven years, what oligarchy shall be our despotic rulers" (p. 5).

"That persons may be 'elevated' by possessing the suffrage, they must be able to meet, and discuss, and form definite opinions" (p. 26).

A truth which our reformers are apt to overlook. Another important principle, illustrated in the mode of election of our President and Senators, is contained in the following extract: —

"The French Reformers in the last century, who first in Europe conceived generous and noble ideas of popular power, were aware that nothing but confusion could come of universal suffrage acting directly on a central system, in a populous nation. They devised the system of double election; and, in my belief, were fundamentally right. But, on a sound foundation, they built unsoundly. The bodies which thus elect *ought not to exist merely for the sake of electing*. They should elect, because they are a substantive power, trusted for other high duties, and, therefore, trustworthy for this function also" (p. 27).

We will not discuss at length all the criticisms and propositions made by Mr. Newman, but only the two or three that are of most general interest. One is especially struck with the avowal, by perhaps the most democratic writer in England, of a desire to strengthen the genuinely aristocratic element of the State, and to elevate the character and increase the power of the House of Peers, making it very much such a body as some wished that our Senate should be,—chosen for life, and still endowed with its present high functions.

For the creation of Life Peers he would invite the recommendation of the House of Commons (p. 21). To the House, thus constituted, he would give "supreme control over Foreign Affairs" (p. 21); and every appointment to office should be made "by the consent of the House of Peers" (p. 22). "To a reformed House of Peers the warmest lovers of liberty among us would shortly rally. A popular movement can only dictate principles, such as are these: let us have true aristocracy, not bureaucracy; let us have political vitality everywhere, restricting centralization to its true functions; let every class be represented in the Legislature, and be admissible into the Executive" (p. 31). Always classes, as with all English writers. The principle, however, advanced by Mr. Mill, and analogous to this suggestion of Mr. Newman's, of a Life-Senate, composed of statesmen, who have gained the confidence of the people, is worthy of consideration.

In order to re-establish the practice of local legislation, Mr. Newman maintains "that Ireland ought to be divided into four Provinces, England into (perhaps) six, Scotland into two; Wales would remain "the Principality": hence, might be thirteen Provincial Councils, with free power of local taxation and local legislation, subject only to a *veto* from Parliament, which, in most cases, would gradually become a formality" (p. 23). Not having Mr. Newman's intimate acquaintance with English affairs, we regret much that he did not have the space to enter into details upon this point, and give us his reasons for not employing the historical institution of Counties (the Provinces, of course, in Ireland) for this purpose. The counties would certainly be amply competent to perform all the local legislation, and the advantage of employing actual divisions, with historical associations, and some degree of present independence, is very manifest. It is only when it should come to being represented in the imperial Parliament that any difficulty would arise; and it strikes us that it would be better to meet this difficulty in some other way, than to establish these purely arbitrary provinces, merely for the reason that they could more easily be represented equally. We would remark also,

and with more confidence, that the possession of a *veto* upon provincial legislation leaves the door open for quite as much centralization as exists now. It was proposed in our constitutional convention, and most fortunately rejected. The true principle is that adopted in our federal government, of a sharp *division of sphere* between the two governments, but absolute and complete sovereignty of each within its sphere.

The above are the topics of reform which are of most general interest. Hardly less so is "the perilous splendor of India." To avert danger in which quarter, Mr. Newman makes two propositions: "1. The establishment of an IMPERIAL COURT in India, to judge all causes between the Queen's Government and the Princes" (p. 18); secondly, a measure which "was solemnly guaranteed to India by Lord Grey's ministry in Parliament, and by the Parliamentary Charter of 1838;" viz., "That to every office, high or low, *except* that of Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief, native Indians should be admissible on equal terms with British-born subjects" (p. 19). This promise is kept at present by the system of competitive examinations, which forces the Indians to come to England to be examined! Again: —

"The pernicious system of centralization, which makes French legal liberty impossible, and has gravely damaged England, in India has run riot without control. When the East India Company overthrew local treasuries in India, and put into their central exchequer at Calcutta the tolls of roads and ferries of the most remote south, they perpetrated a deed which doomed their rule to be a blight upon the land, even if the virtue of their lowest servants had been on a par with the best. We know, by positive official statement, that, in consequence of this diversion of moneys from their local purpose, the roads of whole kingdoms became overgrown, and so lost that their old course was matter for official inquiry. This hideous blunder remains unreversed. India has no local treasuries. Every coin in every province is liable to be spent in some war against Nepaul, Afghanistan, or Thibet. War is made with the very lifeblood of material prosperity: roads and bridges, canals and tanks, cannot be repaired during war, while their funds are mixed with the war funds" (p. 29).

Other points, discussed in this pamphlet with less fulness, but always ably and instructively, are the state of Ireland, of the Established Churches, and of the Peasantry, the reform of the Mutiny Bill, and the neutralization of merchant vessels in time of war. Upon Lord Russell he throws the blame of the defeat of the last-named measure, which was proposed by the American Government, and received favorably by Lord Palmerston. The defective character of the Mutiny Bill he considers the cause of many of the unjust wars into which the nation is plunged by petty governors and commanders. The other three points are of vital importance, but do not require from him so full treatment.

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THE
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"Porro si sapientia Deusa est, verus philosophus est similem Dei" — St. AUGUSTINE.

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THE
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NOVEMBER, 1865.

C. W. St. John, Jr.

ART. I.—MILL'S REVIEW OF HAMILTON.

An Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy, and of the principal Philosophical Questions discussed in his Writings. By JOHN STUART MILL. 2 vols. Boston: W. V. Spencer.

THE personal qualities of John Stuart Mill, as a man deeply interested in every work of social reform, and in every cause which concerns his fellow-creatures, have lately brought him into such wide and distinguished notice, that even his illustrious fame as a thinker on the profoundest problems in metaphysics seems to be, for a time, eclipsed. The man is cordially admired by people who were ignorant enough to suppose him the author of Miss Evans's novel, "Mill on the Floss." Loyal Americans speak of him as the "Great Englishman," — why great, they know not, except that he liked them, — who stoutly maintained their cause throughout the war, as many another Englishman did; and who loved the cause better than they did themselves, because he understood it better. Such a combination of man's practical sympathy with subtle metaphysical speculation is exceedingly rare.

It is the more rare, when, as in Mr. Mill's case, the speculative talent is in excess of the practical. We consider him to be pre-eminently a thinker on abstract problems. In his canvass for Parliament, he opened himself to the criticism of the short-sighted even, by his singular notion that no one should

be allowed to vote who could not work out a sum in the "rule of three." But his must be a very keen eye that can detect a fallacy in his logic, or a flaw in the texture of his mental philosophy. The most difficult themes he handles with the ease of a master. So full is his consciousness of power, and so competent his knowledge, that he dares to walk without the least disguise or affectation over that domain, the frequenters whereof play the chameleon on principle. He writes on philosophical questions like a man of business; gets as near as he can to the naked thought; presses the thought close against fact; uses the simplest words, and believes in the possibility of reaching the bottom of things by the honest use of reason. For this cause, his writings, however abstruse and profound, are always interesting.

The volumes before us contain scarcely more than a series of notes on the philosophical points discussed in the writings of Sir William Hamilton, and of criticisms on his mode of treating them. They do not constitute a philosophical work: but are more like studies for such a work, which we hope, and are almost tempted to predict, that the author has in contemplation. For Mr. Mill thinks on long lines; the action of his mind is systematic, continuous, exhaustive. It is not his way to leave questions half-answered; and we shall decline to receive this collection of "Remarks," as even so much as the outline sketch of a system of philosophy. We regard them as intended to do a work which is incidental to the statement of a new system; the work, namely, of preparing the ground by the removal of rubbish. His business here is the summary exposure and radical extermination of fallacies; and the work is done effectually, once and for all time.

Mr. Mill takes up Sir William Hamilton, not because he is weak, but because he is strong; because he is the strongest man whose name is associated with the views he writes to pass judgment on. The philosophy appears in him at its best. Mr. Mill prefers, therefore, assailing it under the statement made by Sir William, than under any statement that he could make himself; his only regret being, that Sir William, being dead, cannot meet his objections, or give him the benefit

of his criticisms in return. How Sir William would have met this terrible opponent, we never shall know. To us, it seems as if encounter would be useless. Not only are we sensible of something like mortification, in that we esteemed Sir William so great a philosopher: we find ourselves doubting if he was a philosopher at all, in the noble sense of the word.

We did fancy, before reading this book, that we had a tolerably accurate idea of the Hamiltonian Philosophy. Its grand features, at least, were sufficiently familiar. We were acquainted with its founder's famous critique on Cousin, wherein he laid assault to the very citadel of the philosophy of the absolute and infinite; and we had had for years on our shelf his edition of Reid, with notes and dissertations, wherein, accepting substantially the basis of the system of "common sense," he attempted to rear an edifice thereupon, more consistent and complete than the Scotchman was able to construct. We had considered ourselves well grounded in his "great axiom," that all our human knowledge is of things relative and phenomenal; that of things as existing in and for themselves, without relation to us or our faculties,—of things absolute,—we know and can know nothing; be they external, be they internal, be they material, intellectual, or spiritual; the existence of them being purely an inference from such appearances as our faculties can take cognizance of. With the Hamiltonian doctrine of "The Conditioned," which imports that all we can positively think lies between two opposite poles of thought, which, as excluding each other, cannot both be true, but of which one or the other must be, we believed ourselves acquainted. Mr. Mansel, Sir William's eager disciple, made these two dogmas of the Relative and the Conditioned somewhat notorious by his Essay on "The Limits of Religious Thought." We had associated the name of Sir William Hamilton with the opinion that Consciousness is the recognition, by the mind, of its own acts and affections, and of nothing beside, whether in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth; whether things past, present, or to come; material or spiritual. We had held him responsible for a peculiar theory of Causation which implied that the very idea of

Causation was inconceivable; and for a vigorous defence of the belief in Free Will, grounded in his philosophy of the Conditioned.

But, from these volumes, it appears that we have all along been ascribing opinions to Sir William which he never consistently held. It appears that he either never held, or that he after a time ceased to hold, the famous doctrine of the Relativity of Human Knowledge; inasmuch as, while emphatically asserting it in some passages, in others "he repudiated it in every sense which makes it other than a barren truism."

It appears that he takes back in detail what he has affirmed in general, and reposes arguments on bases which he himself discarded when stating and arguing his Philosophy of the Conditioned. It appears that he taught two different, inconsistent, and opposite doctrines of Consciousness; one, that it is synonymous with immediate or intuitive knowledge, and that we are conscious not merely of our own state of mind, but of outward objects; not merely of sensations, but of certain qualities in things;—another, that Consciousness is simply the mind's recognition of its own acts and feelings. In respect to Causation, it appears that, while he professes to explain the phenomenon of Causality, he begins by emptying the phenomenon of all that requires explanation: and, while defending the doctrine of Free Will, he "as is often the case (and it is one of the best things he does) saves his opponents the trouble of answering his friends."

Mr. Mill brings terrible charges against the great philosopher. He accuses him of being rather a polemic than a connected thinker; a man who, "if he can only seize on something which will strike a hard blow at an opponent, seldom troubles himself how much of his own edifice may be knocked down by the shock." He alleges of him, that he rejected doctrines, not because he had examined them and found them wanting, but without examining them; that "the character of his whole Philosophy seems to have been determined by the requirements of the doctrine of Free Will; to which doctrine he clung, because he had persuaded himself that it

afforded the only premises from which human reason could deduce the doctrines of Natural Religion."—"Instead of having reasoned out a consistent scheme of thought," says his critic, "of which every part fits in with the other parts, he seems to have explored the deeper regions of the mind only at the points which had some direct connection with the conclusions he had adopted on a few special questions of Philosophy; and from his different explorations he occasionally brought back different results."

Mr. Mill even has the audacity to dispute Sir William's claim to omniscience. He dares to say that he knows little or nothing of Science; that he is wholly unacquainted with Applied Mathematics, not understanding so much as the meaning of the phrase; and that he makes serious mistakes in the department of knowledge with which he is most familiar, namely, the History of Philosophical Speculation. These charges are not merely advanced: they are substantiated by abundant quotations. It will be long before Sir William's reputation recovers from the blow dealt upon it by his great countryman, if it ever does.

But Mr. Mill is not striving for victory over an opponent, however famous. He is striving for the truth. He would not have laid a finger on Hamilton's renown, if his renown had not been associated with doctrines which he believed to be false, and the error of which he thought himself competent to expose. And yet we must qualify this statement by saying, that his quarrel, after all, is not so directly with the essential character and main drift of Hamilton's Philosophy, as with Hamilton himself. He accepts heartily—of course, with reservations on details of argument and statement—the substance of Hamilton's critique on Cousin and the Transcendentalists. He shares, also, with suitable reservations, his admiration for Reid. The famous doctrine of the Relativity of Knowledge he holds, under his own definition, to be fundamental and precious. With some of Sir William's expressions respecting Consciousness he cordially agrees. His complaint is, that Sir William does not comprehend the scope, or follow the leading, of his own essential principles.

Mr. Mill is a thinker of what is called in the modern speech the Psychological School, to which belong also Prof. Bain of Aberdeen, and Herbert Spencer. Under the old classification, he would be called a Sensationalist as distinguished from a Transcendentalist; but Speculative Philosophy has made such immense gains, during the past generation, in method as well as in material, that the old nomenclature fails to do any thing but misrepresent. The Transcendentalist Philosophy is the main object of attack; and in these volumes he means to hunt it out of its last refuge, and to kill its last spawn in the writings of one of its foremost antagonists in this century. Its citadel he supposes carried: he is concerned now to sweep it out of the cellars. It is confessedly dead: in this work he fumigates the garments of those who have aided in laying out the corpse. Every chapter of these volumes throws a light into some dark corner of Sir William's writings where the heresy lurks, and makes the presence of it apparent. The chapters on "The Doctrine of Concepts or General Notions," on Judgment, on Reasoning, on the Conception of Logic as a Science, on the Hamiltonian Theory of Pleasure and Pain, on Sir William's Opinions on the Study of Mathematics, are loaded and aimed with the same deadly purpose of assault on some ghost of Transcendentalism. It often seems for a moment as if the remorseless critic was losing scent of his trail and wandering aimlessly in some by-path, attracted by the love of logical play with so accomplished a dialectician; but it is no such thing: he has scented the odious doctrine on some button of Sir William's coat, and he springs at it. The trail is taken up again, on the instant.

Though professedly a work of criticism, and not of exposition, the writer ventures enough of exposition to make the leading features of his own system plain. In opposition to Cousin, who states it as the problem of philosophy to ascertain just what *Consciousness actually tells us*, postponing any attempt at framing a theory concerning the origin of any of the facts of Consciousness, till the sum of them has been carefully noted, Mr. Mill declares that "*the origin of our ideas*" is the main stress of the problem of mental science,

and the subject which must be first considered in forming a theory of the Mind. Being unable to examine the actual contents of our Consciousness until our earliest, which are necessarily our most firmly knit associations are fully formed, we cannot study the original elements of mind, in the facts of our *present* Consciousness.

"Those original elements can only come to light, as residual phenomena, by a previous study of the modes of generation of the mental facts which are confessedly not original; a study sufficiently thorough to enable us to apply its results to the convictions, beliefs, or supposed intuitions which seem to be original, and to determine whether some of *them* may not have been generated by the same modes so early as to have become inseparable from our consciousness before the time at which memory commences."

This method of ascertaining the original elements of mind, Mr. Mill calls the "psychological" as distinguished from the purely "introspective" mode. It is an adaptation to psychology, of the method now universally approved in physical science. Having full faith in his method, Mr. Mill firmly believes that all difficulties will yield before it, and in vision sees the intuitions of the mind one after another resolving themselves into *results of experience*. The notion that the mind possesses a native faculty, by means of which it has, prior to all experience, an immediate perception of objects, entities, or beings outside of itself,—an immediate insight into truths, or direct knowledge of principles,—he discards with a vigor which we have never seen equalled by any thinker, not even by Mr. Spencer himself, in some of whose writings a suspicion of the Intuitive Philosophy lingers. Simple acts of consciousness, simple movements of thought, mental impressions, are all he allows that we know; and these facts of consciousness he contends were all acquired, and may all perhaps be traced to their origin in experience. Mr. Mill is perfectly right in declaring it superfluous for him to say, that the doctrine that we have an immediate or intuitive knowledge of God, is, in his opinion, "bad metaphysics, involving a false conception of the nature and limits of the human faculties, and grounded on a superficial and erroneous psy-

chology." Of course whatever relates to God he holds to be matter of inference, and of inference based on experience. The idea of God may be an established possession of the human mind. We may have had it from the earliest dawn of our conscious thinking; the mind, on coming to consciousness, may find it implanted as by some supernatural hand, or existing as part of its organic formation; there may be a necessity of entertaining it which cannot be overcome. Nevertheless the idea may have been acquired, not by the individual who holds it now, not by the individuals immediately preceding him in time, not by the individuals of a century or more back,—but by the all but infinite series and groups of individuals who, since man came upon the planet, have been impressed by the order in which the successions of phenomena appeared, and by the marks of intelligence which characterized their processions and changes. These observations have been so constant and multitudinous; the inferences from them have been so steady, rapid, and cumulative,—that the processes by which the belief in God is attained, go on instinctively, and in fact are fore-ordained for every clear intelligence.

The idea of immortality, which Mr. Parker thought was arrived at intuitively, or rather was not arrived at at all, but discovered as a primeval deposit in the mind, is by Mr. Mill traced to the same origin. It is not a fact of consciousness, in the sense of being a native element of consciousness, undervived and original. It is a fact of consciousness certainly, though not strictly a universal one or a necessary one. In many minds it is wanting; in other minds it dwells as a thing that might be put away. In others, again, it is retained by an effort. It is a fact of consciousness: but it has not always been a fact of consciousness. There is nothing in Mr. Mill's system that is inconsistent with a firm belief in individual immortality. There is no tendency in his system, if we understand it, to weaken the belief in any mind. The Philosophy takes the belief as it finds it: but, in accounting for its presence, he would go far back to the multifarious experience of mankind, by which the human mind and heart have been educated in that special assurance and hope.

The same ground, no other and no further, would he allow for the moral distinction between right and wrong, and for the moral conviction in favor of the right. No one could go further than he in maintaining the validity of the distinction; no one could lay a greater stress on the conviction as being one of the ineradicable persuasions of the enlightened and even of the unenlightened mind. He would probably acknowledge, as at present existing in mankind, in so far as they have been in concurrence with the general life of humanity, a moral instinct, a moral sense, which has an immediate perception of rectitude as contrasted with iniquity. But this moral sense, though an inalienable possession dating back from time immemorial, is to be counted as an inheritance earned by love and hard experience in living, bought by the toil and suffering, the success and the failure, of uncounted generations of men who have been walking over bridges of swords from earth to paradise, till long practice has made them wary and skilful in the planting of their feet. The Golden Rule, he might say, was not picked up by one walking heedlessly over the field of consciousness; nor was it fashioned by a single blow of genius. It has been heated in the fires of human sorrow and temptation thrust into the furnace of affliction, and taken out of it millions and millions of times. Every race has had it on its anvil under its trip-hammer. Its strength had been tried in every mode that was conceivable, in every emergency which could possibly come in the public or private, the social or the personal, relations of men. The nations of the East used it in the measurement of actions. The Chinese laid it against characters, and tried them by its standard. The Greeks were familiar with it, and by their fine manipulation wrought it into finished and beautiful shape. Jesus found it on the ground, took it up, experimented with it, applied it to all the occasions that arose in his career, leaned on it and found it did not break or bend, gauged by it and found it never came short, and passed it on. We never ask now where it came from. We accept it without question. Everybody has it, we say; everybody has had it, from the beginning of the world: it

is an innate principle of conscience. That, replies Mr. Mill, is not so certain. Nothing is to be accepted as an innate principle that can be accounted for in another way. This can be.

No original, native, underived knowledge of things, beings, truths, outside of our own minds; no revelation by consciousness of an objective world,—this we take to be the watch-word of the psychological school. Matter, defined by Mr. Mill, is simply “a Permanent Possibility of Sensation.”

“If I am asked, he says, whether I believe in Matter, I ask whether the questioner accepts this definition of it. If he does, I believe in Matter; and so do all Berkeleians. In any other sense than this, I do not. But I affirm with confidence, that this conception of Matter includes the whole meaning attached to it by the common world, apart from philosophical, and sometimes from theological theories. The reliance of mankind on the real existence of visible and tangible objects means reliance on the reality and permanence of possibilities of visual and tactful sensations when no such sensations are actually experienced.”

Dr. Johnson’s famous knock-down argument, the demonstration of the cudgel, hurts nobody but himself. We are not called on to deny our sensations, because we deny all immediate knowledge of the substance composing the stick. The conscious feeling is the same, whether the wood be a solid entity or only a projection from the mind.

We have no space for a description of the mental laws under which the conception of an external world grew up. We cannot even do justice to the analysis by which the primary qualities of matter—specified as Resistance, Extension, and Figure—are resolved into sensations which are referable at last, to the sense of touch, and to the muscles, acting in obedience to the law of inseparable association. A long passage is quoted from Professor Bain’s work, “The Senses and the Intellect,” as presenting, in its latest and most improved form, the argument which traces the perception of the mathematical and mechanical properties of matter to the muscular sensibility alone. The argument is ingenious, but not too ingenious to be satisfactory. We give in to the

belief, that the space moved through by the foot in pacing may be appreciated solely through the muscles of the limb, as well as by the movements of the touching hand or the seeing eye; that the body's own movements, in empty space, would suffice to make the same impressions on the mind as the movements excited by outward objects; that the notion of length in space is constructed by the mind's laws out of the notion of length in time; and that the notion of extended body is that of various resisting points, which successively come under the touch, and which are said to be at different distances from one another, because the series of intervening muscular sensations is longer in some cases than in others. Sir William Hamilton unwittingly confirms this explanation, which elsewhere he pronounces wholly unsatisfactory, by quoting the experience of a man born blind, as drawn from him by the metaphysician Platner. The truth elicited seemed to be, that, with the blind, *time served instead of space*. "Vicinity and distance mean, in their mouths, nothing more than the longer or shorter time, the smaller or greater number of feelings which they find necessary to attain from some one feeling to another."—"In like manner he distinguished figures in external bodies merely by the varieties of impressed feelings: the cube, for example, affected his feelings differently from the sphere." The theory, in a word, is this: "The sensation of muscular motion unimpeded, constitutes our notion of empty space; and the sensation of muscular motion impeded, constitutes that of filled space." It is a theory, which when fully exhibited meets the demands of the problem, without recourse to the intuitions. It substitutes, for "Categories of the Mind," mental representations caused by impressions on the sense.

The same process of reasoning which begets the conviction that consciousness gives no evidence of the existence of an outward world of Matter, begets the conviction that consciousness gives no evidence of an inward world of Mind. Of Mind itself we know nothing; only of a succession of manifold feelings which are called States or Modifications of Mind. It is, indeed, true that we think of Mind as of some-

thing permanent, remaining always the same, while the special feelings which seem to "pass over it," or "pass through it," change and disappear. But is there good reason for thinking, that this attribute of permanence, which we ascribe to Mind, differs in any essential respect from the attribute of permanence which we ascribe to Matter? and may not the explanation given of the origin of the one suffice to account for the origin of the other? And is the belief that the Mind exists, when it neither thinks nor feels, nor is conscious of its existence, any thing more than a belief in the permanent possibility of these states? What hinders us, then, from thinking of Mind, simply as the series of actually occurring sensations, with the addition of an indefinite possibility of feelings, under conditions which are always in existence and which may combine. To this statement, that Mind, the mind of any individual, is but a series of feelings, or thread of consciousness, woven by the laws of association, and infinitely drawn out by the Mind's expectation of new feelings occurring in some under-stated and constant conditions,— to this statement that Mind is not an entity of which we have immediate knowledge, it is no objection that, if true, it would blot other sentient creatures from existence, leaving each man a solitary Ego shut up in the loneliness of his interior sensations. May not their minds be series of feelings too? They have bodies intimately associated with feelings such as ours. They make a multitude of outward signs such as we know to be caused by feelings. The inference is necessary that they are individuals such as we are. The proof is as good under this theory as under any Realistic theory that may be entertained. The *argumentum baculinum*, the demonstration of the stick, is as futile in defence of the mental entity as of the material.

Why should not the existence of God be as susceptible of proof on this theory, as on any other? What is the Divine Mind to our thought, but the series of divine thoughts and feelings enduring through eternity? Arguments for the existence of God remain unaffected, even in their terms. From the relation which human works bear to human thoughts and feelings, men commonly infer that a corresponding rela-

tion exists between the vastly greater works of the universe and the thoughts and feelings of a Creative Mind. The psychologist does the same thing precisely. No man sees God. All men reason from mental states of their own to another's mental states. The world, as a permanent possibility of inducing sensations, is as full of order, constancy, design, harmony, beauty, as if it were a solid substance. The Mind, as a permanent capacity of experiencing sensations, is as competent to carry on logical processes as if it were a spiritual essence. The theory does not in the least affect the persuasions or the principles on which we act in practical life.

It is as easy to believe in immortality on this theory as on the commonly accepted one. Why not? May not the expectation, that states of feeling will continue to succeed each other, which is the basis of the idea of permanence, be prolonged indefinitely, and even eternally? The conditions must be imagined at any rate; but the laws of association make it not difficult to imagine them. And thus every argument for immortality, except the very poor one of the assumed imperishableness of a spiritual substance, remains in full force.

We are conscious, then, neither of Matter nor of Mind, as substances: we have no immediate knowledge of the essential constitution of either; nor have we good ground for supposing, that either has a being in and of itself apart from a certain series of phenomena. This seems like going pretty far; but it brings us only to the threshold of the inquiry. We must probe deeper than this if we would reach the heart of the transcendental theory. It is necessary to dispense entirely with the resort to intuitions. It is necessary to expel from the mind every vestige of the intuitional philosophy. No "innate ideas," or "necessary truths," or "original beliefs," or axioms existing independent of outward verification and antecedent to outward experience, can be admitted. But is not the truth that twice two make four such an axiom? Is not the persuasion that the same body cannot, at the same moment, be round and square, or white and black, such a belief? Is not the certainty that two straight lines cannot inclose a space, such

a necessary truth? Is not the notion that time and space are endless, an instance of such an innate idea? Mr. Mill boldly says, "No." These truths are all acquired truths; and it would not be very difficult to analyze the process by which they were acquired. An inseparable association compels us to accept two and two as equivalent to four. We have never met with an exception to the fact. It is presented to us at almost every moment of our lives. Whenever we count, we recognize it. It is before us in the sight of our four fingers. The four corners of a book, or any square object, print it on the retina. The observation of thousands of years has brought to light no one instance in which two and two made five. But, on the other hand, there is no difficulty in conceiving that an equally inseparable association *might* have made us think of two and two as equivalent to five. And does any one believe, that a teacher who should gravely tell a class of boys and girls that one and one made three,—two and two five,—three and three seven,—four and four nine, and so on, would be straightway rebuked by the scholars for such an affront put upon them, and for such an insult offered to the necessary truths of the human mind? No one has ever seen a round square. It is the uniform experience of mankind, that the instant a thing begins to be round, it ceases to be square; and the instant it begins to be square, it ceases to be round. The one idea, in experience, excludes the other. But does it of necessity exclude the other in imagination? Would not a visit to Hermann or Heller make us sufficiently familiar with the phenomenon of two distinct sensations, as the product of one object, to concede that any two incompatible attributes might co-exist in the same body? As for the impossibility of conceiving that two parallel lines should enclose a space, it may easily, Mr. Mill thinks, be disposed of. Few persuasions are more obviously acquired, and few could, we imagine, be more easily overthrown. In fact, an intellectual effort is required to hold the idea. "A world in which every object was round, with the single exception of a straight, inaccessible railway, would be a world in which every one would believe that two straight lines enclosed a space." A simple man, who had never heard

the proposition stated as an axiom, and had never observed the tendency of parallel lines, or thought particularly about them, might, very possibly, standing on a railway, and seeing the lines apparently converging in the distance behind and before, conclude that they met further on. Reid in fact admits, that, judging by the sense of sight alone, it would appear "that every right line, if produced, might at last return to itself," and that "any two right lines, being produced, would meet in two points." He even adds, that persons thus constituted would believe firmly, "that two and more bodies may exist in the same place."

In the cases adduced, the origin of the truism may be traced directly to the senses. The axioms are material; they cannot be detached from sensible objects, and we all know how the senses may be fooled. Let us come, then, to a problem of another order. We will take the sense of moral accountability, which is generally by philosophers affirmed to be "inborn," an ultimate fact of consciousness. Sir William Hamilton takes his stand on this as an impregnable ground, upon it plants the belief in moral freedom, and rears the edifice of Natural Religion. Is this notion and feeling of responsibility a primeval part of the human constitution? Mr. Mill doubts it. The feeling, he says, is acquired, and acquired by experience. For, in the last analysis, what is this sense of responsibility? Is it any thing more than an assurance, that, if one acts in this or that way, he will incur the risk of punishment? When we say, We hold ourselves accountable, do we not mean simply that we are willing to pay damages? But this idea of penalty, as attached to conduct, may be explained as the result of external experience. The feeling of liability to punishment may be a feeling of expectancy or of assurance that punishment will be inflicted by some power, human or divine. But to account for this feeling of expectancy or assurance, we need institute no search beyond the familiar education of life. Parents, pedagogues, play-mates, social custom, civil and criminal law, priests and preachers, have inculcated that belief, and have left the mark of it very visibly on our persons and our lot. It would be exceedingly

strange if the universal practice of punishment, from time immemorial, had not begotten the universal expectation of it, on every occasion of nonconformity with the ruling will, whether human or divine.

But how shall we explain the feeling, equally universal and equally instructive, that the penalty is deserved; that the punishment is just and ought to be inflicted? This, after all, is the main point. The moral problem hinges on this. But why, asks Mr. Mill, may not this too be explained in the same way? Why should not the constant and universal fact of punishment be sufficient to beget the persuasion that it is deserved? What multitudes of people are oppressed, even to agony, by the sense of guilt, where no guilt does, or can be supposed to, exist! The perpetual preaching of the doctrine of future retribution and the everlasting misery of all, save the very small number of the "elect," has made thousands of the sweetest and saintliest people imagine themselves to be totally depraved, and justly amenable to the consuming anger of God. The fatalism of the Turks and of a large portion of Christians takes away the whole logical ground of demerit, makes the sense of moral guilt utterly irrational; but it does not practically remove either the anticipation of punishment in the next life, or the conviction that the punishment will be deserved. The steady proclamation of doom compels the moral assent to it. Another fact equally remarkable lends its force to this illustration. The sense of moral demerit does not exist, where *the liability to punishment does not exist*, even where guilt has been atrocious in character and enormity. The oriental despot perpetrates crimes of gigantic proportions openly, in face of all the world; but, being actually accountable to no one who has power to make him suffer, he has no anticipation of punishment, and little, if any, consciousness of guilt. The member of a privileged caste, supposed to be heaven-appointed and favored, has no feeling of moral demerit in view of wrongs and inhumanities inflicted on members of the caste below him. Does the slaveholder feel that he deserves punishment for burning or whipping to death his slave? Is Jefferson Davis or Robert Lee, or any other leader

in the Southern Confederacy, at all pricked in conscience by the moral turpitude he displayed, the lying, stealing, perjuring, he committed, at the beginning of the war; or by the hideous barbarities with which he allowed it to be carried on? Not at all. Who was there to punish him? To whom had he ever owned himself accountable? The poor slave, who had been educated to expect fifty lashes if he failed to black his master's boots, no doubt had been drilled into the belief that he deserved the flogging. But the master, who had never been flogged for rape or murder, will not confess to a consciousness of feeling unworthy of heaven. And yet these same persons feel morally accountable to their peers, and will acknowledge themselves deserving of severe censure, if they have violated a rule of etiquette which the chivalry have established. The sense of accountability arises whenever one incurs the dislike, and forfeits the good-will and kindly offices, of those who can make him suffer for his conduct. We accordingly find that it is governed by no internal law, but varies in intensity and in direction with the social position and the personal relations of the individual or the class.

Sir William Hamilton makes moral freedom an inference from the fact of responsibility, which is attested by consciousness; the testimony of consciousness being far more direct on this last point than on the first. But, if the sense of moral responsibility is acquired, the belief in moral freedom, as a primary belief, falls to the ground. It is more usual to assert that man is conscious of moral freedom, and to make the sense of moral accountability follow from that as a logical inference. But Mr. Mill declares, and we think justly, that there is no such consciousness of moral freedom as has been claimed. No one can be conscious, before having decided, of a power to decide in one or in another way. "Consciousness tells me what I do or feel; but what I am *able* to do is not a matter of consciousness. Consciousness is not prophetic. We never know that we are able to do a thing, except from having done it or something equal or similar to it." But, in every decision, are we not conscious that we might have decided the other way? Yes: we are conscious that we might have decided the other

way, *if we had chosen to*; but we are not conscious that we could have chosen otherwise, while we decided as we did. We are not conscious that we might have chosen any thing, and preferred an opposite thing. "We are not conscious of being able to act in opposition to the strongest present desire or aversion."—"When we think of ourselves as having acted otherwise than we did, we always suppose a difference in the antecedents; we picture ourselves as having known something that we did not know, or not known something that we did know, which is a difference in the external motives; or as having desired something, or disliked something, more or less than we did, which is a difference in the internal motives." Thus consciousness no more testifies to moral freedom than experience does. Experience proves that men exercise volitions in obedience to the strongest motives. Consciousness bears witness to the fact that we are free to yield to the strongest motive, and that we are not at liberty to yield to the weakest. The motive that seems to impel us towards the greatest satisfaction always carries it over the motive that is loaded with the smallest.

But is not a doctrine like this fatal to human improbability? Not in the least, answers Mr. Mill. It is more conducive to human improbability than any other. That a man's will is at the mercy of the motive which promises the most satisfaction, or that menaces the most pain, instead of being discouraging to human virtue, is directly encouraging to it. If the will is supposed capable of acting in opposition to the motives that would naturally be the strongest, what hold can education, correction, discipline, have on it? We reward and punish people on the express ground, that their will is determined by interior or exterior sensations. By causing such sensations, motives are brought to bear. The theory of Freedom is inconsistent with the justice of inflicting penalties for ill conduct, not the theory of Necessity. Mr. Mill is a firm believer in the moral education of mankind, in the ability to train the will, to weaken and eradicate such desires or aversions as are likeliest to lead to evil, to cultivate and intensify such desires or aversions as are likeliest to lead to good. He

is a Causationist. He holds that not only conduct but character is, in a measure under control of will; that, by employment of the suitable means, character may be improved; that if our character, such as it is, compels us to do wrong, motives may justly be applied which will compel us to move in the opposite direction. We shall not apply the motives ourselves unless we can make the idea of improvement attractive, and can awaken a desire for it which shall overcome our repugnance to the means employed to bring it about. But if the idea of improvement can be made attractive, and the desire for it strong, no assumed power of acting in opposition to the strongest motive will stand in the way of our moral endeavor.

Mr. Mill is a Causationist. He is not a Necessarian, and he objects to the word Necessity as used in describing the opinions of those who disbelieve in the doctrine of moral freedom as popularly understood. He disbelieves in the fatalism which assumes that our actions do not depend on our desires or volitions; that an arbitrary power or an abstract destiny, or a mysterious force of compulsion, overrules feeling, wish, purpose, aspiration, thought, and compels us to act in a certain predestined way, in spite of our loves and hatreds, and our unavailing efforts to cultivate the one or to repress the other.

He disbelieves, too, in the theory which holds that the fundamental elements of character, being bequeathed to us by ancestry or forced on us by the circumstances of training and example before our consciousness was developed, must remain fixed and unalterable; so that—whatever apparent freedom of motion may appear on the surface of existence; though will determines conduct, and desire determines will, and influences of many kinds, partly from interior dispositions and partly from outward inducements, determine desire—the determining causes that work as permanent powers, are independent of all circumstance and influence,—are a fate in the constitution of the person, making hope and struggle alike impotent. Against this, which is perhaps the prevailing form of the doctrine of Necessity, Mr. Mill enters his protest.

What causes may be he knows not. He knows nothing of cause. Invariability of sequence he knows, but that is all. To the common doctrine of the intuitive school, that the internal consciousness of power, exerted by ourselves on outward objects in our voluntary actions, gives us the notion of cause, he replies with Hamilton, that "between the overt act of corporeal movement of which we are cognizant, and the internal act of mental determination of which we are also cognizant, there intervene a numerous series of intermediate agencies of which we know nothing; and, consequently, that we can have no consciousness of any causal connection between the extreme links of this chain, the volition to move and the limb moving." Sir William illustrates his point by the case of a paralytic, who, conscious of no inability of his limb to fulfil the determination of his volition, wills to move his arm. The muscles do not act in response to the volition; the arm hangs motionless. Experience, and experience alone, teaches him that the external movement does not in all cases follow the internal act. Is it not probable that the man in health learns that his limbs do obey the mandate of his will precisely as the paralytic learns that they do not; namely, by experience?

Mr. Mansel, acknowledging the validity of this reasoning, still contends that our immediate intuition of power is given us by the conscious ability of the mind to *produce its own volitions*, not to produce bodily movements through its volitions. I form my resolutions, and it is the feeling of competency to do so that gives me the sense of freedom and power. The law of causality is reduced at last to this, and here its seat is impregnable; for, on this point, experience testifies only in one way. To this, Mr. Mill makes reply by denying the alleged fact. He declares himself wholly ignorant of his possessing such a power. If it exists, he is unconscious of it. He can influence his volitions indirectly, by the employment of appropriate means; but directly he has no control over them. He can cause his volitions to be appealed to, stimulated, and moved; but move them immediately without the agency of conditions, he protests he cannot. No doubt,

he says, we naturally and necessarily form our first conception of all the agencies in the universe from the analogy of our human volitions. The obvious reason is, that nearly every thing which is interesting to us comes, in earliest infancy, either from our own voluntary motions, or from the voluntary motions of others. And, among the few sequences of phenomena which at that time fall within the scope of our perceptions, scarcely any others afford us the spectacle of an apparently absolute commencement; of one thing setting others in motion, without being in motion itself. But in all this we have evidence of nothing more than experience informs us of; and it informs us merely of immediate invariable and unconditional sequence. True again it is, he admits, that the idea of *effort*, as if to overcome an obstacle, always enters into our notion of power, and is always associated with our conception of will. But whence is this idea of effort derived, if not from the actual resistance which our volitions encounter, either from the outward world, or from parts of the muscular organization? The idea of *effort* is essentially a notion derived from the action of our muscles, or from that combined with affections of our brain and nerves. Every voluntary action is attended by the muscular sensation of resistance; and experiencing this, as we do, whenever we voluntarily move an object, we, by a mere act of natural generalization, the result of unconscious association, on beholding the same object moved by the wind, for example, conceive the wind as overcoming the same obstacle, and as putting forth the same effort, that we do. The result of the mind's volition and of the wind's movement is the same, and it is long before the antecedents of the result come to be distinguished. Something like a common cause is naturally supposed and imagined. "An abstract entity" is conjured up, and thrust between the antecedent and the consequent, to explain the latter. This abstract entity, this purely subjective notion, this product of generalization and abstraction, acting on the real feelings of muscular or nervous effort, is Power.

This "abstract metaphysical entity," Mill repudiates en-

tirely. He knows nothing of force, of will, of causing energy; he knows nothing, therefore, of compulsion of law, of destiny, of fate. Invariable sequence he knows; but that is a very different thing from necessity. Invariable sequence is entirely consistent with infinite possibilities of sensation; and infinite possibilities of sensation imply possibilities of movement, change, growth, improvement, renewal. Man in every part becomes pliant and movable. The very elements of character are subject to modification, as sensations become more complicated, and new orders arise in the conditions of life. Mr. Mill, therefore, believes in institutions, in teaching and preaching, in rewards and penalties, in social reforms, in political revolution, in all practicable agencies for improving the condition of mankind.

Such, hastily and scantily indicated in a few of its main points, is the system entertained by Mr. Mill and his school of thinkers. It is a system that gives sign of great influence in the future. It is attractive from its simplicity, but more than all, from its realism. It draws the attention away from abstractions to facts; it encourages the cultivation of the senses, and the faculties of observation; it links the logical processes to experimental truths, and associates pure speculation with knowledge.

It is not time yet to submit the system to judicial trial, for its case has hardly been presented. These volumes give us a few masterly studies on some points of detail, and some bold sketches of leading features in the theory. Mr. Bain's celebrated work, "The Senses and the Intellect," gives very large and important contributions to the same general scheme of philosophy. Herbert Spencer, more ambitious and audacious, in a book written in the interest of the same general order of speculation, "The Principles of Psychology," undertakes to indicate the process by which the most rudimental, muscular motions, manifested in the lowest form of organized life, become developed through the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations, into instinct, intelligence, memory, reason, feelings, and will. Mill and Spencer would disagree no doubt on many points, and on many import-

ant points. But we regard the general drift of their speculation as being the same.

We wish, before closing our review, to say a very few words about the religious aspect of the psychological theory. The theory, on the face of it, does not pretend to deal with actual religious beliefs, or with accepted theological ideas: it merely bears on the origin of those as well as of all other ideas. It certainly affects existing beliefs, and affects them seriously, as is evident from the terrible earnestness with which Mill assails Mansel's position, that no inference can be drawn from the moral qualities of man to the moral qualities of God. The passage is so noble and grand, so suggestive, moreover, of the religious bearings of the theory, that we cannot forbear quoting a portion of it.

"If, instead of the 'glad tidings' that there exists a Being in whom all the excellences which the highest human mind can conceive exist in a degree inconceivable to us, I am informed that the world is ruled by a Being whose attributes are infinite, but what they are we cannot learn, nor what are the principles of his government, except that the highest human morality which we are capable of conceiving does not sanction them,—convince me of it, and I will bear my fate as I may. But when I am told that I must believe this, and at the same time call this Being by the names which express and affirm the highest human morality, I say in plain terms, that I will not. Whatever power such a Being may have over me, there is one thing which he shall not do: he shall not compel me to worship him. I will call no being good, who is not what I mean when I apply that epithet to my fellow-creatures; and, if such a being can sentence me to hell for not so calling him, to hell I will go."

This is magnificent on the negative side. Mr. Mill will believe in nothing that does not correspond with facts of experience. But does he find any thing that does so correspond? Does he claim to have any hold on the supersensual? He certainly does; for he believes in all the valid results of "experience," understood in his large sense: he accepts the intellectual, moral, and spiritual deposits of time and life, when carefully analyzed and discriminated. We have already seen that he admits the validity, on his principles, of the argu-

ment from design. His theory allows as firm a basis as any for belief in the immortality of the soul. The distinction between good and evil he holds as clearly and rigorously as any orthodox Christian; and the justifiableness of rewards and punishments he not only admits, but contends for. The incidental beliefs that are affected by literary criticism, beliefs affecting the character of the Bible, the trustworthiness of the evangelical history,—the person and career of Jesus, the foundation of the Church, the elements of Christianity, the origin of the Church dogma,—beliefs which seek their authentication outside of philosophy,—are of course put wholly out of the account. The fundamental beliefs of mankind he may consistently entertain; of "the Absolute," and "the Infinite," he professes no knowledge whatever; he has no conception of them. But it is easy enough to conceive of a Being who is infinite,—that is, unbounded,—in power or wisdom; and he knows well what he means when he talks of a Being who is absolute in wisdom and goodness: that is, who knows every thing, and at all times intends what is best for every sentient creature. If the conception is inadequate, that is simply because the mind is ignorant of all the details which make up the character of such a Being. The notion of the Being is no less positive and palpable for being incomplete. He limits himself to the psychological fact. But this fact may include every essential religious belief.

Nay, more, Mr. Mill may not only claim his full title to entertain the primary beliefs of mankind, in their simple and natural form as deposits of human experience,—results of human experiment, so to speak: he may claim to have furnished a ground and guarantee for them, such as no other system has supplied.

The old "Sensationalist" Philosophy, which referred all the mental processes to sensation, and found the origin of all ideas in impressions on the senses, laid itself open to the most terrible assault on the religious side, and incurred the bitterest odium from religious men. The system was in itself exceeding crude and narrow, to be sure: its notion of "sensation" was, at the best, very imperfect; it had no knowledge of the com-

plexities of the universe; it had no science, no physiology, no organic chemistry, no biology, no sociology; so that it was really incapable of exhibiting its case with any fulness. But, when it came to religion, it discarded all it knew, disowned its small modicum of fact, disavowed its very principle, and substituted, for impressions on the sensitive organization, *a bit of record in a printed book*. All ideas and beliefs have their origin in sensation: very good. But then, instead of appealing to sensation in a grand way, as Mr. Mill does, it accomplished the hideous *non-sequitur* of appealing to the miracle narratives of the New Testament. All fundamental religious ideas—God and immortality, chief of all—are authenticated by experiment in life? No: by certain texts in Matthew! A system that could be guilty of such blatant foolishness ought to be, as Rufus Choate would say, “ejaculated out of the window,” with condign scorn. The nonsense passed current, so long as the critics slumbered and slept. But presently they woke, turned over the pages of the New Testament, vented certain rationalistic opinions, questioned the genuineness of the Gospels, doubted the received accounts of miracles, and excited sensations which were unfavorable to belief. The whole edifice of faith came tumbling down, or rather would have done so had it really rested on those paper foundations. It did come down, in fact, on the heads of those who fancied that it did so rest. The sensational philosophy stood chargeable with a vast amount of infidelity.

At this juncture, the Transcendental Philosophy came to the rescue of religious credence. The fundamental beliefs of religion, it said, rest on the basis of human consciousness. Man is conscious of the absolute and infinite: he has an immediate perception of moral and spiritual entities: he has an organ which enables him to see facts in the spiritual order as distinctly as the eye perceives facts in the material order. No evidence is needed to establish the existence of God. The nature of man is so constituted, that his existence, under some form, cannot be doubted. Men may disbelieve the record of the New Testament, may discard every record of miracle, may hold the great central miracle of the resurrection to be

incredible. Man's soul will always give him assurance of immortality. The Sermon on the Mount may be apocryphal, the character of Jesus a fiction, the gospel narrative a romance; nevertheless the human conscience will recognize the authority of the golden rule, and the human will confess its allegiance to the holiest. The primeval facts of consciousness being indestructible, the faith which is grounded on those facts must be indestructible also. Before the soul's essential faith can be eradicated, the soul itself must be turned to ashes. By this bold position, the Transcendental Philosophy delivered spiritual truth from the dilemma into which it had been put, and saved the faith of thousands of people. The debt of humanity to Cousin and Kant and Schleiermacher, and the other masters of that school, cannot be overestimated. The memory of Theodore Parker, the popular and powerful expositor of the same system in America, is cherished fondly by vast numbers of men and women speaking the English tongue, as the memory of one who was their saviour from the abyss of utter unbelief.

Now it looks as if the Transcendental Philosophy too were destined to pass away. Sir William Hamilton's critique of Cousin was powerful, and was felt to be formidable. But the assault of Sir William Hamilton was feeble as compared with the onset of a man like John Stuart Mill. We must concede the possible necessity of yielding the ground to such an opponent. No champion on the other side can claim to be his peer. What then? Is religious faith again imperilled by being put at the mercy of "sensation"? Must we tremble for the spiritual beliefs of mankind, because their origin is traceable, at last, to impressions on the muscular and nervous organization of mankind? Not so; for "sensation" now is so interpreted as to include an infinite number of impressions, infinite in variety, by which the very organization of man has been wrought into its present shape and educated to its present sensibility,—the natural, spontaneous, instinctive beliefs of the mind; the beliefs which the mind recognizes as being its own. When the results of false teachings, the deposits of error, misjudgment, fallacy, and illusion, have been swept away,

the faiths which cannot be got rid of, and which must be regarded as the final products of human thinking, feeling, suffering, and doing, will be found to repose on pillars as strong as human nature itself. Given not by inspiration from above, but by transpiration from below and behind; not dropped into the minds of a chosen few, but passed through the minds of all, though by a few only clearly perceived and interpreted; not implanted but inwrought, and manifest in the very texture of well-organized humanity,—they are safe from fatal denial or disabling doubt. What these ultimate beliefs will finally be allowed to be, by thinkers like Mill and Bain and Spencer, can of course only be conjectured. We venture the prediction, however, that they will be all that humanity requires for its strength and its consolation.

E. G. C. M.

ART. II.—PALGRAVE'S ARABIA.

Narrative of a Year's Journey through Central and Eastern Arabia (1862–1863). By WILLIAM GIFFORD PALGRAVE. With Portrait and Map. 2 vols. 8vo. London.

THE author of these volumes enables us, for the first time, to know Arabia as it is; the Arabia of the genuine Arab, in marked contrast with the Arab of the outskirts of the land. One of our most recent Encyclopædias tells us, that Arabia has for its seventh district “Nejd the central desert region;” and of the whole region through which our traveller passed, the same authority knows only “a vast tract of shifting sands, interspersed about the centre with various ranges of hills, generally barren and uninteresting.” Mr. Palgrave has corrected all this, and reconstructed the map of Arabia. Of sands, indeed, there can be no doubt; but within them are locked islands of singular fruitfulness and interest. An empire is planted in Nejd, with 316 towns, and a population of some 1,200,000. Across a vast river of sand to the north-

west of Nejed is an outlying kingdom, with a population of 274,000, in 86 towns or villages. The empire is that of the Wahhabee monarch Feysul; the kingdom is that of Telal-ebu-Rasheed. No Bedouins are included in this enumeration. The Wahhabee Sultan holds in subjection 76,500 of these degraded Arabs of the desert, a much diminished element of central Arabia. King Telal holds in his firm sway 166,000. These are the careful estimates of Mr. Palgrave.

The account given by our author of the Bedouins, their garb, character, worship, &c., is full of interest. We have gleaned a number of passages which we place before the reader in full as of much greater value than any sketch we could frame. It is thus he describes the appearance of the Bedouin:—

“A long and very dirty shirt, reaching nearly to the ankles, a black cotton handkerchief over the head, fastened on by a twist of camel’s hair, a tattered cloak, striped white and brown, a leather girdle, much the worse for wear, from which dangled a rusty knife, a long-barrelled and cumbrous matchlock, a yet longer sharp-pointed spear, a powder-belt, broken and coarsely patched up with thread,—such was the accoutrement of these worthies, and such, indeed, is the ordinary Bedouin guise on a journey.” pp. 4, 5.

Next, the Bedouin’s beast:—

“The camel—in a word, he is from first to last an undomesticated and savage animal, rendered serviceable by stupidity alone, without much skill on his master’s part or any co-operation on his own, save that of extreme passiveness. Neither attachment nor even habit impress him; never tame, though not wide awake enough to be exactly wild. One passion alone he possesses, namely, revenge, of which he furnishes many a hideous example; while, in carrying it out, he shows an unexpected degree of far-thoughted malice, united meanwhile with all the cold stupidity of his usual character. . . . Indeed, so marked is this unamiable propensity, that some philosophers, doubtless of Prof. Gorres’s school, have ascribed the revengeful character of the Arabs to the great share which the flesh and milk of the camel have in their sustenance, and which are supposed to communicate to those who partake of them over-largey the moral or immoral qualities of the animal to which they belonged. . . . Thus much I

can say, that the camel and his Bedouin master do afford so many and such obvious points of resemblance, that I did not think an Arab of Shomer far in the wrong when I once of a time heard him say, ‘God created the Bedouin for the camel, and the camel for the Bedouin.’” pp. 40, 41.

We copy the following picture of the Bedouin worship and faith :—

“The sun rose ; and then, for the first time, I witnessed what afterwards became a daily spectacle, the main act of Bedouin worship in their own land. Hardly had the first clear rays struck level across the horizon, than our nomade companions, facing the rising disk, began to recite alternately, but without any previous ablution or even dismounting from their beasts, certain formulas of adoration and invocation, nor desisted till the entire orb rode clear above the desert edge. Sun-worshippers as they were before the days of Mahomet, they still remain such ; and all that the Hejâz prophet could say, or the doctors of his law repeat, touching the Devil’s horns between which the great day-star rises, as true Mahometans know or ought to know, and the consequently diabolical character of worship at such a time, and in a posture, too, which directs prayers and adorations then made exactly towards the Satanic head-gear, has been entirely thrown away on these obstinate adherents to ancient customs. The fact is, that, among the great mass of the nomade population, Mahometanism, during the course of twelve whole centuries, has made little or no impression either for good or ill : that it was equally ineffectual in this quarter at the period of its very first establishment, we learn from the Coran itself, and from early tradition of an authentic character. Not that the Bedouins on their part had any particular aversion from their inspired countryman or the Divine Unity, but simply because they were themselves, as they still are, incapable of receiving or retaining any of those serious influences and definite forms of thought and practice which then gave a permanent mould to the townsmen of Hejâz and many other provinces ; just as the impress of a seal is lost in water, while retained in wax. ‘Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel,’ is an imprecation which, if meant originally for Reuben, has descended in all its plenitude on the Bedouins of Arabia. At the same time, surrounded by, and often more or less dependent on, sincere and even bigoted followers of Islam, they have occasionally deemed it prudent to assume a kindred name and bearing, and

thus to style themselves Mahometans for the time being, and even go through some prayer or religious formula, when indeed they can manage to learn any." pp. 8, 9.

Setting out from Southern Palestine, and crossing the gravelly desert in a south-easterly direction, Mr. Palgrave first reached the Djowf, an outlying dependency of the kingdom of Telal. We cannot better indicate the general course and progress of the remarkable journey thus entered upon than by quoting the following; premising that Wadi Serhan is occupied by Bedouins:—

" If my readers will draw a diagonal line across the map of Arabia from north-west to south-east, following the direction of my actual journey through that country, and then distinguish the several regions of the peninsula by belts of color brightening while they represent the respective degrees of advancement in arts, commerce, and their kindred acquirements, they will have for the darkest line that nearest to the north, or Wadi Serhān; while the Djowf, Djebel Shomer, Nejed, Hasa, and their dependencies, grow lighter in succession more and more, till the belt corresponding to 'Oman should show the cheerfulness tint of all. In fact, it is principally owing to the circumstance that the Northern and Western parts of Arabia have been hitherto those almost exclusively visited by travellers, that the idea of Arab barbarism or Bedouinism has found such general acceptance in Europe." pp. 166, 167.

The Djowf is a kind of porch or vestibule to central Arabia. The Northern desert separates it from Syria. Between it and the nearest mountains of the central Arabian plateau stretches a wide pass of sand. Thus isolated, it forms an oasis, a large oval depression sixty or seventy miles long, by ten or twelve broad. It has twelve towns or villages and 40,000 inhabitants. Its rich gardens, its real civilization, and the hospitality of its genuine Arabs, were a surprise and a delight to the traveller from Syria and the desert. But we must let Mr. Palgrave speak:—

" Here, for the first time in our southward course, we found the date-palm a main object of cultivation. The apricot and the peach, the fig-tree and the vine, abound; and their fruit surpasses, in copi-

ousness and flavor, that supplied by the gardens of Damascus or the hills of Syria and Palestine. Corn, leguminous plants, gourds, melons, &c., &c., are widely cultivated. Here, too, for the last time, the traveller bound for the interior, sees the irrigation indispensable to all growth and tillage in this droughty climate kept up by running streams of clear water, whereas in the Nejd and its neighborhood it has to be laboriously procured from wells and cisterns. . . . Were we to place the general standard of the Djowf thermometer in the shade at noon during the months of June, July, and August at about 90° or 95° Fahr., we should not, I think, be far wrong for this valley. At night the air is, with very few exceptions, cool, at least comparatively, so that a variation of twenty or more degrees often occurs within a very short period." pp. 58, 59.

" Among all their different kinds of produce, one only is considered as a regular article of sale and export,—the date. . . . It is almost incredible how large a part the date plays in Arab sustenance; it is the bread of the land, the staff of life, and the staple of commerce. Mahomet, who owed his wonderful success at least as much to his intense nationality as to any other cause whether natural or supernatural, is said to have addressed his followers on the subject in these words: ' Honor the date-tree, for she is your mother;' a slight extension of the fifth commandment, though hardly, perhaps, exceeding the legislative powers of a prophet." p. 60.

From the Djowf Mr. Palgrave advanced to the chief district of Telal's kingdom, Djebel Shomer. To do this, he had to cross a wide inlet of the desert, no longer gravelly, but deep sand formed into waves more lofty and more fearful than those of the sea, though more stable. This formation occurs throughout the desert, the sand-billows taking a height proportioned to the depth of the sea of sand. Our author had the truly infernal pleasure of breasting, in midsummer, waves two hundred feet high. The trough of this sea was naturally a pit of fire. But in and out, in and out, through perilous nights and days, was necessary to reach the great plateau on which Arabia is no longer Bedouin and savage, but Arab and civilized. The passage of this fearful Nefood was accomplished in safety, and Mr. Palgrave presented himself at the court of Telal in the city of Ha'yel. It is impossible in any sketch to convey an adequate idea of the picture of life at

Ha'yet which the vivid though sober narrative of our author presents. Hospitably received by the king and his ministers, provided with a residence and furnished with abundant opportunities for medical practice, Mr. Palgrave had no difficulty in prosecuting his studies. It should be mentioned that our adventurous traveller both assumed, and with great success maintained, the character of a doctor. He had resided for some time in Syria, and could readily pass as from Damascus. A Syrian attendant was the companion of his journey. To an English University education of the highest rank, Mr. Palgrave had added many years of acquaintance with oriental life in India, Syria, and elsewhere, with a knowledge of both the language and the literature of Arabia almost perfect. He was able to play the Arab with the address and intelligence of the finest European culture. Throughout his residence in Arabia a great part of his time was spent in conversation with Arab gentlemen and scholars whom he could daily meet in the K'hawahs, or reception and coffee rooms, of distinguished Arab acquaintances, by whom his society was sought. Here were discussed the history, the condition, the poets, of Arabia, and whatever other matters came within the range of Arab culture.

In King Telal our traveller found an able monarch and a generous friend. His acuteness penetrated the Syrian doctor's aims to such an extent that Mr. Palgrave finally concluded to fully explain his real character and motives; and this confidence was not misplaced. By the enlightened sympathy of Zamil, the prime minister, and of Telal, the objects of a European exploration were greatly aided, and in spite of the fact that a bigoted Wahhabee-party at court, headed by the king's uncle, Obeyd the Wolf, would gladly have made short work with the doubtful Syrian doctor and his companion. It should be said here, that Wahhabeeism is a fierce revival of Islam, forced upon Nejed particularly, and to some extent upon all Central and Eastern Arabia, by the sword of the Wahhabee Empire of Feysul. It insists on prayers, on harems, on abstinence from tobacco and wine, and on war as the faith may need, but on nothing else. Its rep-

representative in Telal's kingdom is The Wolf Obeyd, a blood-guzzling old war-dog, who glories in slaughter, in orthodoxy, and in a full harem. A corresponding character at the court of Feysul was found by Mr. Palgrave in Abd-Allah, the eldest son of Feysul, while the second son of the old Wahhabee proved the most liberal, sunny-tempered, and delightful gentleman in the kingdom,—a perfect hero of romance, dashing, brilliant, and brave,—the most complete contrast to his elder brother. Now to Abd-Allah, The Wolf gave our traveller a letter of introduction, which he opened, upon good advice, and read. It was a sly epistle, meant for a death-warrant. We shall see how Abd-Allah's clutches were barely escaped when we reach Riad, the capital of Nejed. We must now call attention to some of Mr. Palgrave's valuable notes upon Arab life and culture, as they were made during his stay at Ha'yel, the chief city of Djebel Shomer. But we must not fail to say, explicitly, that the chief ministers of Telal, with Telal himself, are liberals in religion, just such as they would have been in Boston or Paris. They conform somewhat in the matter of prayers, because the kingdom is not quite independent of the Wahhebee Empire,—the sovereignty of Djebel Shomer having been assigned to Telal's father by the Wahhabee,—but they do this with none of the bigotry or vices of Obeyd and Abd-Allah.

"In Upper Nejid, religion has a real import, being interwoven into every fibre of the national, nay, almost of the individual, frame; and hence such details have there a peculiar value, not, perhaps, exactly on their own account, but in the way of illustration and of completing the principal view. On the contrary, in Ha'yel and Djebel Shomer, the Mahometan prayers and usages are rather polite ceremonies adopted out of courtesy to their neighbors, than an intimate expression of national belief and thought. Hence their practice is almost exclusively confined to the great official mosque of the capital, and a few similar localities. It is more an expedient than a faith, and an act of prudence rather than of conviction, and because such offers little worthy of remark except its hollowness. The real state of mind touching religious matters is, throughout this region, uncertainty and fluctuation; there is much of Paganism, something

of Islamism, a lingering shade of Christianity, and great impatience of any code or dogma." pp. 179, 180.

In this connection, the following account of the true people of Arabia will be found interesting:—

"Take the Wahhabees, that is, those who are really such, and the Bedouins together, they will not exceed one-fourth of the denizens of Arabia. The remaining three-fourths consist of townsmen and peasants spread throughout the land, enthusiastic partisans of their local chiefs and rulers, and true lovers of Arab freedom,—patriots, in short, but alike hostile to Bedouin marauders and to Wahhabee coercion. They cling to a national glory and patriotic memories of a date much older than the recent honors of Ebn-Sa'ood, and rivalling or surpassing in antiquity those of Koreysh itself. Love of order and commerce renders them also the enemies of nomadic anarchy. Lastly, they far outweigh their antagonists collectively, in numbers, no less than in national importance; and to them alone, if to any, are reserved the destinies of Arabia. Mahomet, a master mind, saw this in his time; and it was exactly by enlisting this part of the Arab commonwealth and these feelings in his cause, that he secured his ascendancy over the whole peninsula. The Coran and contemporary tradition give no other clue to his able line of conduct, and to the prodigious success that justified it. Had he stopped here, he would have been the first and greatest benefactor of his native country. But the prophet marred what the statesman had begun, and the deadening fatalism of his religious system, that narcotic of the human mind, stopped for ever the very progress to which he had himself half opened the way by his momentary fusion of Arabia into a common nation with a common aim. Again, the Judaical narrowness and ceremonial interferences of his law soon fretted the impatient and expansive mind of his countrymen into that almost universal revolt which accompanied rather than followed the news of his death. The revolt was indeed repressed for a moment, but soon reappeared, nor ceased until the final and lasting disintegration of the Arab Empire in Arabia." pp. 193, 194.

Evidently the power of Islam in Arabia is by no means as firm as Europe has supposed. In fact, Mr. Palgrave says:—

"In no part of the world is there more of secret division, aversion, misbelief (taking Mahometanism for our standard), and un-

lief, than in those very lands which to a superficial survey seem absolutely identified in the one common creed of the Coran and its author." p. 10.

Having occasion to speak of Arab singing and services, Mr. Palgrave touches upon two or three points which add not a little to the completeness of his picture of the Arab as he is. He mentions, in another connection, that the Arab is usually a master of self-possession, and addresses you in his fine voice with great courtesy, though he may wish you damned all the while:—

" If the Arab voice be not adapted, and it most certainly is not, to singing, it is admirably well qualified for all the tones of public speaking, reading aloud, and the entire range of conversation and eloquence. Clear and sonorous, it is a powerful, though not a sweet-toned, instrument; and those who possess it know well how to put it to its best. Besides, it has here a remarkable advantage, elsewhere denied it; namely, that of being united with the fullest and completest pronunciation of a language which is one of the most copious, if not the most copious, in the universe. . . . The question is sometimes asked, ' Is the Arabic of the Coran and of the golden age of Arabian literature in general yet a spoken language, or was it ever really so?' The answer is affirmative: it certainly was a spoken language, for it is yet so in the districts above mentioned; nor only spoken, but popular, vulgar even, at least in the etymological sense of that word. But the choicest display of Arab elocution is in the public recital of the Coran, and in this the Wahhabees bear away the palm. Religious enthusiasm and scrupulosity worthy of a Jewish rabbi at a Saturday reading of the Pentateuch, gives force to every consonant, depth to every vowel, and precision to every accent and inflexion, till the bearer, even though an 'infidel' at heart, ceases to wonder at the influence exercised by these singular rehearsals over the Arab believer. For whatever merit the Coran can claim lies wholly and merely in its remarkable eloquence and extreme purity of diction: good sense there is little, and reasoning is not to be expected. Hence a translation, however skilful, is simply intolerable; and few, I should think, have found their way through Sale's Coran from beginning to end. But the very repetitions, monotonous formulæ, and abrupt transitions, which drive an English or a French reader to despair, add in the original Arabic to the force and rythmical emphasis of the text, and are felt accordingly by its Eastern auditors." p. 311.

The journey to Riad, the Wahhabee capital, led Mr. Palgrave by a continually ascending road to the highest plateau of central Arabia. Here he found himself at once an object of extreme suspicion. Feysul, the old Sultan, not only hated with a deadly hatred the thought of European spies, but he stood in mortal terror of the Persian fanatics who pass through his territory on the pilgrimage to Mecca. The Wahhabees not only disapprove of tombs, pilgrimages, and the like, but their government unmercifully bleeds the pilgrims who are compelled to pass that way to Mecca. The father of Feysul fell by the dagger of a Persian assassin while attending prayers in the great mosque. Now, along with Mr. Palgrave there had come up to Riad a Persian nabob, to represent the grievances of a caravan of pilgrims, and to demand justice from the monarch. Feysul, with his superstitions, his fears, and his consciousness of unmitigated rascality, found the situation distressing in the extreme, and took refuge in one of his country gardens. Mr. Palgrave had been fortunate enough to secure as guide a gentleman who enjoyed the confidence of the Wahhabee government, and held under it the office of pilgrim caravan conductor, Aboo-Eysa by name, a character of great interest. By his aid Mr. Palgrave got himself established, and was soon in the full tide of successful medical practice.

Mahboob, the young negro Prime Minister, was one of his first patients, and became his warm friend. Mahboob is of the party of Feysul's second son, Sa'ood, the more liberal party. He is supposed to be the son of Feysul and a beautiful slave. Abd-Allah, the elder prince of the royal house, affected to patronize Mr. Palgrave; he even went so far as to offer him a fine house and a wife, and to request his permanent residence at Riad. The request was meant for a command, Abd-Allah's intention being to defeat in that way any plan the Syrian doctor might have to spy out the land. One service in particular Abd-Allah required of his physician,—a supply of strychnine, a drug new to the Arabs, and successfully employed by Mr. Palgrave in a case which came under Abd-Allah's observation. Mr. Palgrave was convinced that

Abd-Allah's purpose was to get rid of his younger brother, Sa'ood, by poison; and he persistently refused Abd-Allah's requisition, as well as declined his offer of an establishment near the court.

It was a desperate struggle, and conducted on Mr. Palgrave's part with infinite address, secretly aided to the utmost by Aboo-Eysa. The end was this. Mr. Palgrave was waited on by negro-slaves, one dark night, with a summons to attend at the palace of Abd-Allah. He considered, and went. A considerable company was present in the Khawah of Abd-Allah; but coffee was not served as usual. Instead, Mr. Palgrave was charged by Abd-Allah with playing the spy, and was threatened with instant death. Mr. Palgrave denied the charge and braved the threat. He told the Prince that he could not and dared not murder him. Abd-Allah ordered a servant to bring coffee; and one cup was brought in, contrary to all custom. Abd-Allah motioned to pass it to Mr. Palgrave, who poured it off at a draught, bade the servant fill his cup again, and drank that also. Abd-Allah was cowed, and showed it. The company began a conversation which indicated their belief that the doctor was no spy, and he was allowed to depart. But the danger was imminent. No time was lost in escaping to a retreat in the country, where Aboo-Eysa joined Mr. Palgrave and his companions, and conducted them on their journey from Nejd across a wide arm of the sand-ocean to Hasa, on the Persian Gulf; where the governor, a negro and friend of Mahboob, received them with great cordiality.

Of life at Riad we cannot pretend to give much account in this paper. The Zelators, a body of ecclesiastical lynch-law judges, whose business it is to drive people to prayers, and to otherwise watch over orthodoxy of life and manners, form an institution peculiar to the Wahhabee revival of Islam. The drift of Mahometan orthodoxy is thus stated by Mr. Palgrave, with an illustration of its tone:—

“Purgatory for Mahometans; hell for all else. . . . ‘God guides aright whom he chooses, and leads into error whom he chooses.’ . . . However, they very commonly imagine the Mahometan religion, almost universal throughout the world, while other creeds are sup-

posed to number in comparison but very few followers. Europe, for instance, they know to be Christian; but then they conceive it to be but one town, neither more nor less, within whose mural circuit its seven kings—for that is the precise number, count them how you please—are shut up in a species of royal cage, to deliberate on mutual peace or war, alliance or treaty, though always by permission and under the orders of the Sultan of Constantinople." Vol. ii. p. 8.

"Abd-el-Lateef was the orator that day, and his theme the obligation of strict orthodoxy, and the danger of modern innovations. To confirm his thesis, he recounted a celebrated tradition, wherein Mahomet is reported to have given his companions the consolatory news, that, 'as the Jewish body had been divided into seventy-one different sects, and the Christian into seventy-two, even so his own co-religionists would separate into seventy-three sects, while of these numerous ramifications seventy-two were destined to hell-fire, and one only to Paradise.' . . . They eagerly demanded the signs of that happy sect to which is ensured the exclusive possession of Paradise. 'It is those who shall be in all conformable to myself and to my companions.'—'And that, by the mercy of God, are we, the people of Riad,' added Abd-el-Lateef. One deep '*Ashedū un la Ilāh illā Allāh*' went through the mosque; and every forefinger was raised to attest that undivided, all-devouring unity which ensures the salvation of true believers, while it justifies the damnation of the incredulous and the polytheist." Vol. ii. pp. 22, 23.

If we ask for the moral result of this complacent orthodoxy, the answer is as follows:—

"Of morality, justice and judgment, mercy and truth, purity of heart and tongue, and all that makes man better, I never heard one syllable during a month and a half of sermon frequentation in this pious capital. But of prayers, of war against unbelievers, of the rivers of Paradise, of houris and bowers, of hell, devils, and chains, also of the laws of divorce, and of the complicated marital obligations of polygamy, plenty and to spare. Nor should I omit a very frequent topic, the sinfulness of tobacco, ay, and that confirmed by visible and appalling judgments, curiously resembling those which a spirit less Christian than Judaical introduces occasionally into European books of edification. . . . Profligacy of all kinds, even such as language refuses to name, is riper here than in Damascus and Seyda themselves; and the comparative decency of most other Arab towns sets

off the blackness of Riad in stronger and stranger contrast." Vol. ii. pp. 28, 24.

Toward the close of Mr. Palgrave's second volume occurs a passage which will explain further in this connection the prohibitions of Mahometanism, and Mr. Palgrave's view of the motives of the "Meccan camel-driver":—

"As to the prohibition of wine,—the strongest arguments would lead us to assign it, with considerable probability, to the Prophet's antipathy to Christianity, and to a desire to broaden the line of demarcation between his followers and those of Christ. . . . Hence also the profound aversion to all imagery or painting, so essential to the oriental idea of Christianity. . . . Hence his anathema on bells, because this signal of prayer was universal among the rival sect. . . . Hence, too, Mahomet's barbarous detestation of music, which he classed among the worst devices of the Devil to lead mankind astray. . . . Hence, also, his disapproval of prayers offered up between sunrise and the two or three hours that follow it, and also of adorations addressed to the Divinity between the afternoon and sunset, because those are the very times in which oriental Christians assemble to the daily worship of mass and vespers. . . . Hence, too, his discouragement of commerce, hinted in the Coran, and more clearly set forth by tradition; and, above all, his extreme dislike to ships and seafaring displayed in the authentic but most un-English words of the Hejazee camel-driver, 'He who twice embarks on sea is a very infidel.' . . . In a word, to set his religion and his followers in diametrical opposition to Christianity and Christians was a main feature of Mahomet's plan, and in this he fully succeeded; nor have a thousand years and more brought nigher by one hair's breadth sects whose very badge denotes the 'strong antipathy' of contradictory terms." pp. 428-430.

If now the reader wishes to gain an accurate knowledge of the modern revival of the faith of Mahomet, we can commend to him, as of great interest and value, the extracts with which we close our article. Beyond Nejed Mr. Palgrave's journey was less instructive, though still interesting in the extreme. His shipwreck in the Persian Gulf, followed by severe illness, put a period to his explorations, and occasioned his hasty return to Syria by the way of the Tigris. Upon his return

to Europe, he re-united himself at Berlin with the English Church. He was a member of the Society of Jesus when he undertook his journey through Arabia, but has not found the connection, it seems, agreeable to his conscience of religious truth. Quite recently, we are informed, he has returned to the banks of the Tigris, to watch the fortunes of Arabia, to hear news of Telal, of Prince Sa'ood, and of the many friends he left on the green isles of the desert, the highlands of central Arabia.

Of the Wahhabees this is the story:—

" Mohammed-ebn-'Abd-el-Wahhāb, founder of the sect named after him Wahhabees, was born in Horeymelah, somewhat before the middle of the last century. . . . Commerce led him to Damascus, where he fell in with some of the learned and very bigoted sheykhhs of that town, Hanbeelies like himself, or Shāfi'ees, but alike opposed, whether to the prevailing laxities of the Nakshbundees and other northern free-thinkers, or to the superstitious practices of Darweeshes, Fakkeers, Welees, and whatever else Persian or Turkish ideas have introduced almost everywhere in the East. The son of 'Abd-el-Wahhab was above thirty years of age, and in the full vigor of his physical and intellectual existence, a vigor much above the average standard. To the persevering doggedness and patient courage of his Nejdean countrymen, he added a power of abstraction and generalization rare among them; his eye was observant, and his ear attentive; he had already seen much and reflected deeply. But the lessons of the Damascene sheykhhs aided him to combine once for all, and to render precise, notions that he had long before, it seems, entertained in a floating and unsystematized condition. He now learned to distinguish clearly between the essential elements of Islam and its accidental or recent admixtures, and at last found himself in possession of what had been the primal view and starting point of the Prophet and his first compaunions in Hejāz twelve ages before. . . . To him is the praise, if praise it be, of having discovered amid the ruins of the Islamitic pile its neglected key-stone, and, harder still, of having dared to form the project to replace it, and with it and by it reconstruct the broken fabric.

" This key-stone, this master thought, this parent idea, of which all the rest is but the necessary and inevitable deduction, is contained in the phrase, far oftener repeated than understood, 'La Ilāh illā

Allāh,' 'there is no god but God,' — a literal translation, but much too narrow for the Arab formula, and quite inadequate to render its true force in an Arab mouth or mind. . . . The words, in Arabia and among Arabs, imply that this one Supreme Being is also the only Agent, the only Force, the only Act existing throughout the universe, and leave to all beings else, matter or spirit, instinct or intelligence, physical or moral, nothing but pure unconditional passiveness, alike in movement or in quiescence, in action or in capacity. The sole power, the sole motor, movement, energy, and deed, is God ; the rest is downright inertia and mere instrumentality, from the highest archangel down to the simplest atom of creation. Hence, in this one sentence, 'La Ilāh illa Allāh,' is summed up a system which, for want of a better name, I may be permitted to call the Pantheism of Force or of Act, thus exclusively assigned to God, Who absorbs it all, exercises it all, and to Whom alone it can be ascribed, whether for preserving or for destroying, for relative evil or for equally relative good. I say 'relative,' because it is clear that in such a theology no place is left for absolute good or evil, reason or extravagance ; all is abridged in the autocratic will of the one great Agent, 'Sic volo, sic jubeo, stet pro ratione voluntas ;' or, more significantly still, in Arabic, 'Kemā yesha'o,' — 'as he wills it,' to quote the constantly recurring expression of the Coran.

"Thus immeasurably and eternally exalted above, and dissimilar from, all creatures, which lie levelled before Him on one common plane of instrumentality and inertness, God is one in the totality of omnipotent and omnipresent action, which acknowledges no rule, standard, or limit, save His own sole and absolute will. He communicates nothing to His creatures, for their seeming power and act ever remain His alone, and in return He receives nothing from them ; for whatever they may be, that they are in Him, by Him, and from Him only. And, secondly, no superiority, no distinction, no pre-eminence, can be lawfully claimed by one creature over its fellow, in the utter equalization of their unexceptional servitude and abasement ; all are alike tools of the one solitary Force which employs them to crush or to benefit, to truth or to error, to honor or to shame, to happiness or to misery, quite independently of their individual fitness, deserts, or advantage, and simply because He wills it and as He wills it.

"One might, at first sight, think that this tremendous Autocrat, this uncontrolled and unsympathizing Power, would be far above any thing like passions, desires, or inclinations. Yet such is not the

case ; for He has, with respect to His creatures, one main feeling and source of action, namely, jealousy of them, lest they should perchance attribute to themselves something of what is His alone, and thus encroach on his all-engrossing kingdom. Hence He is ever more prone to punish than to reward, to inflict pain than to bestow pleasure, to ruin than to build. It is His singular satisfaction to let created beings continually feel that they are nothing else than His slaves, His tools, and contemptible tools also, that thus they may the better acknowledge His superiority, and know His power to be above their power, His cunning above their cunning, His will above their will, His pride above their pride ; or, rather, that there is no power, cunning, will, or pride, save His own. But He Himself, sterile in His inaccessible height, neither loving nor enjoying aught save His own and self-measured decree, without son, companion, or counsellor, is no less barren for Himself than for His creatures, and His own barrenness and lone egoism in Himself is the cause and rule of His indifferent and unregarding despotism around. The first note is the key of the whole tune, and the primal idea of God runs through and modifies the whole system and creed that centres in Him.

"Islam is, in its essence, stationary, and was framed thus to remain. Sterile like its God, lifeless like its first Principle and supreme Original in all that constitutes true life,—for life is love, participation, and progress, and of these the Coranic Deity has none,—it justly repudiates all change, all advance, all development. To borrow the forcible words of Lord Houghton, the 'written book' is there 'the dead man's hand,' stiff and motionless : whatever savors of vitality is by that alone convicted of heresy and defection. . . . Islam is lifeless, and because lifeless cannot grow, cannot advance, cannot change, and was never intended so to do ; stand-still is its motto and its most essential condition ; and therefore the son of 'Abd-el-Wahhāb, in doing his best to bring it back to its primal simplicity, and making its goal of its starting-point, was so far in the right, and showed himself well acquainted with the nature and first principles of his religion."

For the story of the religious revolution which followed, and for many details illustrating Arabian history and life, which we had marked for extraction, we must refer the reader to the volumes from which we have already so freely quoted, and which we regard as among the most curious and important of recent contributions to our knowledge of the outlying regions of religious belief and practice.

J. H. Channing.

ART. III.—DR. NEWMAN'S APOLOGIA.

Apologia pro Vita sua. Being a Reply to a Pamphlet entitled, "What, then, does Dr. Newman mean?" By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1865.

If, in re-publishing this book, the Messrs. Appleton had ventured to leave out that part of it which is filled with the details of Dr. Newman's controversy with Mr. Kingsley, perhaps the author would have been displeased, but his book would have been vastly bettered by the deed. Not that we blame the Doctor for his evident intention not to leave one stone of Mr. Kingsley's argument upon another; not that we can help admiring him for doing what he does in such a thorough-going and remorseless way; not but that the details of this controversy give us two very interesting chapters and a very sharp appendix, although the interest is of such a sort as generally attaches to a foot-race or regatta, and the sharpness smacks too strongly of contempt for us to greatly relish it; but because we think it quite too bad that any thing so reverent and tender and so beautiful as is this Apology should be introduced and ended with matter, in the main but little relevant, and surely not harmonious. We say, but little relevant, because, if this book is to be read and re-read, to live and be admired, it will not be for any controversial matter it contains, but for the singularly bold and graphic picture which it gives us of a life in almost every way remarkable; and those parts of it which deal with Mr. Kingsley, and his charges against Dr. Newman and his Church, contribute nothing toward the fuller understanding of that life which is not revealed in the Apology itself in a far better way. Certainly, we shall not reverence Dr. Newman any more because they have been written, although we may admire him for his legal skill; because, if they prove any thing but this, it is that Dr. Newman can be very angry when sufficiently provoked. But of this too we have an inkling in the body of the work. It

may be that the Doctor's vigorous onslaught upon Kingsley will delight a larger audience than the almost rhythmic march of his own story; but it will be an audience of a very different sort, and, when it is all asleep or dead, as it will be very soon, the generation of men who would like to read this history of a great man's theological experience should not be obliged to enter it through such an endless propylæum, or leave it through such heaps of lumber and débris.

We must confess that we are glad, that Mr. Kingsley's charges, at least so much of them as was entirely personal, have been successfully rebutted. We hope that we have listened candidly to the evidence upon both sides. At first thought, it would seem a great deal harder to do so now than it would have been five or six years ago; for then we loved Charles Kingsley, and thanked God every day for his "Hypatia" and "Saints' Tragedy." How generously he clasped hands with the Reformers of the time in "Alton Locke"! and, in "Two Years ago," how good it was for those of us who fought with our pet demon on this side of the world to hear his "Sursum Corda"! "Yea, to the Lord we have lifted them up," and he has filled them full of wonder and thanksgiving. But Kingsley is not with us any more; and it would be only natural if we heard of his discomfiture more calmly now than if it had been then. But, at second thought, is it not plain that we can judge between him and his antagonist more fairly now than ever, because our wholesome dislike of him will scarcely more than balance our natural distrust of any thing that comes from Dr. Newman's side of the house? Between a Roman Catholic and an English rebel-sympathizer an American Protestant ought to judge impartially; and, when we say that we are glad that Mr. Kingsley's charges did not take effect, it is not because Mr. Kingsley made them, but because we should hate to believe that Dr. Newman is so radically dishonest as in his dealings with America his opponent has proved himself to be.

But, when Dr. Newman agrees to be responsible for the whole method of that church into which he has at length drifted, he assumes a burden much too heavy even for him to

bear; and, though we cannot follow Mr. Kingsley in the form, and perhaps not in the spirit, of his first attack on Catholic veracity, it must be granted that his innuendoes pointed to a fact which Dr. Newman's logic cannot dissipate. But for the Society of Jesus, Roman-Catholicism would have been dead and buried more than a century ago. Now, it "may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." So Lord Macaulay prophesied. And, should it happen so, it will be through the agency of that society which grew out of the fiery heart of Loyola. Jesuitism has been the soul of the Church, and the soul of Jesuitism has been "the Economy."^{*} Dr. Newman may prove that it is possible for his Saint Alphonzo Liguori to write a book of casuistry which even he cannot accept (although, for saying so, he hopes he shall not lose his intercession), and still be very saintly in his private life, always acting from his conscience, and never from his rules; but "corporations have no souls," and so it does not follow that the theory of Jesuitism did not affect its practice. Individuals may put to shame the moral formulas which they accept; but a church is never better than its creed, a corporation never better than the formula which it accepts. Jesuitism accepted "the Economy" as its guide, substituting it for the active conscience of the individual man. And though it would be mad and foolish not to grant that there have been and are disciples of this school than whose fragrant piety the world knows nothing sweeter, yet to say "Jesuitism" has always been to say chicanery, equivocation, sophistry. This was the substance of Mr. Kingsley's charge; for the sins of Jesuitism are the sins of the Roman Church. This Dr. Newman has not answered.

* Dr. Newman uses this word to express the casuistic principle in operation. It does not consist in "doing evil that good may come." Oh, no! but in doing just the next thing to it,—in stretching the truth until the difference between it and a lie is not appreciable. See the Doctor's instances. No wonder that he thinks the method dangerous.

He has demolished the form of Mr. Kingsley's accusation ; but its essence still remains.

Beginning at part third, we have a history of Dr. Newman's religious opinions from his earliest years up to the time when he found completest rest and satisfaction in the Roman Church. And there are several points of view from which it is intensely interesting. Regarded merely as a work of art, it is as beautiful as the immortal *Meditations* and *Confessions*,—as Antonine's and Augustine's. We do not know of any book written with more grace and fluency, any that contains touches more rarely delicate or passages of more incisive wit and power. One does not care to rise from pages such as this, where, speaking of the dangers of the Church in 1831, he says :—

“ With the Establishment thus divided and threatened, thus ignorant of its true strength, I compared that fresh vigorous power of which I was reading in the first centuries. In her triumphant zeal on behalf of that Primeval Mystery to which I had had so great a devotion from my youth, I recognized the movement of my Spiritual Mother. ‘ Incessu patuit Dea.’ The self-conquest of her ascetics, the patience of her martyrs, the irresistible determination of her bishops, the joyous swing of her advance, both exalted and abashed me. I said to myself, ‘ Look on this picture, and on that ;’ I felt affection for my own Church, but not tenderness ; I felt dismay at her prospects, anger and scorn at her do-nothing perplexity. I thought that, if Liberalism once got a footing within her, it was sure of the victory in the event. I saw that Reformation principles were powerless to rescue her. As to leaving her, the thought never crossed my imagination ; still I ever kept before me that there was something greater than the Established Church, and that that was the Church Catholic and Apostolic, set up from the beginning, of which she was but the local presence and organ. She was nothing unless she was this. She must be dealt with strongly, or she would be lost. There was need of a second Reformation.”—p. 80.

But, for all the beauty of the forms in which this writer casts his feelings and his thoughts, it must not be supposed that he has given to us a great or universal book. It is a most valuable and entertaining contribution to the history of

that movement which should have borne his name, not that of Dr. Pusey. But its account of Dr. Newman's personal life, its loves and hates, perplexities and trials, will keep much longer. For, in a little while, the man, and the movement also, will have had their day. Now a dead man still interests if he was once alive; but a dead movement is of no account. Again, this book is welcome as a sort of commentary upon the Pope's recent letter to his churches, which by itself seemed very weak and very impudent. But here is reasoning to the same effect. Why, then, is not the book remarkable enough to make a lasting fame? Because its faults are fundamental; because its subject-matter is not great. It deals with words, rather than with things. It is the "History of my Religious *Opinions*." Dr. Newman's brother wrote a book, and called it "Phases of Faith." It was what it claimed to be: it dealt with the essential matters of the soul. The Doctor's *faith* seems to have been always pretty much the same. He never doubted much of any thing that is worth believing. His theory was that probability is the guide of life. And he was greatly troubled at the thought that other men would have to pray, "O God! if there be a God, save my soul if I have a soul." But, for himself, he believed in God because he could not help it. His trouble was with questions of antiquity, sacraments, and apostolical succession. His book is hardly up to the title which he gives it. It is not so much the history of his religious as of his ecclesiastical opinions. And this is why it is not great. The wonder is that a great man could have written it, beautiful as it is. But, if Dr. Newman was a little man, the great men are but few.

It is evident, from this volume, that the Tractarian movement was Dr. Newman's own affair; not that it contains one boastful word; but for this reason, that, although the attempt is made to credit it to other men, to Keble, Pusey, Hurrell, Froude, it singularly fails. Dr. Pusey was not fairly connected with the movement until 1835 or 1836. His influence, so Dr. Newman says, was felt at once. He saw that there must be more of order and sobriety, that the movement must be conducted in a more responsible way. In short, his word

was "Organize." And Dr. Newman, beating about to find a reason why he came to be the centre of the movement, pitches upon this. But he never was its vital centre; for, in another chapter of his book, the writer tells us that Organization was the disease of which the movement died. Its days of irresponsibility were its days of power. It was Dr. Pusey's position that made him seem to be its centre. In so far as it was born of the spirit, John Keble was its father. But the coarse materialism of the day would have trodden its life out in a jiffy, if Dr. Newman had not always carried it in his strong arms. As long ago as 1826, Whately could see around him the signs of an incipient party of which he was himself unconscious.

The one thing which Dr. Newman always took for granted was the Church. He also took for granted that liberalism in whatever form must be its enemy. Therefore he hated it. He thought that Anglicanism sometimes led into it if one went far enough. He wanted to walk parallel to it and to the Roman Church for ever, and to keep clear of both. Hence the "*Via Media*;" the middle way between Romanism, which he tried to hate, and Liberalism, which he hated without trying. It was a defensive movement. He felt the need of it more strongly every day. In 1831, he wrote as we have quoted him above. In 1832, he went away and travelled on the continent; but the thought of the coming battle between Reason and the Church still haunted him.

"England was in my thoughts solely, and the news from England came rarely and imperfectly. The Bill for the Suppression of the Irish Sees was in progress, and filled my mind. I had fierce thoughts against the Liberals." — p. 81.

"It was the success of the Liberal cause which fretted me inwardly: I became fierce against its instruments and its manifestations. A French vessel was at Algiers: I would not even look at the tricolor." — p. 82.

"At this time, I was specially annoyed with Dr. Arnold, though it did not last into later years. Some one, I think, asked, in conversation at Rome, whether a certain interpretation of Scripture was Christian. It was answered that Dr. Arnold took it; I interposed, But is he a Christian?" — p. 82.

It was at Rome, too, that he and Froude began to write the *Lyra Apostolica*. Bunsen lent them a Homer, and they chose for a motto the words of Achilles when he returned to the battle, "You shall know the difference now that I am back again." He began to think that he had a mission. Cardinal Wiseman expresses a wish that he would come again to Rome; and he replied, "I have a work to do in England." He was very sick in Sicily, and his servant thought that he would die; but he said, "I shall not die, I shall not die: I have not sinned against the light, I have not sinned against the light." He sat down on his bed one morning sobbing bitterly, and, when asked what ailed him, he could only say, "I have a work to do in England." On the way home, he wrote the best of all his verses, those beginning—

"Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom."

On the Sunday after his return, Keble preached a sermon on the national apostasy, and the Tractarian movement was begun.

The motto of the *Lyra Apostolica* was made good: Dr. Newman was "back again." The Church began at once to "know the difference." For helpers he had Keble and Froude, Messrs. Perceval and Palmer, and Mr. Hugh Rose, to whom he dedicated a volume of his sermons, speaking of him as the man "who, when hearts were failing, bade us stir up the gift that was in us, and betake ourselves to our true mother." "Froude was a bold rider, as on horseback, so also in his speculations." Dr. Newman's portrait of him is wonderfully painted. We have him represented as a man of high genius, brimful and overflowing with ideas and views which crowded and jostled against each other in their effort after distinct shape and expression. He professed openly his admiration of the Church of Rome, and his hatred of the Reformers. He delighted in the notion of an ecclesiastical system and of sacerdotal power. He gloried in accepting tradition as a main instrument of religious teaching. He was a Roman Catholic in every thing but name. He died in 1836. If he had lived,

he must very soon have gone to Rome, which would have hastened Dr. Newman's movement in the same direction. He adored the blessed Virgin; delighted in the Saints; thought that the miracles of the middle ages were as good as any; accepted the principle of penance and mortification; had an utter hatred of Erastianism, of any union between Church and State; firmly believed in the Real Presence in the Eucharist. His influence upon Newman must have been very great. He estimates it thus:—

“He made me look with admiration towards the Church of Rome, and in the same degree to dislike the Reformation. He fixed deep in me the idea of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and led me gradually to believe in the Real Presence.”—p. 74.

But the reminiscences of Keble are still more interesting. Dr. Newman's reverence for him is very beautiful, and it was well deserved; for everybody seems to have admired and loved this man, he was so pure in heart, so gentle and refined in all his acts and ways. It was Froude's doings that he and Newman came together. It is one of the sayings preserved in his “Remains,”—“Do you know the story of the murderer who had done one good thing in his life? Well, if I was ever asked what good deed I had ever done, I should say that I had brought Keble and Newman to understand each other.”

It is Dr. Newman's fashion to make an inventory of the opinions which he gets from various persons. He tickets them as confidently as if he bought them at a shop. Thus it was Dr. Hawkins who used to snub him severely, and who taught him to weigh his words, and to be cautious in his statements. From him he got the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration, and the idea that, “before many years, an attack would be made on the books and canon of Scripture.” From him also he got the doctrine of Tradition, “the proposition, self-evident as soon as stated, that the sacred text was never intended to teach doctrine, but only to prove it; and that, if we would learn doctrine, we must have recourse to the formularies of the Church.”

"And now, as to Dr. Whately, I owe him a great deal. He was a man of generous and warm heart. He was particularly loyal to his friends, and, to use the common phrase, 'all his geese were swans.' While I was still awkward and timid, in 1822, he took me by the hand, and acted the part to me of a gentle and encouraging instructor. He emphatically opened my mind, and taught me to think, and to use my reason." — p. 62.

"What he did for me, in point of religious opinion, was, first, to teach me the existence of the Church, as a substantive body or corporation; next, to fix in me those anti-Erastian views of Church polity which were one of the most prominent features of the Tractarian movement." — p. 63.

From Keble he obtained — what Butler had already taught him, in a less decided form — the "Sacramental system," i.e., "Berkleyism," in its application to Church forms and mysteries and the law of probability. As Butler left this matter, the stumbling-block with Dr. Newman was, "But who can really pray to a being of whose existence he is seriously in doubt?"

"I considered that Mr. Keble met this difficulty by ascribing the firmness of assent which we give to religious doctrine, not to the probabilities which introduced it, but to the living power of faith and love which accepted it. In matters of religion, he seemed to say, it is not merely probability which makes us intellectually certain, but probability as it is put to account by faith and love." — p. 69.

Such were the principles, and such the men, with which the Church of England entered on that *Via Media* which, to so many of her children, has proved a *Via Dolorosa*, leading them away from her into the embrace of Rome. There must be fundamental dogmas; there must be a visible Church, with sacraments and rites, with Bishops, standing in the place of God, with power to order penance, and to enforce it. These dogmas were the dogmas of the Prayer-Book; this Church, the Church of England. Liberalism was, in its very nature, anti-dogmatic. Therefore it must be crushed. And the Romish Church claimed to be *the* Church by virtue of its antiquity, by virtue of its apostolic line, by virtue of its

sanctity. Now, the Church was necessarily one. If it was Roman, then it was not Anglican. Therefore the Romish Church must be opposed.

Into this twofold battle Dr. Newman plunged himself, with all the noble ardor that he could command. He toiled like Hercules. He began the Tracts out of his own head, and saw to it that they were circulated far and wide. He travelled everywhere, talking with curates and with rectors, urging them to go to work and do the duty nearest to them in this matter. He wrote epistles numberless to young men, to women, to the newspapers, to the magazines. He had come back from the continent, brimful of joyous energy. He was full of confidence in his position, absolutely certain that the English Church might be the sole channel of invisible grace, if she would only be true to herself, i.e., to her history and Prayer-book, as he read them. He exulted in his confidence; and there was a sort of fierceness in his exultation, something savage in his energy. In one of his first sermons after his return, he said, "I do not shrink from uttering my firm conviction, that it would be a gain to the country, were it vastly more superstitious, more bigoted, more gloomy, more fierce in its religion, than at present it shows itself to be." The corrector of the press bore these strong epithets till he got to "more fierce," and then he put in the margin a *query*. He said of the Bishops, that there could not be a more blessed termination of their course than the spoiling of their goods, and martyrdom. Contrasting heretics and heresiarchs, he said, "The latter should meet with no mercy." Earnestness of this sort is contagious, no matter if its subject-matter is not great. Especially, the young men at Oxford took fire, and then those young men in the Churches who were so much dissatisfied with the general deadness of the Church that they clutched eagerly at any thing that promised better things. The movement grew and prospered. Its leader's presence was magnetic and electrical. Enthusiasts flocked to his standard. He looked at men, and they trembled. He spoke to them, and they bowed. His tracts, his letters, and his fame were everywhere. "From

beginnings so small, from elements of thought so fortuitous, with prospects so unpromising, the Anglo-Catholic party became a power in the National Church, and an object of alarm to her rulers and friends." It had a system, a literature, a sacramental order, of its own. And then came the crash. Dr. Newman wrote "Tract 90," and it was condemned. It was a commentary on the Articles. They had been regarded as the sea-wall against Rome. Dr. Newman proved that they were no such thing. He showed, or thought he did, that they were not opposed to "Catholic Doctrine," but only to the dominant errors of Rome. The distinction was not relished. It was received with indignation. A demand was made for the suppression of the tract. It was not granted. But Dr. Newman wrote to his Bishop, and gave up his place in the movement. And, with his loss, the movement ceased to be a power. It lost its vigor and its buoyancy; its firm, elastic step; and, since, it has gone tottering.

But it was in the very nature of this movement to grow feeble, and die. How can a man be born when he is old? Can he enter a second time into his mother's womb, and be born? It was an article of Tractarian faith that such a thing was possible. Here was no advance, but a re-action; an attempt to foist the thought and life of mediæval times upon the genius of the nineteenth century. The wonder is, that it succeeded even for a little time. But it ought not to be, if we have stopped to think of England and the English Church as they were in 1831. The life of any time is pachydermatous. But, if you probe deep enough, you will find the quick. The Church of England had as many barks as any tree that ever grew in park or forest; and, when the Tractarians said, "Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground? and out of it we will make bits of the true cross and rosaries," it did not mind them till they went clear down beneath its moss-grown forms and usages, into its real life. But then it was discovered that —

"There dwelt an iron nature in the grain;
The glittering axe was broken in their arms;
Their arms were shattered to the shoulder-blade."

In the external life of England, there were many points of attachment for Dr. Newman's notion of a primitive and apostolic Church. Just in proportion as the National Church had any real vitality, it more than passively endured: it actively embraced the principles which he proclaimed. And, if the living England of to-day had only held its peace, there might have been on English soil a formalism which Rome itself might not eclipse; a faith as childish and unreasonable as ever Catherine of Siena cherished in her breast. And this would have been easier than not. Dr. Newman was not wrong in thinking that any form of life must flourish just in proportion as it is true to itself, whether it be God's life or the devil's. To imagine that the English Church, as such, will thrive upon its present principle, that its creeds and articles mean any thing you please, is not to be wise. Dr. Newman saw that it would thrive only as its sons agreed to be one thing or another."

"They cannot go on for ever standing on one leg, or sitting without a chair, or walking with their feet tied, or grazing, like Tityrus's stag, in the air. They will take one view or another; but it will be a consistent view. It may be Liberalism, or Erastianism, or Popery, or Catholicity; but it will be real." — p. 145.

Now, the English Church was born of Schism, not of Heresy. Its break with Rome was neither sacramental nor dogmatic: it was political. And so, when Dr. Newman went back far enough, he found that Anglican and Catholic teaching were the same. To be true to herself, then, the Church of England must also be true to Rome. But when it came to this, the nation was not ready. It would choose Liberalism rather than Rome, if it had to choose between them. But for the Church of England to do this, was for her to sink, if it was sinking, into "a merely national institution." Her proper life was that of the first and middle ages. But that was the life of Romanism also; and so, though it might come hard, she chose to live the life of Englishmen. It has proved harder even than she deemed,—a great deal harder than it would be if she generously offered, instead of grudgingly conceded, herself to the great present. She is still "standing

on one leg,"—trying "to be and not to be" at the same time. It will not do. Better have gone to Rome. But that she could not; for the spirit of the age stood up, and thwarted her. And now that spirit waits to join her in eternal wedlock with itself. Will she rise, and follow where it beckons her? Would to Heaven that she might! Then, instead of being without parent or child, she should have God for her father, and, Nature for her mother; Science and Art for her dear children.

From the beginning of the movement, there had been fierce and frequent condemnation of its Roman tendency. And, now that Dr. Newman is a Catholic, there are those who think that he was always one, and not unconsciously. It is contended that he knew just where his feet were going, and that still he did not warn the simple souls who followed after him. But to read these pages, is to be convinced that Dr. Newman did not know that he was going to Rome. Before the thing was fairly started, everybody opened their eyes, and stared at him as if he ought to know that he was teaching nothing but sheer Popery. But he answered them, "True, we seem to be making straight for it; but, go on awhile, and you will come to a deep chasm across the path, which makes real approximation impossible." It would appear that he could not have been more sure of his position than he was before the summer months of 1839. And not only did he have full confidence in his own, but he despised every other system and its arguments; and when, as late as 1841, people came to him, frightened almost out of their wits by his "Tract 90," and told him that he might as well go over to the Pope at once, he could not agree with them. And, when the tract had been condemned, and charged against, and consequently his withdrawal from the movement had taken place, he still remained inactive. His enemies cried out upon him, and his friends were filled with sorrow and perplexity. He wished and prayed that he might help them, but he could not even help himself. One of his followers, a lady of great wit and earnestness, has given a humorous account of the perplexities with which his action

troubled her own mind. She describes herself as following him over a bleak common, and coming nearer every minute to "the king's highway," against which they were being always warned. Suddenly he stopped, and vowed that he would go no farther.

"He did not, however, take the leap at once; but sat down on the top of the fence, with his feet hanging towards the road, as if he meant to take his time, and let himself down easily."

But he did not propose to jump at any thing. He desired to walk with logical exactness over every inch of the way. He did not wish to go to Rome. He was bound that he would not, if he could help it. He loved the *Via Media*. It was his only child; and, when he first suspected that it might be untenable, he felt as one might feel to see the death-damp gather on the forehead of his eldest-born. But this suspicion, horrible as it was, did not imply a corresponding one that he might go to Rome.

And yet he did, although not speedily. What everybody else was seeing, it was strange he did not see. But it was as if God blinded him, so that he might go right on, regardless of the consequences. The Church, the Nation, the Movement, also had seen them, and recoiled. Better, they said, that we should be illogical, than go to Rome. But Dr. Newman said, that, let come what come would, he would be logical; and he was so, and that is why he is a Roman Catholic to-day.

Dr. Newman's picture of himself, retreating inch by inch from the position which he had assumed so confidently, is sad in the extreme. But it proves, beyond a cavil, the one thing for the sake of proving which the book was written, viz., his honesty; and it was, moreover, the best sort of honesty. He was perfectly honest with himself. He had accepted certain premises; and he resolved not to hold back from the conclusion, whatever it might be. Ease and friendship and ambition had their voices for him, not less than for those who listened to them and then said, "We can go with you no further." He might have obeyed them. His will

was strong enough to draw a line that his intellect should not pass over. But then what would it profit him, if he should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? He began to doubt the *Via Media* in 1839; he entered into communion with Rome in October, 1845.

It was the history of the Monophysites that gave him his first blow. The Notes of a true Church, as he calls them, were Antiquity, Apostolicity, Universality. His great stronghold was Antiquity; and here, in the middle of the fifth century, he saw the sixteenth and the nineteenth centuries reflected. He saw his face in the mirror, and he was a Monophysite. The Church of the *Via Media* was in the position of the Eastern Churches then. Rome was where she is now. The Protestants were the Eutychians.

"What was the use of continuing the controversy or defending my position, if, after all, I was forging arguments for Arius or Eutyches, and turning devil's advocate against the much-enduring Athanasius and the majestic Leo? Be my soul with the saints, and shall I lift up my hand against them? Sooner may my right hand forget her cunning, and wither outright, as his who once stretched it out against a prophet of God! Anathema to a whole tribe of Cranmers, Ridleys, Latimers, and Jewels! perish the names of Bramhall, Usher, Taylor, Stillingfleet, and Barrow from the face of the earth, ere I should do aught but fall at their feet in love and in worship, whose image was continually before my eyes, and whose musical words were ever in my ears and on my tongue!" — p. 156.

But, as if this blow were not enough to stagger him, another followed hard upon it. An article on "The Anglican Claim" appeared in the "Dublin Review." It was a parallel between the Donatists and Anglicans. Dr. Newman did not think it very strong. But it contained this sentence of St. Augustine's with reference to the Church: *Securus judicat orbis terrarum*. It decided questions on a simpler rule than that of Antiquity.

"What a light was hereby thrown upon every controversy in the Church! not that, for the moment, the multitude may not falter in their judgment,—not that, in the Arian hurricane, Sees more than can be numbered did not bend before its fury, and fall off from St.

Athanasius,—not that the crowd of Oriental Bishops did not need to be sustained, during the contest, by the voice and the eye of St. Leo; but that the deliberate judgment, in which the whole Church at length rests and acquiesces, is an infallible prescription, and a final sentence against such portions of it as protest and secede.”—p. 157.

“Who can account,” he says, “for the impressions that are made upon him?” These words of the Great Saint, himself Antiquity’s great oracle, deciding thus against himself; for the *consensus* of the Church came to him with all the force of the child’s “*Tolle, lege; tolle, lege,*” which Augustine himself heard in the garden, and started as when Adam heard the voice of God. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum.* “By those great words of the ancient Father, the theory of the *Via Media* was absolutely pulverized.”

Those who contend that Dr. Newman’s gradual secession from the English Church was not a logical *catena*, but “a string of moods,” think that in this case alone is proof enough of their position.* Here is no logic, they affirm, but mere feeling. And it was this which guided him through all his course. But better than logic, and far more convincing, are its illustrations. “Mere paper logic” Dr. Newman tells us that he did not like. But here was the logic of events. He listened to Antiquity, and it bade him listen to the Church. His logic told him that there must be a visible Church set up in the world. It also told him that to apostatize from that Church was the shortest way of being damned. And who should judge of his apostasy? *Securus judicat orbis terrarum*, said Augustine. It was self-evident. Could the fallible judge of the infallible?—a man’s own “private judgment” tell him whether he was in the Church or out of it? If so, then why not be a Protestant? But this his premises would not admit. And then Dr. Newman looked in his Eutychian mirror, and saw himself again; and saw that he was an apostate, a Monophysite. No wonder that his soul was stirred.

But he waited for still further confirmation. The affair of

* *Quarterly Review*, October, 1864.

"Tract 90" was in the spring of 1841. The way in which it was received was any thing but promising. But then it was not actually suppressed; and in this there was some consolation. The experiences of 1839 still haunted him; but then he was busying himself with getting up another theory. It was that Sanctity might furnish an excuse for the existence of the English Church, though she could not prove herself to be possessed of other Notes that had been deemed necessary. In the summer of this year, he sat down to his translation of St. Athanasius. He had got but a little way, when the trouble of 1839 returned on him. The ghost had come a second time. In the Arian history, he found the very same phenomenon, in a far bolder shape, which he had found in the Monophysite. He discovered that the pure Arians were the Protestants, the Semi-Arians were the Anglicans, and that Rome now was what it was. But still he thought that Anglicanism had the Note of life, "not any sort of life, not such as can come of Nature, but a supernatural Christian life which could only come directly from above." He felt that this was next door to pure Protestantism; that it was equivalent to saying that there was no visible Church. But it was the best that he could do. He was not quite certain that the English Church was wrong, and he was any thing but certain that the Roman Church was right. But he must have some reason for being where he was.

He was not obliged to stay there very long. In the fall of 1841, there were two occurrences that settled his affair, at least so far as it concerned the Anglicans. The first of these was that the Bishops charged upon him. This they did formally. They condemned the principles which underlaid the Tracts. For them to do this was to avow that "they did not even aspire to Catholicity." It was to say that heresy was not so very bad or dangerous. Immediately afterward, they added, "No; nor schism either." The affair of the Jerusalem Bishopric amounted to this. Here was a Church inviting Lutherans and Calvinists to its wedding-feast, and telling them to never mind about the wedding-garment. It put Dr. Newman in communion with a crowd of heretics and

schismatics. It was more than he could stand. Looking back, a short time after, on these acts, he wrote:—

“Many a man might have held an abstract theory about the Catholic Church, to which it was difficult to adjust the Anglican,—might have admitted a suspicion, or even painful doubts, about the latter,—yet never have been impelled onwards, had our rulers preserved the quiescence of former years; but it is the corroboration of a present, living, and energetic heterodoxy which realizes and makes them practical.” — p. 185.

But one thing remained to do, and that was to convince himself that the Rome of the fifth century was that of the nineteenth. He could find no flaw in it so far as its Apostolicity was concerned. The sacred “imposition” had descended in an unbroken line. The hands of Leo were upon the head of Pius IX. It but remained to test her Catholicity. In the spring of 1843, he made a formal retraction of all that he had ever said against her. In the autumn of that year, he resigned his living at St. Mary’s. Meanwhile, he rested in “Samaria:” *i.e.*, although he had resolved that Anglicanism was not the Church of the Apostles, he thought that she might be subject to extraordinary grace; just as the Samaritans, notwithstanding their schism, and worse than schism, were still recognized as a people by the Divine Mercy. God had sent his holy prophets to reclaim them, without intimating that they must make over to Jerusalem. Might not Anglicanism be reclaimed without making over to Rome? This was his notion of “Samaria.”

He lived in it two or three years. But it was a dreadful sort of life. The Bishops kept on charging at him, every day more furiously. After his resignation of St. Mary’s, he went down to Littlemore to die in peace. But he was not allowed the privilege. All sorts of lies were told about him; he was in league with Rome,—he was starting a monastery. Everybody took it for granted that he would be a Catholic, sooner or later; and the majority kept whispering or shouting, “Why does he stay?” “Why don’t he go over?” But, as he tells us, great events take time; and going over was for him a great event. But when he discovered that Rome was

not less Catholic than Apostolic; that she held no dogma now that might not have been developed from the dogmas of the Primitive Church,—then he passed through Samaria, and went up to Jerusalem.

"LITTLEMORE, Oct. 8th, 1845.—I am this night expecting Father Dominic, the Passionist. . . . He does not know of my intention; but I mean to ask of him admission into the one Fold of Christ."—p. 261.

And now, in closing up this article, we are in duty bound to say, that no man who believes in an authority other than that which God enthrones in every human breast, has any right to find one word of fault with Dr. Newman's course and final action in this matter. If there is any such authority, then is Dr. Newman nearer right than any who imagine that they have it, though still outside the Roman-Catholic communion. His premises were exactly those which are accepted by the whole of Christendom, unless, as some believe, Christendom is large enough to take in Theists and Transcendentalists: the conclusion which he draws from them is unavoidable. If, as he took for granted, man is so constituted that he never can attain to any knowledge of the truth, and yet cannot be saved in any other way than by a knowledge of the truth, then there must be an authority of some sort set up in the world. As much as this the Protestant believes. Breaking with Rome, he did not give up his notion of authority, nor of infallibility. But he vested them in the Bible, whereas they had been vested in the Church. But Dr. Newman saw that, if the Bible was intended to teach dogmatically, it was not equal to the purpose for which it was designed. He saw no reason why, in course of time, as things were going, there should not be as many sects as there are chapters in both Testaments. The Bible, then, must be interpreted. He found, so far as Anglicanism was concerned, that this had been done in the Prayer-book, in the creeds and articles. But there came a time when his own Bishop said that these might mean something or nothing. And then he knew that there must be a living voice of God, empowered to teach the truth infallibly, and to

interpret alike the Bible and the creeds. And thus, deliberately and logically, he went to Rome.

And, so far as logic is concerned, there is no reason why the whole of Christendom should not arise at once and follow him. Of all that curse the human reason in these days, or say that it is cursed, none are so brave, so thorough-going, so consistent, as was he. But even he, with all his intellectual rigidity, with logical acumen such as is not given to ten men in a century, would not perhaps have gone to Rome, if he had not been taunted, scourged, and vilified; if his steps had not been dogged; if men's heated brains had not gone on for ever forging lies. Not that these things carried him there; but they helped to neutralize the forces which would perhaps have kept him in his place but for this counteraction. Not the least beautiful portion of this record is that which proves how dearly Dr. Newman loved his friends. It must have been as terrible as death to part with them. Then, too, he was the recognized leader of the greatest movement that his Church had known for many a day. And he delighted in the exercise of power. It could not have been an easy thing for him to sink at once into the merest nobody. And then there were so many looking to him for help. Alas! if they should think that he had cheated them! In view of all these things, not one man in a thousand would have gone to Rome; no, not though they had been hounded on even more furiously than he.

And, since it was so hard for him to go where logic manifestly led the way, we shall not be surprised if the great body of the Christian world prefer to be illogical, and to stay just where they are. It is the whole man that reasons, and logic is so small a part of us that it is not very often that it has its way. But the rationale of the matter is not changed. It is still true, that, between the premises that we have named and the conclusion in which Dr. Newman now reposes, we cannot logically pause. But is there no alternative if we do not care either to go to Rome, or to convict ourselves of cowardice by deserting, at the last moment, the stately ship in which we have embarked? Yes, one and but one. It is to set our

faces just the other way ; to walk with Francis Newman, rather than with John, forward into the realm of freedom, not backward into that of clanking chains. We can go behind the premises which all the world accept, and see if they are worth accepting. Let it be proved, if possible, that man has undergone some "terrible original calamity,"* by which he has been robbed of his ability to know the truth, and to commune with God. Or let it be shown that these are facts inherent in the human constitution. And then let it be proved that man is only to be saved by truth rolled up into a dogma, and swallowed down as if it were a pill. These are the camels of theology ; and, when a man has swallowed them, there is no need of straining out the gnats of miracle and superstition that still remain in the flagon. The Roman Catholic does not care to do this ; but Protestants, who pretend to use their reason, are very careful of their intellectual cesophagus. But, to him that believes in miracles, a thousand, more or less, should make no difference. It is absurd to draw a line between the power of St. Paul's body† to work miracles, and that of St. Walburga's bones ; to believe in one, and not believe in the other. Nothing is difficult if you can prove the fundamental mysteries of human incapacity and salvation through acceptance of a creed.

But these pretended facts have not a shadow of foundation. The human soul is capable of loving all things beautiful, of doing all things good, of finding out enough of God's own truth to answer all its glorious purposes. So much of intellectual certainty as is needed for our tasks, we can purchase by the modest use of our own powers. There is no need of any oracle outside of the breast. It is there that we must listen for the only words that are infallible. And those there spoken are not infallible for other men, but only for ourselves. And for ourselves to-day, but not to-morrow. Should any ask, "But is this Christianity?" we should answer, "No, if by Christianity you mean the current faith of Christendom. Yes, if you mean the faith which Jesus cherished, and in which he lived and died."

* *Apologia*, p. 268.

† *Acts* xix. 12.

C. E. Hale.

ART. IV.—PIONEERS OF FRANCE IN THE NEW WORLD.

Pioneers of France in the New World. By FRANCIS PARKMAN, Author of the Conspiracy of Pontiac, Prairie and Rocky Mountain Life, &c. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

THE written history of North America begins where Henry the VII., "the English Solomon," wrote in his privy-purse account-book, "To him that found the new isle, ten pounds." This was as early as August 10, 1497. Between that early date and 1574, there is hardly a word of America in the archives of England. From 1497 quite down to 1607, when Newport and John Smith at last got firm foothold of Virginia, there is more than a century of adventure, of experiment, and of waiting,—a century which is to be called the century of the dawn, to which belongs all the mythic history that we have,—a great store of romance, should civilization ever start up new romances, and of which the general student wonders that so little is recorded or widely known. Before that century was past, Mexico and South America had really passed through the most imposing and eventful crises of their history. The cities and cathedrals were built; Santa Rosa, our one American Saint, was born and had died; and the rivers of gold and silver had overflowed for the destruction of Spain, and had begun to run dry. Yet, of that period, general history tells of the country north of Mexico a most scanty story of a little fishing, and a little quest at the north for India; hints at a little squabbling about title between Spain and England; but, on the whole, lets the century drift by, as if it had as little to do with America as the century before.

Into one of the great halls of history, as empty and dark as this, Mr. Parkman walks boldly; throws open the shutters; brushes the dust off the pictures; shall we say, takes the linen covers from the statues; and shows that the sun was as bright and the world as active—that men were as

brave, as noble, and as manly — that adventure was as desperate and passions as hot, north of the line of Mexico, as they were south of it, for these hundred years of preparation, before Protestant America was born. He begins with Florida, the most tropical of our States, the oldest of our colonies, the most mysterious in her history, shall we not say, the most hopeful in her future? He tells very briefly — rather too briefly — the stories of Ponce de Leon, of the fountain of Youth, and De Soto; for the Spanish adventurers are not his heroes, but the French. Thus he opens up for us the history of the French colonies in Carolina and Florida. As early as 1550, there is the curious episode of Villegagnon's Huguenot colony in Rio Janerio. This failed, and the next French Protestant colony tried its fortune in Port Royal Bay.

"At length (in 1562) they reached a scene made glorious in after-years. Opening betwixt flat and sandy shores, they saw a commodious haven, and named it Port Royal. On the 27th of May they crossed the bar, where the war-ships of Dupont crossed three hundred years later. They passed Hilton Head, where, in an after generation, rebel batteries belched their vain thunder; and, dreaming of nothing of what the rolling centuries should bring forth, held their course along the peaceful bosom of Broad River."

The object of this expedition was not immediate settlement, but exploration; but so enthusiastic were the voyagers, as they saw the beauties of that region in early June, that a company of volunteers, thirty in number, were left to attempt a settlement. Wholly unprepared they were, and wholly ignorant of the undertaking before them. The story of the colony is a story of famine, misery, and death, like one before it, and like so many which come after it. The European races had passed so many centuries since their last exodus, that they had lost the art of colonizing, now so well known again; and they had all to learn by cruel experience. The next year closed on Port Royal without one Frenchman on its shores; on North America, without one white man north of Mexico. All was to be begun again.

The new beginning was made by Laudonnière with another

Huguenot colony, in 1564. He landed in the River of May, which we call the River of St. John. Remember him, new colonists, who shall carry a new religion, new laws, and the new-tested rights of men into that river, in the new birth of Florida! Ribaut, who had led the last colony, had landed on those lonely shores; and he and his Frenchmen were tenderly remembered there. They made themselves the friends of the savages from the very beginning. Made welcome by the prestige they had gained, the colony of Landonnière established itself at Fort Caroline. The story of their adventures and intrigues with one and another sept or tribe of the Indians; the story of their relief by Hawkins, the inventor of the slave-trade and prince of legalized buccaneers; the story of their conflict with Menendez, the Spanish leader, who came to rout them out from the empire of Spain, discovered them, outnumbered and overmastered them, broke faith with their starving fugitives, and for ever tainted the names of Catholic and of Spaniard by his treatment of them,—all these stories give full material for a narrative of melodramatic interest. Then comes poetical justice. Menendez, the Spanish leader, hanged Ribaut and his other prisoners, with the inscription, "I do this, not as to Frenchmen, but as to Lutherans." Nothing in the recent annals of Southern warfare has been more brutal or barbarous than the treatment which the Jesuit leader inflicted on his Huguenot captives. The French king at home had no ear for the tale. But Dominique de Gourgues, a private Huguenot gentleman, read of these cruelties; collected a crew of men willing to avenge his countrymen; sailed in 1568 for the River of May; found the Indians willing to join him against the Spaniards, and, in a whirlwind assault, took them prisoners in their turn. Grimly he arrayed his prisoners before the trees where Menendez had hanged his captives. They were hanged there in turn, with the inscription, "I do this, not as to Spaniards, nor as to Morescoes,¹ but as to traitors, robbers, and murderers."

¹ *Meranc*, which we render "Morescoes," was a term of ignominy. As one might say "nigger" of a white man.

And so Gourgues's mission was fulfilled. Like a whirlwind he came; like a whirlwind he went. He bade the Indians demolish the fort, and not one stone was left upon another. He sailed, and all was to be begun again.

Mr. Parkman, having wrought out all the exciting narrative of these coasts with the most sedulous care, yet with the most picturesque narration, turns to the events further north in the valley of the St. Lawrence. The narrative of these begins a few years earlier than those we have been tracing; but the main movement of the story is of a later date. Examining the question, whether the Basque fishermen knew of the Newfoundland cod-fishery before Columbus, Mr. Parkman follows along the history of French exploration through the century. The earliest description of the United States known to exist, is the report of one of these explorations, that made by Verrazzano, as early as 1524, which he wrote from Dieppe to the king on the 8th of July of that year. Jacques Cartier's first reconnaissance was made in 1534; his second more careful voyage, in 1535. In this expedition, Stadaconé and Hochelaga, where now stand Quebec and Montreal, were discovered; and the winter of 1535-36, in the horrors of a Quebec climate, where men, wholly unprepared for such adventure, met scurvy, famine, and cold, witnessed the dreadful failure of the first European colony north of Mexico. So many such failures must be made, alas! before men could learn the art of colonization. Two more dreadful winters, at or near the same spot, marked the winters of 1541 and 1542; but, in the summer of 1543, what was left of the colony was taken back to Europe. So all was to be begun again.

The next beginning was made, as we have seen, at Port Royal. That at Fort Caroline was the next. Each ended almost as soon as it began. The French fishermen followed the fisheries every year. It must be, that one or another spent the winter by some accident or adventure here, sometimes; as the New London whalers now winter, of choice, on the shores of Davis's Straits opposite Greenland. But there is no narrative of such adventure. As late as 1598, the

Marquis de la Roche, a Catholic nobleman of Brittany, asked for a patent to colonize New France, and obtained it. That winter he landed forty convicts on Sable Island, still one of the most desolate regions of our coast. He sailed further himself to search for more genial home, but either lost or deserted the convict colonists. They spent five years of misery there, living on seals, foxes, fish, and whortleberries; and then the twelve who were left were rescued, and, for Sable Island, all was to be begun again. These wretches seem to have been the only white persons in America north of Mexico, when the seventeenth century came in.

The new history of French effort in America comes in with the manhood of Samuel de Champlain, one of the most striking and interesting characters of history. It seems that he trained himself for his great enterprise in the best school of his day, namely, in the Spanish service; and Mr. Parkman, with his usual diligence in detail, has even studied the manuscript history of the first adventure which Champlain made westward, under the orders of Francisco Colombo, a Spanish admiral, in the year 1600. The manuscript of the journal he then wrote is still preserved in Dieppe. So soon as Champlain was of an age and position to undertake such adventure, he sought American employment under the auspices of France. By a fortunate alliance with De Chastes, he obtained the patent which all parties then thought so necessary, and, with Pontgravé, sailed in 1604 for New France.

We must not trace the detail of this adventure, more than we have attempted to do the others to which we have alluded. It is because it introduces Champlain, the hero, *par excellence*, of these early romantic days, that that particular voyage differs from earlier or later experiments of failure. Not in this voyage, but in one and another expedition, only ending with his death, he penetrates the unknown world into recesses which, to this hour, are the home of native Indians almost as savage now as they were then. He brought all that was worth bringing of chivalry into the conflicts with the giants and infidels and wild enchantments of the New World. With a spirit always young, he essayed every adventure most

cheerfully. He brought such civilization as the world had to the wilderness, and seems never to have disgraced the name of civilization. He won the love of the Indians, even their respect and obedience, and does not seem to have forfeited it by any intentional disloyalty to his promise. Let us add, that, in the most attractive contrast to all Puritan adventurers, he told his story with animation and spirit. He let us see what he saw, and hear what he heard. We will do all fit honor to Winslow and Bradford and Winthrop and Morton, and the rest of our own annalists. But if their fathers had led them to some altar, and bade them swear never to reveal to posterity the familiar method of their lives, and of the lives of those around them, how they did what they did, how the new landscape impressed them, what were the manners of the men they met, and what their own sensations as they exchanged the Old World for the New,—had their fathers done this, and sometimes we think they did bind them to such awful secrecy, they would not have left us fewer traces than they did of their daily lives, or of the impressions, which, for all their taciturnity, we believe must have been overwhelming, of a life so completely new. Let us do honor to Samuel de Champlain, that, while he did well, he could tell what he did as well; while he saw well, he could tell what he saw; and how fortunate for us, that the tracing out his work has fallen now into the hands of so successful a narrator!

But we have not yet come to successful colonizing. Acadie (the land of the pollock fish, whose Indian name is *aquoddie*) was first settled, at the mouth of the St. Croix, in the expedition of 1604. The next spring, the colony was removed to Port Royal, now Annapolis, in Nova Scotia. In 1608, Champlain, acting with De Monts, settled at Quebec again. The Acadian colony had endless hardships and misadventures. In 1614, they essayed a plantation at Frenchman's Bay, when Argall, an English seaman, acting on pure buccaneer law, swept down on them and afterwards on Port Royal, and carried all Frenchmen away captive, although, in pretence, France was at peace with England. Jesuits and Huguenots,

courtiers and merchants, great noblemen and great ladies, soldiers, adventurers, fishermen, and traders, mix themselves up in the narrative with the most fascinating blending of colors and of voices. With the background of the brilliant array made by such a chorus, there is, however, always in the front a duo, sometimes even a trio or quatuor, of leading men, with just a glimpse of Madame de Guercheville, whom we may fairly call a leading woman, and of Madame de Champlain. Such men as Poutrincourt, as Biencourt, as De Monts, and the hero of chivalry whom we have named, will not let the chorus clamor run into chaos. They steadily rebuild burned forts, re-establish deserted sites, out-maneuvre the most crafty antagonists; and, for that generation, Acadie and Canada are established on foundations which are sure.

The reader will readily judge how interesting a narrative might be wrought out of such adventures, if only the narrators condescend to leave some memoirs of them behind. Mr. Parkman's rare zeal, of which we are to speak again, has brought out what is really large store of material for the reproduction of such history. Merchants, soldiers, and priests had the French tact at "*mémoires pour servir.*" And so the dull page of the history of poor, starving, fishing settlements is lighted up with gleams of human pathos, and becomes as wild and affecting as the story should be which is the beginning of the history of nations.

With the winter following the lawless raid of Argall on Acadie, Mr. Parkman turns from that province to the St. Lawrence, and follows the fortunes of Champlain and of his colony there. We have spoken of the man. The scenes of his adventures were the St. Lawrence, the lake which is his fit monument because it bears his noble name, all the great lakes but Lake Superior, and all the waters between them. The people with whom he had to do were mostly the Iroquois Indians; a variety of the Indian race much more interesting than our dead and stolid Algonquins were. Shall we say that the talkative, adventurous, and sociable Iroquois was the Frenchman of America; and that the dull, stoical, morose Penobscot or Massachusetts man was its Englishman? Mr.

Parkman will rule us out of court for such a dashing generalization. But none the less is this true, that, in his hands and in Champlain's narratives, the Iroquois and the Hurons are far more interesting companions than Roger Williams or John Eliot ever make out our "red-skins" here to be.

We have attempted the briefest possible sketch of this curiously varied narrative, simply to direct the attention of the reader to the volume itself, in which it is so thoroughly digested. Under the title which we have quoted, Mr. Parkman presents to us now this interesting study of every successive effort which France made in America, by way of introduction to his study of the rivalry of France and England on this continent,—a study for which he is particularly well prepared,—of a subject of the first interest and importance. We must not leave our sketch without direct acknowledgment of the picturesque interest of the narrative, and of the solid and manly style in which the work is done.

Although it is evident that the history of the attempts of an absolute civic rule and an armed hierarchy to establish themselves over a domain so vast, and a population so utterly unaccustomed to and unfit for the restraints of organized society, must be sought for and found, if at all, in many places, and in scattered and fragmentary condition, yet it is surprising to find how much of written authority remains upon which to base it. The earlier period of the history of New France was, it appears, very prolific of a class of publications of much historical value, but of which many are now exceedingly rare. Of these most important tributaries to the work which he had in hand, Mr. Parkman is able to say in his introductory note, "The writer, however, has at length gained access to them all." This "all" includes a vast amount of unpublished matter, like the early records of the colonies in the archives of France, and other documents of important bearing upon the subjects, treasured in public and private libraries in France and in Canada. Besides these more hidden authorities, there is the published matter with regard to this history; but even that is much scattered and little known. Captain Jean Ribaut's account of his voyage to Florida, in

1562, only exists in the English translation made the next year. Le Clerc's "*Establissemant de Foi*" was suppressed by the government soon after its publication in 1691. Of the eight accounts of the Huguenot occupation of Florida, given by eye-witnesses, used by our author, none can be said to be works easily attainable or generally known to exist; and two of them are still in the original manuscript, and only unearthed—so to speak—by his investigations. With resources of this sort dispersed over the world, and buried in many obscure recesses, Mr. Parkman says that it has "been his aim to exhaust the existing material of every subject treated;" and he expresses a confidence, which we cannot think misplaced, that nothing of importance has escaped him. Indeed, the internal evidence of untiring research, and judicious selection, and careful weighing and comparison of authorities, furnished by the volume itself, is sufficient to show that there is little left for the gleaner in the field where he has gathered and bound the sheaves.

But it is not merely in the examination of the special authorities for the immediate transactions and incidents that he records, that Mr. Parkman has appreciated and accomplished his duty. That more general study and cultivation which enables him to grasp the whole of his subject; to exhibit it as a whole, and not as a series of fragments; and from the mass of colors, and the confused lights before him, to make one intelligible, interesting, and agreeable picture—has preceded and accompanied the work of detail. He has himself personally followed much of the *trail*. He has possessed himself of the tone and spirit of pioneer life by an actual experience of its haunts and its habits; and such has been the result of the strenuous effort at French subjugation of this continent, that, in many an instance, he can describe, from his own observation, scenes of his drama, still as wild, as savage and deserted, as when they were first seen by the adventurers whose progress he narrates. As he has thus prepared himself, by a personal acquaintance, with the actual boundaries of his subject, he has, by the study of the history and literature and romance of the times of which he writes,

imbued himself with the spirit and fathomed the character of those with whom he speaks, and made habitual to himself a clear and accurate judgment of their principles, their passions, and their motives. He is as much at home in the intellectual and spiritual sphere of his drama, as in its outward and local one. He groups his actors as well as he paints and shifts his scenes; and brings back to us, as far as seems possible, the "very form and image of the times."

C. C. Scadding, Jr.

ART. V.—ENGLISH COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS.

1. *Classical and Scientific Studies, and the Great Schools of England.*
A Lecture. By WILLIAM P. ATKINSON.
2. *On the Cam. Lectures on the University of Cambridge in England.*
By WILLIAM EVERETT. Cambridge: Sever & Francis.

THESE two books, between them, embrace the whole subject of the Higher Education in England. One takes for its subject the Public Schools; the other, the Universities: the second thus taking up the subject where the first laid it down. But here the continuity ends. The two accounts do not dovetail into each other at all. So far from one supplementing the other, the two are so violently contrasted, that it would seem hardly possible to believe that they were written on subjects so closely connected. If we are to believe Mr. Atkinson, the English system is below contempt; it is more than a failure: it is a cheat and a sham. If we follow Mr. Everett, it is a noble, a magnificent scheme of education; second to none in the world; unapproachable, indeed, in its own line. Mr. Atkinson brings forward his evidence to show that the public schools send a wretched set of ignoramuses to college. Mr. Everett gives his to the effect, that the English schools send to college much better classical scholars than the American colleges graduate. At first sight, then, we seem obliged to decide in favor of one of two witnesses, who flatly contradict each other;

and should probably incline to favor that of the eye-witness: for Mr. Atkinson gets at his facts from a parliamentary blue-book, while Mr. Everett obtained his by actual residence at an English university. The real truth, however, is, that the two are looking at the same object from opposite directions; Mr. Atkinson fixing his eyes exclusively on the defects, while Mr. Everett looks chiefly at the excellences, of the English system.

Let us proceed, then, to examine each of these witnesses separately. For we shall find that each has valuable truth to tell,—truth that it behooves the American educator to consider, and that quickly: for it will not be denied now, if ever it was denied, that the destiny of a first-rate nation is coming upon us; and that that destiny is coming upon us faster than we can educate first-rate minds to meet it. Mr. Atkinson has a cause to plead, which he rightly feels to be noble, — *the cause of science*. His earnest advocacy of this ennobles his pamphlet, and makes it, in spite of many unfairnesses, a most welcome contribution to educational literature. The sum of what he would say is this:—

“The study of Physical Science is as ennobling as the study of Language or of Mathematics, and ought therefore to have an honored place in any comprehensive system of education. Further, there are some minds, of a very high order, who gravitate toward Physical Science, just as surely as other minds gravitate toward Language or Mathematics; and it is a grievous injustice to such minds that their scientific faculties should not be developed at as early an age, and with as constant care, as the language faculties and the mathematical faculties are already developed. At present, partly from the lack of competent instructors, and partly from the general ignorance which prevails upon the subject, this is nowhere adequately done; the English public schools being, perhaps, the most conspicuous and most outrageous offenders in this respect.”

To enforce this idea, he makes admirable use of the Report of the Commissioners of Public Schools. The evidence he quotes, weighty or ludicrous, as the case may be, is all brought to bear upon this central topic. The criticism is just. Mr.

Atkinson has hit upon the great, palpable, glaring defect of English education. He does this, not in a spirit of fault-finding, but with an eye to the defects of American education in the same direction, and with a view to their remedy. To correct those defects is his special aim; and if one only of his suggestions were carried out, namely, that proficiency in scientific studies should be accepted at the examination for entrance at our colleges,—as an equivalent, say, for the study of Greek,—we should soon see a marked improvement in our system of instruction.

It is, indeed, enough to rouse the indignation of the lover of his race, to think of the deplorable waste of the most valuable minds which is perpetually going on in England, and elsewhere also. A one-sided system of education is a sin against the Holy Ghost. On all other sides, “we are all of us, as it were, naturalists by accident,” says Professor Owen, mournfully. When God sends England an embryo chemist, a geologist, or a naturalist, she does not know what to do with him. There is tragedy, as well as comedy, in “Tom Brown’s” account of the treatment of Martin the naturalist, at Rugby. Such minds as his are the Ugly Ducks of the English system.

This indignation Mr. Atkinson has felt to the full; and it is this which partly excuses, and accounts for, his really unfair account of what the English public schools do accomplish in their own line. One word, however, of caution, before we attempt to prove our statement. The change which Mr. Atkinson is working so manfully to effect is of such vital importance, and the educational world owes him so heavy a debt for having come forward as he has done, that we would sooner lay down our pen without writing a word of criticism, than weaken in the mind of a single reader the immense force of his positive statements. We trust that he will continue to cry aloud, and spare not, until Science, long defrauded, has her just rights, at last, in every scheme of liberal education. We trust also that every careful reader will ponder the really tragic significance of the evidence of scientific men, given before the Commission; the quintessence of which Mr. Atkinson has given us in his admirable Appendix.

With Mr. Atkinson's main purpose, then, we deeply sympathize. We simply criticise his picture of the public schools of England, by saying that he puts a part, and that the worst part, for the whole; gives their bad side, without seeming even to be aware that there is a good side. Even here, then, we must not be misunderstood. Mr. Atkinson's criticisms and quotations are only too true a picture of a certain type. The genus he paints exists, nay flourishes, in every public school and every college in England. It is as true a picture as that Dickens gives, in "Martin Chuzzlewit," of the Jefferson Bricks of the American press, and the land-sharks of Western speculation. But our criticism of Dickens is that he gave undue prominence to the hateful type, and thus left an impression of American society as unfair as a true picture of the thieves' corner in St. Giles's would be if given as the type of London society in general. Mr. Atkinson unconsciously commits the same injustice when he would have us believe that cricket and nonsense-verses are the two great staples of an English public-school education; the real curriculum being the former, and the sham the latter.

There are several ways of accounting for this. First, he has only the evidence of others to go by,—evidence which may be, and sometimes is, very one-sided; and has no immediate acquaintance with the facts himself, as a corrective to this one-sidedness. Secondly, without any argument or preface whatever,—evidently thinking that it needs neither,—he lays down, as if it were as self-evident as an axiom of geometry, the following entirely one-sided method of weighing the value of an educational system:—

"The true merits of a school are determined by what it does for the great mass of average minds. . . . The education of the able minority is never a true test of the worth of a system or of the character of a school."

If any one admits this as an axiom, it is not too much to say, that he can no more pass a true judgment on the English system of education, than a blind man can judge of colors. For the peculiar merit of the English system lies just here,

namely, in its unequalled power of developing the able minority; while, on the other hand, which makes such one-sided judgment the more unfortunate, the most striking defect of American education is its inability to develop beyond a certain point. Mr. Everett, in a single sentence, gives a really impartial and substantially correct judgment on the English system. "It is admirably calculated," he says, "to make a select body of distinguished scholars, but is not nearly as well adapted for the cultivation of average intellects." (p. 312.) In a word, English education sacrifices the many to the few. We are apt to sacrifice the few to the many. One of our greatest dangers is the being perfectly contented with a decent average of intelligence. "After all, is it not the tendency of Democracy to produce a general level?" In other words, "After all, is it not inevitable that Democracy should be insufferably tame, dull, flat, and uninteresting?" Says De Tocqueville, "Words cannot convey the commonplaceness of the ordinary American life." Says Renan, "The worst part of Channing's world is, that one would die of dulness there." Such criticism as this will continue to have a certain truth, until we find out the way to educate our best minds in the best manner. The truth is, that at least half of our judgment of a school or a college should be founded on the career and opportunities it affords to young men of high intelligence. One legitimate glory, then, of a scholarly university is the roll of the names of the great scholars she has trained; because she has furnished them with the knowledge needed in their own line. It is as true in scholarship as in the military art, that a first-class scholar wholly self-trained is a *rara avis* indeed. In a century, you may count on your fingers the names of such. True, minds of "active strength and originality" do make their mark in the world; but, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, they do so by taking a line which does not require a great amount of previous attainment. Mr. Atkinson quotes Lord Brougham as giving Milton as one of those of whom the English system of education unjustly boasts. He could not have quoted a name that casts more weight into the opposite scale. Milton was, from a boy, dis-

tinguished as a classical scholar. He was captain (head) of St. Paul's School; a position entirely gained by pre-eminence over all others in the studies of the place, namely, Greek and Latin. He was a master of Latin as well as English verse; and, in every page of the "Paradise Lost," shows the most intimate acquaintance with the classical authors and heroes. Any one who could write Latin verse like Milton must not only have had genuine poetic talent, but a strict, learned, and conscientious classical teacher.

We may, then, with strictest justice, arraign the English system for its unpardonable neglect of the natural sciences; for its absurd contempt for general knowledge and the modern languages and literature; for its utter inability to develop, decently, minds of merely ordinary intelligence. But it is gross injustice to attempt to rob that system of the glory it has fairly won by the great scholars, and, in the case of Cambridge at least, the great mathematicians, it has reared. No one personally acquainted with the subject can doubt for a moment that nine-tenths, at least, of the classical scholars of England owe their scholarly culture to the English public schools and universities; while the most cursory survey of the facts will prove that the great majority of English mathematicians are Cambridge men. But to proceed.

Mr. Atkinson feels all along that he is describing a failure; a great, portentous sham; an immense system of no-education, where "How not to do it" has been illustrated on a gigantic scale. His "chief object," he says in his preface, has been to give —

"The very surprising picture of the great English schools contained in the Report of the Commissioners on English Public Schools; schools, some of which would seem, at the present time, to answer hardly any other purpose than that of serving as the demonstration, by a *reductio ad absurdum*, of the inefficiency of a one-sided and obsolete system of education."

Again (p. 85): —

"They have been tried so long, so much pains and cost have been lavished upon them, that their failure cannot be accounted for, except on the theory of some fundamental error in their organization."

This is the tone throughout. Certainly, it would be difficult to believe, from the tone of Mr. Atkinson's pamphlet, that there is scarcely one of these schools which does not yearly send to college half-a-dozen young men superior in classical attainments (the main staple, at present, of college requirements in both hemispheres) to any half-dozen which could be picked out from all the schools in America put together; that from these public schools, taken as a whole, there go up yearly, to Oxford and Cambridge, from twenty to thirty young men, whose average age will be under nineteen, who are superior in classical attainments to any twenty or thirty that might be selected from all the colleges in America put together. If this be indeed true,—and we leave it to any American graduate who has tried the experiment of competition with them to decide whether it be true or no,—surely a somewhat more respectful way of discussing the English public-school education would be more appropriate.

That we may not seem to misrepresent Mr. Atkinson, let him speak for himself here. He himself shall put an ingenuous but ill-fated British youth through his course of no-education, from public school to university, from university to the great world.

First, then, our youth is at a public school. Of these we will choose the "worst," and call it Eton. He is there, with all manner of budding capabilities in him, which are laboriously *not* brought out.

After a graphic sketch of the studies not taught him, Mr. Atkinson, very naturally, proceeds as follows:—

"But I shall expect you to begin to say, the thing is incredible: you are proving too much. It cannot be that this great number of boys should be herded together without receiving any education at all. Observe, gentlemen, that I have nowhere said that these boys received no education at all; and now, having gone over the parts of that education which they do *not* receive, let me proceed very briefly to describe the education which they do."

"Now, in any great collection of boys or men, if the organized and accredited system of education should prove unsuitable and a failure, you may be sure that an unorganized and unaccredited sys-

tem will be established by the boys themselves." In these schools they have organized "a system of vigorous and manly sports, and this is the real education of these great schools. The studies of this curriculum are, first and foremost, cricket; second, and hardly less important, rowing; and, as subordinate elementary studies, rackets, hare and hounds, &c., of which we read such glowing accounts in 'Tom Brown.' You may smile at this as a jest; but listen to the evidence. Mr. Johnson, an Eton master, testifies that cricket has become such a grave and serious science as to require special trainers, professors as it were; and that the needful practice consumes twenty-seven hours a week."

He quotes an amusing piece of evidence as illustration. Mr. Walford, one of the masters of Eton, is cross-examined by Mr. Thompson.

"(Mr. Thompson): Do you know if it is the case that five hours are considered barely sufficient for cricket?—I should think it was.

"That a boy cannot attain the proficiency in cricket, which an Eton boy aspires to, without five hours' study of it?—I should think so.

"Would it not require a boy of strong constitution to read six hours a day in the classics, after having studied five hours in cricket?—Yes."

Mr. Atkinson seems to consider this the most enormous joke of the whole affair. We think, however, that something may be said even here. In the first place, let us criticise the evidence itself a little. First, cricket is played in an English public school little more than three months out of the year, *i.e.*, from the end of April to the beginning of October, with two months of vacation intervening. That is, it is played during the hottest season of the public-school year, when a wise education would apportion the smallest amount of time for study, and the largest for open-air exercise. Secondly, the worst-conducted school in England never thinks of putting five hours of cricket in the morning, and then six hours of study in the afternoon. The "study" of cricket, in the main, follows, not precedes, the study of Latin. During the intermissions, it is true, wickets may be hastily

set up, and half-an-hour's practice obtained. Very good physiology, by the bye. But the main "study" of cricket is carried on after the larger part of the school-work is over, so that a good night's rest intervenes between cricket and Cicero,—also good physiology; while the matches, which may be called the final examinations of this study, take place on the half-holidays, of which there are from two to three a week. Any Saturday afternoon, at Rugby, Harrow, Eton, and a dozen other schools, you may see the game go on from two to nine, through the long afternoon and lingering evening of those wonderful English summer-days. Counting in these, you do, indeed, get a formidable aggregate of hours; but not so much too many as one might be apt to think. In the second place, we may well afford to ask, Can an enlightened American teacher, like Mr. Atkinson, find nothing but a jest in the great system of manly sports which "are the inheritance of every British boy"? Has it not been the crying sin and sorrow of American education, that, until but yesterday, it has sullenly refused to learn the priceless lesson the sports of the English public schools had to teach? If Young England plays too much, has Young America played enough? "Here is where Waterloo was won," said the Duke of Wellington when walking in the "playing-fields" of Eton. That is, "Here was manufactured that terrible endurance before which even Napoleon's legions recoiled, baffled at last." Out of the four first Elevens in the four Philadelphia Cricket Clubs, all but seven men went to the war; and of these, two were the English professionals. What does this mean but that manly young bodies, developed by manly games, are a nation's cheap defence? Surely our war has taught us this lesson at least, that true souls encased in stout bodies are the real *ultima ratio* of liberty. But how many brave young men we had among us, who longed to give themselves up for the good cause, but whose poor, weak, untrained bodies meanly said them nay? How many dropped down, killed by the first day's march, before they had seen the foe? Surely, surely we shall learn this lesson of the war at least. It is, indeed, true, as Matthew Arnold complains, that to-day

the higher classes in England amuse themselves overmuch ; true, it is a sorry sight, as Mr. Atkinson well says, to see in England the too-frequent development of bodies without brains. But, at present, the greatest danger to us is the development of brains without bodies ; and the chief remedy for this lies in the introduction of the manly sports for the million.

But to proceed. There must, after all, be a pretence of doing something, even though nothing be done. Our hapless youth has school-hours, in which there must be lessons, even though nothing be learnt. You begin to ask in despair, “What do the boys learn ?” The answer is brief, and it is this, that their chief mental occupations are,—

“‘First, the committing of a quantity of Greek and Latin verse to memory ;’ and ‘secondly, the manufacturing themselves of vast quantities of Greek and Latin verses, or what are called verses ; which is usually done with the help of a ‘Gradus,’ and, in point of educational value, is about on a par with the operation of turning the handle of a barrel-organ.’”

So much for the Public Schools. Our hapless school-boy passes to the Universities. Alas ! he is “out of the frying-pan into the fire.” The Universities —

“‘Are little more than cock-pits on a larger scale, and for older combatants to engage in contests of the same kind ;’ which it is simply ‘preposterous to call education,’ but in which ‘there is a never-failing supply of combatants, not from the best minds of the nation, who, intent on real knowledge, scorn to prostitute their talents to such base purposes, but of second-rate and vulgar men, who are ready to travel any road that offers them any prospect, however distant, of a fellowship.’”

To sum up, broadly, —

“All the means of promotion to which an English literary man or clergyman must look, are absolutely dependent, not so much upon his real knowledge of the substance of Latin and Greek literature, as upon his skill in making Greek iambics, or the rate at which he can grind out Latin hexameters. The manufacture of Greek and Latin verses is fostered by a system of bounties that are almost prohibitory of any other style of teaching.”

But, "last change of all," our not-educated Eton scholar becomes a not-educator himself. Our astonishment at this state of things will perhaps be somewhat diminished when we read the following description of the mode of education and appointment of the Eton masters. For Eton, it will be seen, is the great scapegoat throughout; it is the "worst" of the great Public Schools, the *monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.*

Mr. Atkinson quotes a somewhat stupid passage (not knowing that it is stupid) from the "Edinburgh Review," to prove that the absurd curriculum is complimented by a set of incompetent and worthless masters, all old Eton "Collegers," who were "grossly neglected and ill-educated" at school, and thence passed to King's College, Cambridge (not "Oxford"); a college "notorious for idleness and laxity," and when there "encountered none of the public examinations of the University." When one set is "superannuated," other Collegers, as carefully educated by similar teachers, "take their places, and thus the vicious circle has been perpetuated from age to age."

Now, confessedly, Eton is full of faults, and the management of it is, in many respects, bad; but its directors are not insane, as this account would have us believe. A single glance at the Cambridge Calendar would have given the "Edinburgh Reviewer" a little much-needed information. Had he turned to the list of Craven University Scholars, he would have seen, that, from 1840 to 1850, five out of ten were King's men; and that three of these, Johnson, Day, and Wayte, are now masters of Eton. It would require some local knowledge to know that one more out of the ten was an Eton man, making six Craven scholars out of ten; a pretty fair proportion from a school so insanely conducted. It ought to be said here, that the Craven Scholarship is about on a par with the place of Senior Classic in the Classical "Tripos," the two being the two highest honors in classics which the University has to bestow. It was, indeed, a great misfortune to King's men, that, in times past, they could not enter the Classical Tripos, as well as the examination for University

scholarships; but it must be distinctly understood, that the test of the Craven Scholarship is even more severe, as generally only one is given each year.

Mr. Atkinson is indeed "proving too much." Here we have six Eton students gaining, year after year, the highest classical honor (some three of them at least gained this when they had been at Cambridge less than a year and a quarter); showing a proficiency in classical knowledge which no single student in any American college, and very few professors, possess; necessitating an extent of classical reading at least quadruple in amount of that which the most proficient American graduate has gone through; and we are to believe that all this has been accomplished at a school conducted in the insane way which Mr. Atkinson describes.

But let us analyze the matter a little more closely; as by so doing we shall gain something of a real insight into the English system.

The general question of writing Latin and Greek verse as part of a scholarly education is a large one. Dr. Arnold, at one time of his life, considered skill of this kind "one of the most contemptible prettinesses" that a youth could waste his time upon. Experience afterwards caused him to modify his opinion; as also another cognate one, namely, the undervaluing of the Greek tragedians.

The truth is, that, while it is successful, this exercise gives the very aroma of classical thought and culture, and gives a sympathetic appreciation of the most delicate and tender shades of meaning that the ancient languages can convey; while, on the other hand, where it is unsuccessful on account of lack of poetic sensibility on the part of the pupil, it is an unmitigated waste of time. It is, then, an accomplishment for a scholar: it is poor discipline for average minds. Here, then, as elsewhere, English education has sacrificed the many to the few.

It is, moreover, generally conceded in Cambridge, that Eton, especially, does devote too much time to versification; but, leaving verses wholly out of the question, the test of the Craven Scholarship is so severe, that only an examination of

the papers themselves, and the manuscripts of the successful candidates, would convince an American scholar that such attainments were possible at so early an age, say twenty or twenty-one.

To gain an accurate idea of these examinations, one has only to inspect with a little care the papers set for the Classical Tripos, contained in each year's Cambridge Calendar; premising that there is not much difference between these papers and those set for the Craven Scholarship.

We give, then, a synopsis of the papers set in the year 1860:—

One Greek-verse paper, containing a score of lines from Bryant's "Forest Hymn" commencing,—

"My heart is awed within me, when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on
In silence round me;"

and a dozen from Shelley's "Cloud,"—

"I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers;"

to be turned, the first into iambics, the second into anapests, by the "barrel-organ" process; possibly, however, intermingled with some dim sense of the tender grace and beauty of the one passage and the solemn grandeur of the other, as well as of the wonderful capacity of the language of Euripides and Aeschylus to express both in perfection.

One Latin-verse paper, containing (1) a score of lines, from Tennyson's "Vivien," for hexameters; and (2) four stanzas from Whittier,—

"Knowest thou not, all germs of evil
In thy heart await their time?
Not thyself, but God's restraining,
Stays their growth of crime," &c.

to be turned into alcaics, also by the "barrel-organ" process.

Two English prose-papers; one to be translated into Latin, and the other into Greek prose.

A long paper of questions in Greek and Roman History, Policy, Law, Philosophy, &c.

These five papers are together not quite half the examination.

The other three days — six hours of examination in each day — are devoted to translations, on paper, from Latin and Greek authors; the various passages and authors being selected by the examiners, — the only preparation possible being, 1st, a general knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages; and, 2d, a thorough knowledge of each author, and his peculiar style. The high men have probably studied carefully every author set, and are familiar with about from two-thirds to three-fourths of the passages given. The only way, for instance, to be sure of a passage in Sophocles is to have read carefully each one of the seven extant plays of this author; and similarly for the rest. The following is a list of authors from whom passages are selected in this particular Examination of 1860 : —

Cicero (*De Legibus*, two *Orations*, three *Epistles*), Livy, Sallust, Tacitus, Seneca, Plautus, Lucretius, Virgil, Ovid, Juvenal, Horace, Lucan, and Catullus, in Latin; and Homer, Aristotle, Isaeus, Demosthenes, Plato, Thucydides, Herodotus, Pindar, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, and Meleager (*Epigrams*), in Greek. Aeschylus is omitted, an unusual thing. The passages set are from fifteen to twenty lines in length.

But what preparation is made for this searching examination?

One who is striving for the place of Junior Classic will have read (1) the whole of Aeschylus, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Pindar, Herodotus, Thucydides, Greek Epigrams, and perhaps Euripides; (2) a large part of Homer, Hesiod, Theocritus, Xenophon, Plato, Aristotle, Demosthenes, in Greek: with (1) all Virgil, Horace, Cæsar, Nepos, Juvenal, Lucretius, Persius, Sallust, and Tacitus; and (2) the major part of Cicero, Livy, Terence, Ovid; and (3) variable quantities of Plautus, Catullus, Seneca, Quintilian, Suetonius, and Martius, in Latin. This, allowing for the variations of individuals, is, we presume, an average amount.

But how much of this has he gained at schools, and how much at college?

A young man who has stood high in an English public

school, has read, before going to college, on on average,— 1. Cæsar (say four books); 2. Cornelius Nepos (half the lines); 3. Ovid (say five thousand lines); 4. Virgil, Bucolics, Georgics, and six books of the *Aeneid*; 5. Horace,— knows the Odes by heart, and has read half the Satires, &c.; 6. Lucretius, three books; 7. Juvenal, six to twelve Satires; 8. Cicero, *De Senectute*, *De Amicitia*, *De Officiis*, *Orations*, *Tusculan Disputations*, three books; 9. Livy, two to four books; 10. (possibly) Tacitus, two books. In Greek, he has read,— 1. Xenophon, *Cyropaedia* and *Anabasis* (parts); 2. Homer, from ten to twenty books; 3. Æschylus, two plays; 4. Sophocles, two plays; 5. Euripides, four plays; 6. Aristophanes, three plays; 7. Herodotus, seven books; 8. Thucydides, two books; 9. Pindar, all, or nearly all; 10. Plato, *Phædo*; 11. Demosthenes, *De Coronâ*; 12. Greek Epigrams, half. This is, as nearly as possible, a sketch from life. Of course, the books alter; but the total result is about as above.

We are sorry to say, that, besides this, he can translate Wordsworth's *Excursion* into Latin hexameters, and his Odes into alcaicas or asclepiads; Shakspeare into Greek iambics, and Shelley into anapaests. But surely the rest of his culture ought not to be entirely ignored on account of this; which is, after all, his misfortune, and not his fault. Surely he may be allowed to write Latin and Greek prose without any loss of caste. This for a fair average. If, however, he happens to be a "grossly neglected and ill-educated" Eton Collegier, who gets his University Scholarship in his first or second year (eventually, on account of this puerile distinction, to be made a grossly neglecting and ill-educating master, with a salary of \$7000 a year for not doing it), he must have accomplished, before he leaves school, at least twice that amount of reading. If any one doubts the possibility of doing this before nineteen years of age (the age beyond which no one continues at school), he does not know the immense stimulus which the mere thought of becoming University Scholar gives to an ardent, though "ill-educated" mind.

But to return. The "Verses" occupy about one-sixth part of the examination; and preparation for the verse-papers

has occupied, say, two to four hours a week. But, leaving these out altogether, we are forced to acknowledge that the subjects of the examination are the Latin and Greek Languages, Literature, and History. The examination itself, again, is so thorough and searching that nothing but real and thorough knowledge of the subject can avail any thing. If this, indeed, be true, and if our unfortunate Eton man does really ever come up to so high a standard, and actually, six times out of ten, distances all competitors, is it possible to believe that his education was quite such a nullity as Mr. Atkinson makes it out to be? "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?"

N.B. — The first class, in the year whose papers we have given (1860), contained nine men an unusually small number. A King's man was Senior Classic, and three other of his "grossly neglected and ill-educated" brothers in misfortune were in the class; making four out of nine.

When a young man of twenty-one or twenty-two is University Scholar or Senior Classic, it means that he is at once enrolled among the scholarly minds of the world. It means that the Greek and the Roman language and literature have passed into his very being. He becomes, at once, another link between the old and the new; one more barrier against the overweening conceit of to-day; one more witness for the worth of men whose bones are dust, but whose words and deeds are immortal. Such youths are a glory to any system of education; and, while England produces yearly a handful of such, they will be the "fifty righteous" who save her educational city. This is no fancy sketch: such men, filled with noble enthusiasm, as well as high knowledge; with eye open to the mighty Future as well as the noble Past,—we have seen and honored and loved. If such minds can be produced by the "barrel-organ" process, why, let us at once proceed to purchase every Latin *Gradus* in existence. Each copy is worth more than the fabled philosopher's stone.

Again: Two-thirds of the able men at Cambridge, as anybody may ascertain by referring to a Cambridge Calendar, do not take classical honors at all, and are therefore entirely

innocent of verse-making, Greek or Latin. They study mathematics, pure and applied; and find that first-rate mathematical talent is as good a passport to a fellowship as classical ability is. So much for Cambridge. As for Oxford (the scapegoat of the Universities, as Eton is the scapegoat of the Schools), in her examinations for classical honors, no verses are required at all. The "barrel-organ" system is therefore comparatively guiltless of the manufacture of "Oxford bigotry."

This brings us to what is perhaps the most unfair passage in the whole book, as well as the one most easily refuted,—the one, namely, touching on the state of theology.

"What is it in England that keeps theology so far behind all other sciences, but the fact that the clergy are the only profession who are *compelled* to subject their minds to the full dementalizing power of Oxford training? What power less potent could produce the bigotry of an English High-Church bishop?"

Mr. Atkinson puts the word *compelled* in Italics. He feels justified in so doing by quoting the evidence (p. 88) of an English clergyman given in 1859. But the fact is, that not only are clergymen not compelled to take a University degree, but, of late years, only about forty per cent of those receiving ordination have had a University education at all. Colenso, in his preface to his second volume, gives the statistics on this point; noticing the alarming fact, that every year the number offering themselves for ordination from the Universities is steadily diminishing, being now not more than half the average of former years.

He gives, as one of the chief causes of this diminution, the fact that the restrictions which the Church of England throws around free thought are so irksome to liberally educated men, that they will not endure them any more.

Mr. Atkinson erroneously supposes, that England at large is more liberal theologically than the Universities. It is, on the contrary, the "uneducated" men, especially fitted for the Church in middle-class schools and theological seminaries, who fill the depleted ranks of the ministry; notoriously keep-

ing up the sorely needed supply of ignorance, narrowness, and bigotry, by which free thought is to be voted down.

The injustice of such a criticism may be more plainly seen if we call to mind that there is hardly a single liberal theologian in England of any note—if we accept James Martineau and a few of his noble brothers in the faith—who is not a University man.

Dr. Arnold, Julius Charles Haré, Coleridge, Baden Powell, Williams, Stanley, Jowett, Colenso, Whately, Macnaught, Hampden, Robertson, Maurice, Francis Newman,—in fact, almost the whole army of liberal theologians in England has been recruited at the Universities. Among the Orthodox Dissenters, numbering millions, whose ministers have been brought up at “middle-class schools” and dissenting colleges, scarce a single name; indeed, not one, so far as we know.

Why is this? Simply, because in them culture has not risen high enough to make investigation a necessity.

Who, then, in England, have done the lion’s share of the work of enlightening the people of England on the great questions of theology? We answer emphatically, “The scholars of Oxford and Cambridge.” Honor to whom honor is due. Science has, it is true, exercised a vast influence, indirectly, in modifying our theology. But we must not forget that criticism, after all, has borne the burden and heat of the day. In other words, the liberal theologians of England, as well as of Germany, are scholars, rather than men of science. If a man unacquainted with the ancient languages were to pretend to criticise, *ex cathedra*, the ancient Scriptures, it would be a piece of presumption too great to be endured. In other words, scholarly training of the most rigorous kind is the essential preliminary to critical success. Now, it is just this which the English system of education gives to its best minds. Take Jowett himself for an example, whom Mr. Atkinson quotes as a private tutor (by the bye, he is public Professor of Greek to the University). Take away his thorough knowledge of the Greek language, the foundation of which was laid at St. Paul’s School and at Oxford, and where would his masterly edition of the Pauline

Epistles be? Some of the most important criticism there hangs upon a comparison between the classical and the New-Testament usage of Greek particles, prepositions, such as *ανταπο*, &c. The true explanation of several passages is, that the Apostle Paul did not write Greek correctly; and that, more than once, he did not mean to give the sense which, grammatically considered, his sentences will sometimes bear: but only a ripe scholar would have either the right or the courage to decide so delicate a matter.

But what, after all, is the position of which science, exclusive of mathematics, can offer to a Cambridge student? As far as external arrangements are concerned, there is nothing to complain of here. As there is a mathematical, classical, legal, moral science, and theological Tripos, or roll of honor; so there is an honor list in natural science.

When this new Tripos was formed, great hopes were entertained of its success. But the great mistake was made of making the scientific examinations far inferior, in thoroughness and extent of requirement, to the mathematical and classical examinations; so that, while it required years of hard study to gain high honors in the latter, a few months sufficed for the former. Of course, therefore, a high place in the scientific Tripos was valued very little; *for it stood for only a small amount of scientific knowledge*: and therefore the various colleges still give their Fellowships to mathematical or classical men. In fact, the Oxford examination in the physical sciences finds more favor than that of Cambridge. Until, therefore, a thorough reform is effected in this department,—until the competition is as real, and the rewards as great, as in the other departments,—Mr. Atkinson's censure is deserved.

It will not surprise any one to learn, that Mr. Atkinson prints in Italics, as a summing-up of the whole affair, a remarkable statement of Struve, the Russian astronomer; namely, that "*the first boys at schools disappear at the college, and those who are first in the colleges disappear in the world.*" This, if true, would prove that the existing schools and colleges are worse than useless; for they not only cannot foster, they

actually destroy, the best intellects. Nothing but actual proof is sufficient to establish so startling a proposition. How can this be done? A certain portion of the needed evidence can be collected without much difficulty. Take the first half of the proposition,—“*The first boys at schools disappear at the colleges.*”

Now, the Cambridge Calendar gives a list of the successful candidates for honors each year; and it would not be difficult to find out what public schools they came from. Take, for instance, the list of classical honors for 1852 (this year is chosen, simply because the present writer knows most about it).

Here, then, is a list of the first ten in the first class, in the order in which they stand (the names bracketed being equal); giving, at the same time, the schools they came from, and their relative rank in the school:—

- { Burn, First Scholar, from Shrewsbury.
- { Hammond, First, from Christ's Hospital.
- { Macnaghten, distinguished at Dublin University.
- Pening, Second, from Shrewsbury.
- Chandless, Third, from Shrewsbury.
- { Broadribb, not known.
- { Thompson, Second, from Christ's Hospital.
- Benson, Second, from King Edward's School, Birmingham.
- { Ellis, not known.
- { Pearse, First, from King Edward's School, Birmingham.

It will be seen from this list, that not only do the best scholars from the public schools monopolize the classical honors, but that they stand pretty much in the order in which they stood at school: with only one exception, indeed; and, in this case, the second scholar came up with a reputation superior to that of the first. Two out of the ten, from want of knowledge, are not classified; but it is in the highest degree probable that both would prove illustrations of, and not exceptions to, the rule.

The real fact is, that at least four-fifths of the classical men who will distinguish themselves in the University, are known, the first day they come up, by their school reputation.

So much for the first half of Struve's proposition. Now for the second,—“*The first in the colleges disappear in the world.*”

The last time Thackeray saw Macaulay was on the steps of the University-Club House in London. An English baronet had just asked, “Well, after all, what do your high men at Cambridge do in the world?” (Macaulay was himself a University scholar.) From the depths of that wonderful memory, Macaulay answered him. He went through the list of all the Senior Wranglers (*i. e.*, the first mathematical scholars) of each year of the present century, and showed just what they had done. Here are a few specimens:—

1801, Henry Martyn (saint and martyr). 1804, Kaye, Bishop of Lincoln. 1805, Turton, Bishop of Ely. 1806, Pollock, Lord Chief Baron. 1808, Bickersteth, Lord Langdale. 1809, Alderson, Judge, and Baron of the Exchequer. 1810, Maule, Chief Justice. 1813, Herschel, Sir John, the astronomer. 1816, Whewell, Master of Trinity, was Second Wrangler. 1818, Lefevre, the well-known Clerk of the Parliaments. 1823, Airy, Astronomer Royal. 1825, Challis, the Professor. 1828, Perry, Bishop of Melbourne. 1831, Earnshaw, the mathematical author. 1834, Kelland, Professor of Mathematics at Edinburgh. 1835, Cotterill, Bishop of Grahamstown. 1836, Colenso was Second Wrangler. 1841, Stokes, the Lucasian Professor, and discoverer of new phenomena in the solar rays. 1843, Adams, co-discoverer with Leverrier of the planet Neptune, &c.

The above will probably be sufficient. We pass over several names, well known in England as belonging to first-rate mathematicians, but not so well known here. Now, will any one in his senses believe that any forty-three men, picked hap-hazard out of the communities, could produce among them such a list as this? Nay, could any ten thousand picked hap-hazard produce such a list? It is therefore only from lack of proper and systematic investigation that such absurd charges are made.

But how about the “barrel-organ” system, which flowers out in the Classical Tripos? The Classical Tripos was insti-

tuted in 1824. In 1827, Kennedy, Head Master of Shrewsbury, was Senior Classic. 1828, Selwyn, Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity. 1829, Martin, Chief Justice of New Zealand, was Second Medallist. 1830, Wordsworth, author of Wordsworth's *Greece*, &c. In the same year, Merrivale, author of the *Roman History*, was fourth. 1831, Kennedy, second of that wonderful family, translator of *Demosthenes*, &c. Selwyn, Bishop of New Zealand, was second. 1832, Lushington, Professor of Greek at Glasgow. Thompson, Professor of Greek at Cambridge, was Second Medallist. Alford, author of the *Greek Testament*, was eighth. 1834, a third Kennedy, one of the sweetest "barrel-organ" tuners that ever lived. We cannot refrain from giving here a single specimen of his grinding, from Shelley's "*Skylark*":—

"Sound of vernal showers
On the meadow grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, they
Music doth surpass."

"Suave coruscantes vernus cedit imber in herbas,
Suave olet a pluvia flos reseratus aqua,
Carmina sed praestant tua quidquid in orbe sereni est,
Quidquid iæstifici, quidquid odoris inest."

In the same year, Donaldson, author of the "*New Cratytus*," was second; Forsyth, author of "*Hortensius*," was third. 1837, Whytehead, one of the sweetest of the poets, that die before their times, author of the lines,—

"This world I deem
But a beautiful dream
Of shadows that are not what they seem."

(given in the "*Monthly Journal*," in May, 1861,) was second. Conybeare and Howson, authors of the "*Life of St. Paul*," were, respectively, third and sixth. 1838, Lord Lyttleton, one of these very Commissioners, was bracketed Senior Classic with Vaughan, the late head-master of Harrow. 1842, Munro, the Aristotelian, was second, and Charles Kingsley was ninth. 1843, Gifford, head-master of King Edward's

School, Birmingham, was second. 1844, Maine, Professor of Civil Law, Clark, William G., the author and Tutor of Trinity, was second. 1845, Holden, editor of "Aristophanes," and Randall, assistant-master of Harrow, were bracketed Senior Classics. 1847, Evans, assistant master of Rugby (we believe), and giver of evidence quoted. 1848, Scott, head-master of Westminster, and Westcott the theologian, were bracketed Senior Classics. 1849, Elwyn, late head-master of Charter House, &c. These men, it is plain, have not disappeared; and it will also be seen that the masters of the public schools are not generally ignoramuses. In fact, there is hardly a single master in any of the public schools who did not highly distinguish himself at college.

Lastly, if we turn to the list of the University Scholarships, and find at a glance that it contains the names of such men as Richard Porson, C. J. Blomfield, Connop Thirlwall, George Long, T. B. Macaulay, Capel Loft, Christopher Wordsworth, Vaughan, Lyttelton, and Monro, we shall see that, as far as Cambridge is concerned, Struve's epigram is a complete libel; while a like examination of the Oxford Calendar would prove the same for Oxford. We will not enter into this examination; merely saying that Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Gladstone, and Jowett were "double firsts" at Oxford; Cobham Smith, a first, &c.

One more abuse is the excessively high pay of the masters of the schools. Mr. Atkinson, having throughout an eye on the American system, gives, as a motto to his pamphlet, "*Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur.*" Let the American public take warning, and correct, ere it is too late, its indiscreet, its excessive, its absurd generosity to its public teachers! True, there is some excuse for America in this regard. She feels so justly proud of her great system of education, feels so truly that a great Republic without great teachers is an impossibility, that, after all, one can hardly be surprised at seeing each section of the country vying with every other in paying the present immense salaries, offered as inducements to draw the very best minds into the business of educating the best brain of the rising generation!

Seriously, it is worth while to consider whether there is any thing beside an accidental connection between the two facts,— 1st, That the masters of the English public schools are paid very high salaries; and, 2d, That, somehow, the very best minds in England *are* engaged in the task of education. It is probably nothing more than a mere coincidence. The fact is, that, in England, people have an absurd notion,— 1st, That a teacher of young gentlemen should live like a gentleman himself; and, 2d, That he ought, in his working days, to lay by a provision for his old age, and for his family after his death. Here, in America, we have got beyond such old-world prejudice.

Had we space, we could draw from Mr. Everett's book a really accurate portrait of Cambridge as it is. The contrast between such extracts and those from Mr. Atkinson is almost amusing:—

"The training in the Greek and Latin languages acquired at the great English public schools, like Eton, Harrow, and Rugby, is certainly very much superior to any acquired at our colleges by the required course of instruction."

"The great work," in the classical examinations, "is to put Latin and Greek prose and verse into accurate and idiomatic English: for bad English" [we assure Mr. Atkinson that this is indeed the case] "will condemn a translation quite as soon as incorrect rendering." pp. 83, 84.

"The stern, conscientious study of the honor-men brings out a solidity and a brilliancy that the world never saw surpassed."

At the same time, he does not fail to show the weak side of Cambridge education; its system of *laissez faire* with respect to lazy men, who come up without the slightest intention of studying. "The system pursued with them" is simply "to require nothing of them." — p. 112.

But there is also another weakness well pointed out by Mr. Everett in his tenth lecture. The "specialists" have every advantage given them, and rightly; but really industrious men, who could do very tolerably in several subjects, and who thereby could obtain the best education possible to them, get very little encouragement.

"The examinations are made of exceeding difficulty; difficult even for the best."

"It is plain that these papers are exceedingly discouraging to inferior minds. Then the stimulus, though very intense for superior scholars, is very small for a man of moderate powers: what he wants is a constant stimulus,—little successes day by day, a good recitation here, a neat exercise there, to keep him along and mark his improvement: he cannot bring himself to the lofty point of resolution which will work unflinchingly for a prize three years off."

"I am conscious that many a young man in England feels the want of a general course, where his attention shall be attracted to as much as he can master of all valuable branches at once, without being forced to make a selection of some one, for which, perhaps, he cares no more than for any other, and strain his mind in the vain effort to reach an impossible elevation."—Lecture X. pp. 312–316.

All this is genuine criticism, and would be acknowledged as such by any candid Englishman. Mr. Everett remarks, however, very truly, that in England there is a constant demand for minds highly developed in special directions, and that the universities are pressed to keep up a constant supply to this demand; while the demand for men who know a little of every thing is much smaller than it is here. The really excellent examinations for entrance guard our best colleges from those complete ignoramuses whom an English university weekly admits; and not only so, a far greater sense of responsibility for the welfare of a student of only average ability is felt in an American college than in an English one. Too many of the last half in an English university depart after a three years' course, not merely *knowing* nothing, but with an ingrained conviction that it is gentlemanly to *do* nothing; and with a fixed purpose of doing it, if possible, for the rest of their natural lives. Year after year, the universities turn out a stock of these drones. With us, this class of young men is still small and uninfluential; but English society is deeply tainted with their spirit, and the universities have much to answer for, in that they do so little to prevent, and so much to foster it. We trust that America will never tolerate in her colleges the disgraceful negligence which, at English universi-

ties, sits still and folds its arms, while hosts of young men are going to ruin around it every day. There are here, too, far fewer of those utter failures, those shipwrecks of name and fortune and decency, which form the night-side of university life. There are fewer spendthrifts, fewer betting-men, fewer gamblers, fewer debauchees, fewer voluptuaries at an American college, than at an English one. In a word, if there are not such great successes, there are not so many hideous failures.

A university has two great and sacred tasks. First, to give to all its members as high a culture as they can receive, and thus steadily raise the tone of the whole community by sending in a constant influx of cultivated minds; and, secondly, to prepare true leaders of thought in all directions, by developing to the highest point minds of the first class. The American colleges devote themselves almost exclusively to the first; the English universities, to the second. Each, therefore, could take a lesson from the other; but it is our special business here to learn the lesson the English universities can teach us.

One of our foremost American scholars thus described his college course: —

“ From a very early age, I found that my mind had a scholarly bent. I went to college considerably in advance of the general average of students in my knowledge of the languages, and felt eagerness to pursue this class of studies. But I was ambitious, and wished to stand high in my class. I found that a few minutes' reading was sufficient to give me the highest marks in my classical recitation, while it took me several hours to get up my mathematics, for which I had not the slightest taste: consequently, the studies in which I excelled, and which I loved, received no attention at all; while the studies for which I had no aptitude, and which have disappeared, leaving no trace save a certain soreness of memory, usurped almost the whole of my mind and energy. I left college with very little more knowledge of the classics than when I entered it, while my mathematic attainments were simply zero. Now, what has been the result on my after life? My scholarly bent has proved too strong to be resisted; and I have been obliged, from sheer necessity, to grind out with grammar and dictionary the great authors whose pages

ought to have been familiar to me as household words, and would have been had I been allowed in college to follow my bent."

This is the reiterated testimony of every man of strong literary bent, who has been through the college course at any American college. It is equally true with scientific or mathematical minds. How many such minds have lost all interest in the college course, turned idle and worthless, simply because high excellence in their own direction could obtain no due acknowledgment?

The English system will give us here certain invaluable hints. To begin, then, with the schools, we can at once raise the standard of all the schools in the country by the simple expedient of offering scholarships to be tried for by all comers, before entrance into college; the schools, therefore, getting all the honor from the successful men.

The scholarship system, already partially introduced into American colleges, is a great success, as far as it has been fairly tried. In many cases the mistake has been made of offering such scholarships to needy scholars alone. This at once degrades a scholarship from a high honor to a mere benefaction, very useful, it is true, to individuals, but valueless as a general stimulus to high attainments. Further, a stringent examination ought, in all cases, to be the passport to a scholarship. The State of Massachusetts throws away yearly a considerable sum in the form of assistance to second-rate students, the only condition being that the recipients should be in the first half of the class. If the State yearly gave two scholarships to each of her colleges, to be won only after a rigorous examination,—the best man to win, rich or poor,—every dollar she thus expended would return to her with usury. What we, however, are specially advocating, namely, the stimulating the schools by scholarships to be gained before entrance, is an entire novelty in America. It is a thoroughly tested success in England. It is impossible to over-estimate the value of the examinations for entrance as at present conducted, viewed simply as a stimulus to the schools. The standard they require is, however, nearly, if not quite, as high as it is wise to demand as

essential to entrance. The plan proposed would be as great a stimulant to the best scholars, as the present one is to average ones, and seems to be the only feasible way left for getting a higher quality of mind for the college to work upon.

II. But this plan would, in the end, necessitate very serious modifications in the present academic system. For, if you induce able young men to come up in a high state of preparation in any branch of study, you must so arrange your curriculum that they shall be able at once to start where they left off, instead of being wearied to death with listening to the repetition of things they knew years ago. There are two ways of meeting this point, and only two; and, until one of them or both together are tried, American colleges will be for ever inferior to the universities of Europe, so far as superior attainments are concerned.

The first method is strict classification, according to merit, begun at the earliest possible period, so that the best scholars in any branch of study shall be classed together; the first class, at least, rigidly excluding all but the most thorough students: indolence, as well as ignorance, being made a sufficient reason for exclusion. As it is, the amount of work done, though fully as much as can reasonably be expected from a class composed of a medley of good, bad, and indifferent scholars, is simply below contempt, if compared with the knowledge that might have been gained from the same professor, if he had a select few from the same class, to whom he might communicate his own enthusiasm, and who would mutually encourage each other.

The second plan, which can be pursued either alone or together with the first, is private tuition. This, coupled with the tremendous final examination, is the sheet-anchor of an English university. Like every thing British, this really wonderful system was not made, but grew, till, at last, in spite of many objections, some wise and some foolish, it is now generally admitted to be the very best method of generating high excellence in any branch of study. The plan pursued is briefly this: When a young man wishes to read for honors at Cambridge, as soon as he comes up to college, he consults with

his friends on the important matter of selecting for himself a private tutor. These private tutors are, for the most part, Bachelor scholars, or Junior Fellows, who have taken a high degree; the most famous of all, however, being men who have made the taking of pupils a permanent profession. With the selection of the private tutor the authorities have nothing whatever to do. The motto is, "Free trade in tuition." Anybody can set up as a private tutor, and anybody can go to him as a pupil. Our student, then, selects Mr. Blank; and to him he goes every day, if a "whole pupil," or every other day, if a "half pupil," and has the privilege of being shut up for an hour with a man whose sole business it is to pour his knowledge into his pupil's brain as fast as he can. To him he translates page after page of Latin or Greek; has his mistakes, not somebody else's, pointed out; has his papers looked over, every error underlined and corrected, every excellence praised, and the path of progress clearly marked out.

Now, no matter how energetic a professor may be, he cannot stretch four hours into twenty. If he has a class of thirty in Greek, and hears four recitations a week, a simple mathematical calculation will show that he cannot put each man on more than eight minutes a week. During these eight minutes, how much chance has he for probing all the weaknesses and bringing out all the excellences of each individual? It is easy, therefore, to see, that, if the private tutor be put into competition with the recitation system, this last will be "nowhere" in the race, provided that you have got an earnest student to begin with. If any man were closeted with Agassiz an hour a day for three years, he must be a dolt, if, at the end of that time, he did not know something of geology. The private tutor system is the best conceivable method of getting the largest possible amount of knowledge into a man's head in the shortest possible time. But there is another immense advantage; namely, the opportunity of intimate and confidential association with a maturer mind, thus given to the student.

There is no assumption of authority; the only power used

by the tutor is the unconscious one of superior character. He knows every part of the life the student has to lead, and has lived it successfully himself. He not only can tell the student just how much improvement he must make to gain such a scholarship, or be in the first half-dozen in the class-list, but he can also drop a priceless word in season, to aid the moral and spiritual development of his pupil.

Now, confessedly, there would be some difficulty in introducing this system into an American college. It presupposes so much more spontaneity, so much more zeal, for study on the part of the student than he is generally, on the American system, supposed to possess, that it would have to contend, at the outset, with a good deal of not unnatural distrust. Much of this, however, would be obviated by the private tutor making constantly reports to the authorities concerning his pupil's progress, and by frequent examinations made by the authorities themselves.

Another difficulty is, how to get private tutors? In an English university, the best men step up for some time after taking their degree; here, they almost invariably disappear. It were greatly to be wished that there were Fellowships obtainable by high success at the final examination for degrees, to be held on condition that a certain number of private pupils should be taken at a moderate charge.

This at once suggests a further difficulty,—the expense to the student. In England a half-pupil pays from £7 to £10 for a term of nine weeks, and a whole pupil double that sum. Some colleges liberally pay the expense of a private tutor for a young man of ability, if he cannot afford to do so himself.

We presume, however, that if a young graduate were given \$500 a year by the college, he could afford to take pupils for a very moderate sum, and leave a margin of time for his own private studies. Of one thing we are assured, that, if once the system were fairly tried, it would be found that it could move side by side with the recitation-system, without any collision; and, not only so, would soon prove itself to be the most potent of all engines for the production of high excellence. The experiment might be made very unobtrusively. A few

earnest students might be selected to try the experiment; and hardly any one would be the wiser. At present, the best men cannot help feeling that a great deal of their precious time is taken up in hearing the recitations of somewhat dull individuals. Three hours is a large slice out of a student's day. A private tutor would do away with the necessity of at least one recitation. At Trinity, Cambridge, the Freshmen are competent to attend two "lectures" a day for five days in the week, from nine to eleven. The other years they are only required to attend one, and that a strictly classical one; so that a student attends the "lecture" best suited to his power.*

But both private tutor and pupil need a constant stimulus to exertion. In England, this is given by the competitive examinations. Both the failures and successes of the English universities teach a priceless lesson here. Cambridge has a truly grand final examination in classics and mathematics, which only ignorance can afford to undervalue. The results of these examinations are shown in the men produced by them. Probably no university in the world can show any thing to compare with the list of her Senior Wranglers. The examinations perpetually keep up the standard of scholarship at the various colleges, and at the great public schools. They are the great fountain-heads, whence the minor streams of culture flow. So thorough, so searching, so fair, are they, that the whole country depends absolutely on their verdict. They are the tests universally appealed to, of the fitness of any man to fill any position, however high, which demands either classical or mathematical knowledge of the highest order. The reason why they are so trusted is because they are real. A Senior Wrangler is not simply called the first mathematician of the year: he is, in fact, one of the best mathematicians in the country, capable at once of meeting the highest mathematical minds as an associate and an equal. So of the Senior Classic:

* These remarks are only intended to refer to the recitations miscalled "Lectures" at Cambridge. It would be, we conceive, a great mistake to alter the law which makes attendance upon the admirable scientific, historical, and certain other lectures given at our colleges, compulsory on all the students.

he at once, by virtue of his place, takes high rank among the scholars of the country, because it is an established fact, that he could not possibly have attained that position unless he was a first-rate scholar. On the other hand, Cambridge has a complete second-rate examination in the Natural Sciences, Moral Sciences, and Law. As a matter of course, University honors in this direction are little valued, for they stand for but little. They do nothing to elevate the standard of requirement in these subjects throughout the country ; and few of the best men go in for them, and then only as a supplement to their severer studies. Cambridge experience teaches just this, that a first-rate final examination is of priceless value to a university system, while a second-rate examination is hardly worth the paper expended on it.

When the classical and mathematical examinations were first instituted at Oxford, scholarship was at a very low ebb. To raise the standard, they resolved to put the requirements of the first class very high, and for some time there were no first class men at all, and so the lists began with a "First Class _____." This was the very thing to stimulate a really fine young man to the most strenuous exertions, and so one day the list appeared thus : —

Classics :

Class I.

ROBERT PEEL.

Mathematics :

Class I.

ROBERT PEEL.

And, from that day to this, a first class at Oxford has stood for a real thing, because it is a real thing. It is idle to say, that, in other countries, university honors are not so highly thought of. University honors will always, in the long run, stand for just what they are worth : if they are worth little, for little ; if much, for much.

If, then, any American college aims at the highest excellence in any or all departments, let it, at once, institute final examinations of the strictest character ; in which knowledge, and knowledge alone, shall be the passport to success. It is very good to be regular at chapel and at recitations : by all means let there still be a high reward for general good conduct, and also for general success in the regular studies of the

recitation rooms. But all this must be absolutely ignored in the *special* examinations for honors.

In every university there ought to be at least five or six different final examinations for honors, namely: 1. Classics; 2. Mathematics; 3. Modern Languages; 4. The Natural Sciences; 5. Moral Sciences,—including History, Ancient and Modern, Political Economy, Philosophy, Law, &c.; and 6. A general examination of all the studies required of all the students during the college course. To the marks gained in this examination, the marks gained in the recitations throughout the course might be added; or the latter might be used to form an honor list by themselves. Decent success in any one of these examinations should be made an indispensable preliminary to the degree, which will then mean something. At present it is much harder to get in college than to get out of it. The utmost care must be taken to avoid making any one of these honor lists “a refuge for the distressed.” Let there be three, four, or five classes, as the case may be, in each honor list; but, as a *sine quâ non*, let no one be put into the first class who does not come up to a certain high and fixed standard. Let the first class be vacant ten years, rather than degrade it by putting into it a second-rate man. If this be done, does any one believe that the American public will be so foolish as not to value these honors, when it finds out that they are the sign and seal of high excellence in the very departments where high excellence is most needed throughout the country? *

To sum up, then. Four hints of great value can be obtained from the English Universities:—

1. The Scholarship system; including University Scholarships, and Scholarships offered before entrance; 2. Strict

* To be thorough, these examinations will, of necessity, be very laborious, as none of them ought to take less than four days. (The Cambridge Mathematical Examination consumes eight days.) The examiners, therefore, must not only be the very best men obtainable in their line, but must be liberally paid for their work. There are four examiners in both Classics and Mathematics at Cambridge. Each receives £20 from the university chest; the position itself being considered a very high honor.

Classification, such as is adopted by the larger college ; 3. Private Tuition, the first year ; and 4. Final Examinations for Degrees. It is, perhaps, well that the habit of carefully developing a creditable average of culture should have been so thoroughly ingrained into the American system, before it attempted systematically to give the highest culture known to the race. For this last is so fascinating, so engrossing, that it is only too apt to monopolize all the enthusiasm which is due to the whole number of students, talented or untalented.

When we ascend into the higher regions, and deal with minds of the first class, a great many vexatious questions, really very perplexing on a lower level, disappear altogether. It is very hard to decide which is the best ; a little classics, or a little mathematics, or a little science, or a little French or German, or music. It is quite an open question, whether it is worth while to learn the scales, if we only intend to study music half a year, or the grammar, if we do not intend to get beyond the First Reader. But once divide the type to which a first-class mind belongs, and all these questions settle themselves.

Small need of debating the value of classical studies with the scholar, when the simple fact is, that to the scholar, that is, to the student of the languages, literatures, and histories of men, they are priceless ; for they form the basis of all his studies. All, therefore, be they few or many, who covet a complete scholarly culture, must begin with these ; and upon them, as foundations, build the natural superstructure of the modern languages and literatures. The cultivated nations of Europe — as Matthew Arnold well puts it — associate on the common ground of acquaintance with the ancient literature and with each other. The real question to be decided, then, is, what is the proportion of scholarly minds ? or, rather, as that happens to be already settled by Providence, — 1. How are we to discover those minds for whom a scholarly culture is the best possible ? and, 2. How are we to secure them such culture ? Equally futile is it to raise the question of the value of scientific studies. To the scientific mind they are the one thing needful. They are the atmosphere which he breathes.

As well debate with the carpenter as to the value of his tools, as to debate the value of mathematics to the mathematician. For such pronominal natures, then, their course is settled beforehand. There remains only that class among the higher minds which has a natural avidity for general knowledge,—that class which mediates among first-rate minds of different orders, and also between first-rate minds of all orders, and the public at large. For them, it is a delicate and difficult task to know what of each branch to take, and what refuse. But, undoubtedly, the best way for them is to accept the guidance of acknowledged masters in each direction, and let them epitomize their results, as Herschel has done in his astronomy.

America is so ambitious of excellence, that she will never rest contented until her universities vie with the best in Europe. Candor compels any one who has any knowledge of the subject, to allow, that, at present, this is far from being the case. In the mean time, what is to be done for our finest minds?

If the question were put, Do you advise a residence at an English university to give the finishing touch to a young American's education? we should answer by putting three others: 1. Are you sure of his moral character, and his self-control as to personal expenditure? 2. Are his abilities of a high order in a scholarly or mathematical direction? 3. Are you sure that he is so impregnated with the American idea, that he will come back an American, with American ideas on the dignity of labor, and the duties of a citizen of a republic founded on the central thought of the worth of man as man? Unless all these questions were answered unhesitatingly in the affirmative, we would say at once, He had better stay at home. Of all contemptible objects, a mongrel American is the most contemptible. Better sacrifice scholarship than one's birth-right. But still it is a distressing alternative. The only real remedy on a large scale is to put our shoulders to the wheel, and resolve that our children shall have secured to them hero, in the land of their birthright,—here, in the midst of this great Western wind which so expands the breast, that it can harbor the wildest and most impossible hopes for man,—here,

where all labor is honorable, and the scholar feels the great pulse of the people's heart beating through his bosom, making the keen brain and the hard hand one in sympathy,—here, to establish a university system, so high, so thorough, so all-embracing, that there shall be no need of looking elsewhere for that culture which is to fine intellects the very breath of life.



ART. VI.—THE PRESIDENT'S RECONSTRUCTION.

1. *Speeches of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States.*
With a Biographical Introduction, by FRANK MOORE. Boston : Little, Brown, & Co.
2. *Great and Grave Questions for American Politicians.* By EBORACUS.

THE late war was held to prove that a republic can be, at need, the strongest form of human government, surest of its resources, most confident in the temper of its citizens, most apt to deal with "sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion," most absolute in the exercise of that authority needed for its safety,—its power, at such a time, being like that of a water-flood, each particle mobile and uncertain, but held in the one channel by elemental forces, and resistless in its accumulated sweep. Even the form of a confederation, which has been generally thought the weakest bond of States, has not checked the exercise of a central, consolidated power, practically as absolute and unchallenged as that of any monarchy. Respecting, to a remarkable degree, the traditions and scruples of a constitutional régime as to its genial policy, the Government has held, in carrying it out, the almost despotic control of an amount of financial and military strength,—freely, nay, eagerly conceded to it by the people,—which has its only parallel in the revolutionary autocracy of Napoleon. The sudden coming-on of peace, with the Presi-

dent's murder at its beginning, took this accumulated power from the tried and trusted hands, where we saw it rest without anxiety, and committed it to new hands, which few of us had once thought of in connection with that office. What if they should prove treacherous or weak? "The accident of an accident," — the transfer of power by a rule arbitrary and impersonal, almost, as the divine right of kingly inheritance, — what if it should prove, at last, a calamity and mistake?

The ease and dignity with which Mr. Johnson assumed the reins of administration, six months ago, were only matched by the secure and undoubting confidence which prevailed everywhere in the public mind. At the very moment our commiserating English cousins were deplored the "anarchy" into which the great Republic had fallen, at length, in the hands of an ignorant, weak, and untrusty ruler, there was on this side a clearer consciousness of unity and strength, a more hopeful confidence in the destiny and future of the nation, than any of us would have thought possible, with the wounds of war so fresh. The work of peace was already begun in earnest. Terms of conciliation were already offered, and getting widely accepted among the revolted populations. One army of the insurrection after another was laying down its arms in absolute surrender. The soil was extensively preparing, and the conditions of labor and employment were fast getting established, for the greatly needed harvests of the year. The nation, just rallying victorious from its life-and-death struggle, was exercising a wise and needful charity, in the supply of destitution, and a healing of desolation, absolutely unparalleled. One of the highest officers in the military service, a man as well known for his Christian humanity as for his soldierly fidelity, was the appointed agent of the nation's guardianship over the newly enfranchised race, that was still to be protected from the jealous cruelty of its former masters, and initiated in the painful, slow, first steps towards civilization, equal justice, and political liberty. This was the "reconstruction" which the nation required. And to the immense task of it, the new President had already devoted himself, with an intelligent purpose and a consecration of will

which nothing in his career hitherto permitted us to doubt,—at the very time when he had to vindicate himself before the world from the most wanton misrepresentation, and the most undeserved contempt.

It is worth while to look back over these six months, so as to see what ground they have covered, and what advance we have actually made, and to judge fairly the position to which they have brought us. Especially because it cannot be overlooked, that a very painful suspicion and misunderstanding have prevailed among many of the best friends of the country, and the steadiest supporters of the administration,—a suspicion and misunderstanding which the next few weeks must do very much either to remove or fix. While it would be idle to anticipate the developments which the coming session of Congress brings so near, it is simple matter of justice and prudence to judge fairly as we may the great multitude and complexity of the elements which beset the immediate problem of our future.

It is indeed very striking to the imagination,—the immense, almost unchallenged authority which rests at present in one man's hands. It is stating it quite moderately to say, that the chances of civil peace or war, of liberty or slavery to many generations of the blacks, of sectional hatred or good-will amongst the whites, rest on the single decision of one whom, a year ago, few men had thought of in any connection with the national administration. Old party lines are melted down, and rival political organizations bid for his confidence and support. State elections turn on the dispute, which set of politicians best represents his mind and purpose. Conventions and platforms are dumb or eloquent on great points of public policy, according as he has reserved or declared his own. The confidence which the North is so forward to profess, comes echoed back in Southern speeches, resolutions, and newspapers. Journals of unflinching loyalty throughout the war are foremost in sustaining a plan of reconstruction, which is accepted and praised hardly less forwardly by men fresh from their rebellious counsels, still cleaving to their State-rights' theories, and haughtily accept-

ing the forms of pardon for an unacknowledged wrong. A measure of simple political equity and democratic consistency fails in a New-England State, it is said, because it is uncertain whether the President will desire it as a condition of reconstruction in the South: the majority of six thousand in Connecticut against negro suffrage would have been the other way, we are told, if only his mind were clear about it. Now, in very marked phases and movements of public thought, not easy to account for otherwise, it is often possible to see, afterwards, evidence of some secret necessity there was in them,—as it were a divine or unconscious popular instinct; and the fact vindicates what was the despair of our theory. And we incline to think that we ourselves may recognize hereafter, that this intense need, this imperious demand, of national unity after so fierce a conflict, has its necessary place in our history. Nay, is there not something in the tone of the diplomatic correspondence which is just coming over to us, to make us feel that the astonishing solidity and harmony of our political structure, but just now so rudely jarred, may be our safety from disaster or disgrace abroad? When Earl Russell, who, four years ago, condensed the misrepresentations of half England into an epigram, charging that "the North fought for empire, the South for independence;" and who, two years ago, found matter only of cavil and censure in the edict of emancipation,—when he respectfully solicits our Government to accept his sincere sympathy and congratulation that the "empire" has been established, and the emancipation achieved, we seem to see the vindication of at least one motive in the President's somewhat hasty process of reconciliation. It has at least surprised Europe into acknowledging the legitimacy and the nationality of our republic.

Perhaps no testimony of the last few months has been more striking, than that of the little charm war has for a people that had sustained it so cheerily and fiercely, and of the eagerness for a return to the arts and ways of peace. An army so great that a few months back the Government seems to have feared to give the figures,—an army, as it is now stated, of thirteen hundred thousand men,—has almost liter-

ally melted away, unobserved, into the ranks of peaceful industry; and, of all the returned soldiers we have conversed with or heard of, not one but was glad to escape from the alternating idleness and excitement of the service to the quiet of home and the round of daily labor. Even the period of violent crimes, to which we were reconciling ourselves as we might, a few months ago, as the necessary brood of war, and the inevitable train of a disbanded army, seems to have passed as suddenly as it threatened; and we find ourselves again in the securities and moralities of a long peace,—qualified only by occasional turmoil in great cities, and by the unhealed miseries of the seat of war. The great financial task of meeting such vast arrears of pay, of crowding into a month the disbursements of half a year, of meeting obligations amounting to six hundred million dollars as fast as the mechanical process of distribution could be carried on, has been effected, skilfully and easily; the necessary loans were raised with no other disturbance to the business of the country than a slight "ground-swell" in prices; and the work was so cleanly done, that the one month of September saw an actual reduction of twelve and a half millions in the public debt, implying a decrease of more than half a million in the annual burden of it. The large navy of merchant ships, extemporized so suddenly for blockading purposes, has been sold in some cases at higher prices than were paid at first, to meet the reviving demands of commerce; while many millions have been gathering from the sale of stores designed to supply the enormous waste of field and hospital. This resolute prudence, this indefatigable economy, so essential to our recovery from the exhaustions of these four years, it is only justice to acknowledge as one main feature of the President's reconstruction.

The next need in importance, hardly less imperative, has been the restoring of industry and business confidence at the South. We have spoken of this so often before,—employing the words, and, where possible, the hand of eye-witnesses in that field,—that we have nothing to add now respecting the principles of general justice and economy which it re-

quires. If we are still compelled to hear — more few faint and far off — instances of disorder and brutality, especially as practised on the unresisting and helpless laboring population, at least it is fair to bear in mind what we had reason to fear from the animosities of that long series of campaigns, embittered and crossed by a social revolution forced on a proud, beaten, and reluctant people. In our judgment, the confidence we have all along expressed, in the better qualities and temper of our people, is abundantly vindicated in the general bearing of the facts, which we accept as waymarks of social progress at the South. We confess, with some shame, that great allowance has still to be made for the temper and prejudice of Northern soldiers, no less than of Southern masters. This is only to say, that we deal not with an ideal world, but with a very practical and imperfect one. If we demand a more extensive military rule, and claim more of Northern protection for the Southern blacks, — the doubt occurs, whether, as things are, the Northern soldier can be trusted as a safe guardian: *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* The reserve of force, in garrisons amply manned, and largely by colored troops, the Government does right in maintaining; but the show of force, especially in men of the race scarce yet ransomed and acknowledged, the Government may do wisely in withholding. Certainly, it is not a question which can be well argued at a distance. Meanwhile, the Freedmen's Bureau is claimed to be a vigilant and efficient protector of the right of the blacks to personal freedom and equal justice. The most definite token of "conquest" now subsisting in the South would appear to be the quasi-military tribunals, maintained expressly to try cases involving the rights of freedmen. So long as their testimony is excluded from State-courts, so long as they are not acknowledged equal before the law, these tribunals will be maintained: so it has just been announced to the State authorities of South Carolina. Amidst very great difficulties and perplexities, — which only those wilfully blind failed to see three years ago, when the policy of emancipation yet hung doubtful, — the Government does assert itself the vindicator of equal justice, and the champion of the

freedmen for their civil rights. Even if it goes no further than that at present, we believe the verdict must be, that, so far as that, it has acted with sincerity, frankness, and good faith.

Is not, then, the President's reconstruction already an ample and magnificent success, looking only to the testimony of these six months? A flood of prosperity at the North, unstayed and unchecked,—commerce revived in larger proportions than ever before,—enterprises of peaceful industry, in arts, mines, railways, emigration, scarce diminished during war, and pushed with redoubled activity now,—industry and prosperity reclaiming the desolate places of the South,—the great lines of railway and telegraph restored or fast restoring,—a degree of general confidence, a harmony of public sentiment, and a cordiality in the support of Government measures in every section, such as the country has never known,—is not this fruit enough, and testimony enough, for a single summer, to vindicate the Administration in its policy, its energy, and its good faith? What distrust yet remains? and what abatement must we make from the general, nay, triumphant assent, which the Government might seem entitled to claim?

If we would answer these questions fairly, and so do justice to those who, with no inferior patriotism, distrust, or even condemn the policy we have outlined, we must assume the ground of the very noblest political theories, and a standard of public justice such as no human government has ever thought of putting into practice, on any large scale. We must also understand, and to some extent share, that exceeding jealousy of any thing that falls short of the ideal, which in religious minds leads to "conviction of sin," and in State affairs makes a sincere "radical." Judged by all precedents we know,—by the standard of mercy and justice which any nation has ever shown in its conquest of rebellious subjects, or its dealing with inferior races of men,—by the standard which we should wish to see followed in such instances as make the nearest parallel, the subjugation of Hungary, of Poland, of Ireland, of Hindostan,—it may fairly be claimed

that the present administration stands with a clean, an honorable, a glorious record. Or, judging by the theory of our own Government,—a republic of equal and confederated States,—and considering the absolute need there is of free and willing acquiescence in all the parts, the mischief and impotency of any permanent domineering by any portion over any other, under the pretext of rebellion and conquest or any other,—we should be apt to say that the way our Government has undertaken its task is the right and only way; that genuine reconciliation should be sought by all means, and especially by cherishing all local liberties to the very verge of the public safety; that the Government is justified in dealing with the recognized and representative populations in the several States; that, having assumed the function of defender of civil rights in a revolutionary period, it is justified in leaving all political questions, as subordinate, to future spontaneous arrangements; that, requiring the one condition of loyalty to the national authority from every person claiming to be a citizen, it is entitled to treat with the States as political organizations, which, by our theory, have never escaped the obligations of the Union, or forfeited its rights.

The wide-spread anxiety and distrust we have spoken of, in the face of the evidence of facts we have already cited, touch these three things: the wholesale pardon of individuals, virtually abolishing all legal penalty for treason in the vast majority of cases; the failure to secure political rights for the blacks, threatening to surrender them back to a condition of vassalage little better than their former slavery; and the fear lest *power in the Union* may be restored to the hands that have sought to destroy it, without security against a treacherous and hostile use of it.

As to the first, the free and almost indiscriminate issue of pardons,—several hundred in a day, stamped, it is said, with a printed signature, to save labor,—we shall not repeat what has been urged so often, of the mistake of attempting to mete out just penalty for offences on so vast a scale, or exacting any thing like retributory vengeance, or following any other rule than simply the public safety, advantage, and honor.

We do not profess to read the motives of the Administration, or to speak for it in any sense; but we have been greatly impressed with the deliberate, stern, inexorable way in which the crimes of the rebellion have been dragged to light, and shown in their most revolting shapes before the world, in the two great criminal trials, of which the last is just concluded. Surely, it would appear, if the design of the Government were to condone and gloss the deep guilt that stains the Southern record, it would not display thus those hideous secrets, the mere reference to which must goad and sting the soul of every man who gave himself to the Southern cause. Where the nation's justice can lay its hand definitely on the author of this or that given crime, we hold that that justice should not spare. Armed, and biding its time, it holds in its grasp the lonely prisoner of Fort Monroe, as it has just dealt with the jailer of Andersonville. No sign, yet, that the severe purpose of the Government is relaxed, or that the definite crime of treason will fail of being strictly judged at the nation's bar; no need that haste or vengeance of ours should anticipate the time. Further than to vindicate the authority of that law which defines treason and appoints its penalty, it is apparently not the purpose of the Government to go. Whether it should, we hold to be simply a question of public honor and safety. Is there danger lest the South be not sufficiently subdued? Who shall answer? Mr. Wendell Phillips, in a brilliant speech, declares "the South victorious." Mr. Secretary McCulloch, at Fort Wayne, declares that never in all history was a population so completely subjugated as the South. Let us decide, if we will, which verdict is the true one. But, granting the official interpretation to be correct, it would be a crime as well as a blunder if the Government did not extend its amnesty in every single instance, irrespective of past political acts, that should not now threaten the public peace.

The question of negro suffrage has often been discussed as if it were the essential, if not the only one in the policy of reconstruction. And the distinction between "universal" and "impartial" suffrage, which was a little confused at first,

is getting cleared up. Regarding the suffrage not as a natural, but as a political and artificial right,—regarding it, too, not merely as a right, but even more as a power and a trust,—we hold that any State which respects itself, and desires security for its future, should establish some conditions of character and competency for the exercise of so high a trust. Regarding it as a question of simple political justice, we should earnestly desire any measure that would declare—and, if necessary, compel—equal conditions of citizenship to every man, without respect to race or color. In the precise shape in which the question comes before the country now, we cannot help thinking that it is of less practical consequence than is sometimes thought. Consistency and equal justice are, in the long-run, the best expediency. The right way is the safe way. And the right way in this matter seems so clear, and so exactly in the line of our political development hitherto, that it seems impossible the public mind should not by and by be won to it. General Banks reports, that, with simple freedom to start with, the blacks are sure to be a political power in the South presently. The latest and most authentic report of the President's own view, is, that he definitely desires and looks forward to engraving the political rights of negroes on the Constitution of Tennessee. That his theory of the Government should leave it as a question for the Southern States to settle,—which in this case seem quite as likely to do justice as the Northern ones,—we neither wonder nor regret. He is apparently convinced that the political power of the freedmen, just now, would mean the political power of their late masters, as against the poor whites and recent colonists. Who shall gainsay this conviction? At all events,—even if the general mind of the country were prepared to insist upon this matter as a condition in reconstruction, which it very evidently is not,—it is impossible for us to believe, that any reliance could be placed on the Northern sympathies, or the intelligent loyalty of any large mass of newly emancipated voters in the South, in the face of the conflicts at the polls, and the threatened reign of terror, too likely to be inaugurated. If the choice

lies between the present disfranchisement of the negro and the postponement of any reconstruction at all,—and we are forced to think it does,—we have only, with whatever regrets, to take our choice; or, rather, as the question has probably been decided without any choice of ours, we have only to make the best of the result. To say nothing of the passions to be stirred anew by an obstinate struggle on this point, or the doubtful advantage of success, if gained, could the nation bear the demoralization or the financial strain of a long tenure of military empire in the South? We think, surely not. And therefore, much as we desire that the military tenure should be kept till the nation's safety is made *absolutely* sure,—strongly as we would ever insist upon maintaining it, till the strictest pledge is given of equal civil rights for all classes, and strict equality before the law,—steadily as we hold that equal political privilege is also the right way and the safe way,—we do not condemn a policy of reconstruction that remands this final act of justice to another tribunal and a later day.

The real difficulty that besets us,—the real anxiety that haunts us,—the difference which sets our case apart from that of every other nation that has subdued a rebellion, and is to be met at the threshold of any political reconstruction, is this: we cannot restore the citizens of rebellious States to their position in the Union, without at the same time restoring their control over the destinies of the Union. It is true, as Mr. Beecher has just said, that we must trust men somewhere,—we must have some reliance on their honor and good faith, if we are to stand in any friendly relations with them at all. And the conditions of pardon, or of political fellowship, which the Southern leaders accept, we entertain no doubt that they intend to keep. A State-rights theory which betrayed them into breaking their allegiance to the Union is one thing: to betray that allegiance after definitely renouncing the pretext, is quite another thing. Mr. Lincoln set the example, which Mr. Johnson has followed, of requiring, as the test of loyalty, the usual oath of allegiance to the Government, together with assent to the proclamations and laws

respecting slavery. So far, there seems no hesitation on the part of the South; and we think the South accepts both these conditions in good faith,—nay, with the general intention of doing fairly and justly by the negroes, whom the war makes free. But we shall be surprised if Congress does not insist on one condition more. A body of very important legislation has been enacted by the thirty-seventh and thirty-eighth Congresses, in the absence of any member from the seceded States,—enacted, it may be presumed, by authority of a quorum; that is, a simple majority being present from the States actually represented. As specimens of the importance of this legislation, we may mention only the Homestead Law, the Pacific Railroad, the organization of the Army, the Pension laws, and the Public Debt. It is notorious and significant, that a considerable party at the North, during the war, as well as all the South with one accord, protested against this whole body of legislation as unconstitutional,—the Government being *de facto* dissolved by the acts of secession and the theory of State sovereignty denying the validity of any laws passed over an absent State. If any political perils shall come hereafter, we apprehend that they will gather about this point. In the conditions of pardon as heretofore announced, and in the amnesty oath as signed by General Lee, we do not observe any assurance in regard to it. It cannot be supposed that so grave a matter has escaped the eye of the President, or that he is treacherously inviting a compromise, which might prove his own political ruin, and the great dishonor of the nation. It is, without doubt, among the topics which he reserves to Congress. And the clear duty of Congress, the clear condition of public security, seems to be, *that the body of laws, passed by the National Congress in the last few years, shall be accepted as the valid and authoritative legislation of the country.* It may be said that no such pledge will be held binding,—that repudiation or repeal will be a remedy for any hurts or grievances, just as easy after such acceptance as before. But, in the first place, we believe such a pledge *will* be held binding by those who take it; and in the second place, even if it were not, at least they are debarred by it from ever taking their advantage of

State-rights theory, or their claim of the invalidity of certain legislation, in any future political intrigues and affiliations. An obnoxious law, or the grievance of a debt incurred to one's own detriment and harm, becomes a very different thing, when a man has once assented to it as the condition of a great advantage. And, though the South may show a repudiator or a nullifier here and there, we do not believe that the South will ever be able to send a body of men to Congress, prepared to repudiate or nullify what has been once solemnly accepted in the terms of amity and restoration.

With this one condition secured,—and with the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment, not only forbidding slavery, but empowering Congress to pass all needful laws to make liberty secure,—we believe that every thing will have been done which can be done to insure the public honor and safety, as a condition precedent to the re-distribution of political power. And we should be glad to see the anxiety and jealousy, so widely manifested as to the two other points, directed upon this. Unless—as we feel sure it must be—Congress is prepared, with the support of the Administration, and without any advice of ours, to insist on some such vindication of its own dignity and the nation's honor, it is impossible to conjecture what treacheries and cabals it may not deliberately invite, by over-hastily admitting into the counsels of the nation, and into a share of government patronage and power, a class of men who but now boasted of being public enemies. Fortunately, the precise form of the danger is one which is very clear to see, which must be met at the very first step of any negotiation whatever, and which is perfectly within the power of Congress to control.

Our own leanings may dispose us to put too favorable a construction on the past. But we cannot possibly over-estimate the opportunities of the future. President Johnson has had a task assigned him, under Providence, and in the orderly working of our form of government, to which either the wisdom, courage, humanity, or firmness of few men is equal. It was natural that he should regard that task from the point of view of the class of which he is so honorable a representative,—the class of the industrious whites of the South. It would

be natural if he did not share in the more refined and humane sympathies, which have drawn the conscience of great bodies of men at a distance, to feel first and most for the race which has so far been the victim of our social and political arrangements. In the place of official responsibility in which he stands, and amid its infinite embarrassments, it is hardly to be wondered at that his words to the colored troops the other day, while generous and manly, should be words less of laudation and cheer than of grave and honest counsel. It is but three years since Mr. Lincoln's words to a colored delegation were colder still, and spoke of expatriation instead of equal citizenship. Yet they were honestly and kindly meant. And, while he always postponed his philanthropy to his theory of official duty, and declared that, whether it should involve the freedom or slavery, the deliverance or ruin, of the negro race, the Union must be saved at any rate, it is Abraham Lincoln, and not any theorist, or philanthropist, or disclaimer of them all, that the reverence of that race has singled out as its Deliverer; nay, even in a high religious sense, its Messiah. Mr. Johnson's words may seem measured and cold, but we will trust him that they are honest. And what words that have been spoken in all the country have a heartier ring and a more manly glow than those of his addressed to the colored people of Nashville, which are reprinted now by his own authority? —

“Humble and unworthy as I am, if no other better shall be found, I will indeed be your Moses, and lead you, through the Red Sea of war and bondage, to a fairer future of liberty and peace. I speak now as one who feels the world his country, and all who love equal rights his friends. I speak, too, as a citizen of Tennessee. I am here on my own soil; and here I mean to stay and fight this great battle of truth and justice to a triumphant end. Rebellion and slavery shall, by God's good help, no longer pollute our State. Loyal men, whether white or black, shall alone control her destinies; and, when this strife in which we are all engaged is past, I trust, I know, we shall have a better state of things; and shall rejoice that honest labor reaps the fruit of its own industry, and that every man has a fair chance in the race of life.”

ART. VII.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

IN the “Astrology of the Reformation,”* it is Dr. Friedrich’s purpose to show, that Luther wisely availed himself of the popular belief in astrology to promote the Reformation; that he accepted in good faith the prevailing ideas respecting the influence of the stars upon human destiny, and turned them to account in carrying forward his work. Luther’s faith in astrology is shown, not only from numerous passages in his correspondence, but also from the preface to his edition (1527) of the “Proquosticon Propheticum” of John Lichtenburg, a renowned German astrologer. This work was filled with predictions of direful events that would occur in the natural world, as well as to the Church, the papacy, and the Empire.

Why should not Luther have believed, what was so wisely accepted, that even scepticism was constrained to support its ridicule? It is a mistake to suppose, that the increase of scientific knowledge has rendered astrology impossible in this age; that the boundaries between the natural and the supernatural are so well determined that the stars no longer minister to superstition. Astrological almanacs are annually published in England. In America, astrologers advertise in the papers. Many a farmer consults the position of the planets before he sows his seed, or kills his animals. Many a man likes to see the new moon over his right shoulder. Nurses inquire of the stars, before weaning an infant. We are informed that, in this very year, the Vice-roy of Egypt has postponed his intended visit to Europe because the astrologers pronounced it unlucky. Multitudes of men look upon comets with something more than admiration, although the discovery of their periodical times has put an end to any serious belief in their fatal influence.

Why should we wonder that Luther shared in the universal delusion of his times, when scientific men like Cardan and Kepler confessed their faith in the influence of the planets over human impulses? when Tycho Brahe drew horoscopes, and was frightened at the appearance of Halley’s comet? The German emperors, contemporary with Luther, kept astrologers in their service, and consulted them in important undertakings. Charles the Fifth and Catherine De Medicis patronized astrology, and the Vatican admitted its power. “Paul the Third appointed no important sitting of the consistory, undertook no journey, without observing the constellations, and choosing the day which appeared to him recommended by their aspect.”†

* Astrology of the Reformation. By Dr. JOHN FRIEDRICH, Theological Instructor in the University of Munich. Munich. 1864.

† Ranke’s History of the Popes, i. p. 157.

This philosophy of the ruling classes was the religion of the common people. They believed that certain conjunctions of the planets portended misfortunes, storms, floods, epidemic diseases, wars, revolutions. This was Luther's life-long faith. He was an attentive observer of unusual appearances in the natural world. "Within the last four years, how many signs and wonders have we seen in the heavens,—suns, crosses, extraordinary rainbows, and other wonderful things not in the natural course of events; and portending, as reason teaches us, the wrath and judgments of God! If they do not announce the last day, yet tumults and wars that shall change the governments of States, and occasion extreme misery to the people." *

In this is nothing censurable. It was the faith of all classes. Our own fathers accepted it. In England the art of astrology was publicly taught and practised more than a century after Luther's death. In 1666 a parliamentary committee consulted a professor of astrology concerning the origin of the great fire in London. There is no evidence that Luther made improper use of the popular superstition, or any use of it different from what any other earnest and intelligent man would have made. Dr. Friedrich's book is written with a strong bias against Luther, but fails to establish his complicity with the authors of the peasants' war, which, it is alleged, originated with the astrologers. That their predictions had a great influence on the popular mind, in connection with the war, is true; and it is also true, that a religious reform was included among the demands of the peasants. But that Luther favored the insurrection is not proved. His tendencies were against it. His sympathies were with the Government, and the higher classes who supported his movement,—a movement which did not penetrate the lower ranks of German society, as is shown by the extensive re-action that soon took place. His feelings were conservative, and he strenuously opposed the peasants' war, and deplored their excesses. It was not for astrological predictions, or the oppressions of peasants, to originate, or greatly to modify, a religious movement which was already prepared in the history of past ages, and only required a fitting occasion.

Dr. Friedrich's book is the result of careful research among the curious old literature of Germany, and would be an important contribution to the history of the Reformation, if its allegations against the spirit and method of Luther's work were established.

At this stage of theological science, one hardly opens a book upon dogmas with the expectation of finding novelties. The main doctrines of Christianity, rightly or wrongly deduced from the Gospels and the Epistles, were long ago settled; and the great task of modern criticism has been to prove their falsity, or soften their rigor. In noble opposition to the Old-Testament sternness, and the cold intellectualism of Calvin, Wesley undertook the grateful task of developing the social

* Tract on "The Last Day, and the Signs of its Coming."

and emotional nature of believers, and of forming a community that should be held together by the element of love, — an element that played by no means so important a part in the old dispensation as in the new. A Church established upon such a basis was in its origin a pleasing and an edifying spectacle. Its continued growth and prosperity show, that it appealed to a deep-seated want of the human heart, and that it did a great deal to satisfy that want. But it is no less plain, from an examination of the career of Methodism, and from the aspect of the congregations that fill its churches, that it has become a religious sect, with as one-sided a tendency as either Lutheranism or Calvinism. It has ever made too great a demand upon nerve force, to the exclusion of intellectual. The groans and the shouts of the faithful, in conference and revival meetings, will remain a blemish upon the Methodist Church, so long as it indulges in violent appeals to the emotional natures of its communicants, and makes no attempt to supply their exhausted systems with the chalybeate of reason. We believe, that a consciousness of their defects has been impressing itself upon the minds of the thinking men of the denomination, and that the late activity of the leaders, both in America and in Germany, is to be traced to a gradual awakening to a sense of what the age requires.

With this conviction of the merits and defects of Methodism, it has given us great pleasure to greet the really able attempt of Mr. Warren * (formerly a pastor in Boston), to put into the hands of the students under his charge a text-book intended at once to spread abroad juster ideas of the doctrines of his sect, and to educate, as its leaders, a class of ministers who should be more intelligent and better versed in theological science than their predecessors. In a subject so vexed and so uncertain as that of the respective boundaries of ethics and dogmatics, many would find fault with the definition given to systematic theology, and with the sphere assigned to its constituents. "Systematic theology," he says, "is the comprehensive, scientific presentation of the Christian doctrine of God, of man, and of the mutual relation of the two. It embraces: first, Christian dogmatics, which treats of the relation of God to man, and the Christian doctrine of God thence resulting; and, second, Christian ethics, which treats of the relation of man to God, and the Christian doctrine of man thence resulting." A definition commendable for simplicity, rather than capable of rigorous and distinct development, or practical treatment. So the *einheitlich*, or unitary method, consisting in the union of ethics and dogmatics, is an arrangement better suited to oral and informal lectures from the professor's chair, than to a scientific treatise. The two subjects can hardly be mingled without confusion.

It is a remarkable event, not only in theology but in general literature, that an American should write a work in German, and with the

* Systematische Theologie einheitlich behandelt. Von WILLIAM F. WARREN, Doctor und Professor der Theologie. Erste Lieferung Allgemeine Einleitung. Bremen: Verlag des Tractathauses. Zürich: Zeltweg, Nr. 728. Cincinnati, Ohio: Poe & Hitchcock. 1865. 8vo. pp. 186.

successful handling of the language that has attended the effort of Mr. Warren. But our interest in the book is not limited by the novelty of the printed characters. With some defects of style, and a slight tendency to rhetorical exaggeration, it takes high rank as an attempt to introduce scientific theology into Methodistic teaching and preaching. Its tables of works upon doctrines peculiar to the various faiths possess some value; more particularly, those relating to Methodism. It contains a large amount of interesting matter, especially a careful criticism, from the Methodistic stand-point, of the different confessions, and an accurate characterization of them, according to their predominance and principle. Of course no one will be surprised when he sees the various creeds arranged, in respect to development and perfection, as Roman Catholic, Calvinist, Lutheran, and Methodist; and most persons will be unable to join with Mr. Warren in considering the last a complete climax. But, without such a conviction on his part, Mr. Warren's faith would be vain, and the denomination would have lacked this noteworthy attempt to give greater dignity to their cause.

HISTORY AND POLITICS.

"GREECE is the natural home of poetry," says Ampère,* "and, at a former period, I have studied Greek poetry in Greece; but Rome is the land of history, and now I undertake at Rome to write the history of Rome." And no one who has read his work will fail to regret that his premature death has brought it to an end before his original design of carrying the story down to the age of Constantine had been accomplished. It was his intention, also, upon finishing this work, to enter upon another treating of Christian Rome, which his careful investigation, and lucid style, and quick perception of the controlling features in character and art, would have made, we have no doubt, one of the most entertaining and instructive upon the subject, so little understood after all that has been written upon it. The "History of the City of Rome in the Middle Age," by Gregorovius, which we have already reviewed in these pages, was a work of equal industry, and somewhat similar character, although occupied with a wholly different period; but it was deficient in that vivid portraiture and that keen analysis which make the charm of Ampère. With this exception, there is no history of Rome worth reading, written upon the plan of the present work.

It is impossible, of course, in an exhaustive survey of the Roman world, to confine one's attention to the events of which Rome was the centre, or to the men of whom it was the home. To understand Roman history, we must understand the ancient world. Yet a picture so vast as that of the rise and fall of Rome will hardly ever perhaps be painted. Even Gibbon was obliged to content himself with its decline. For the display of learning, the field is too im-

* *L'Histoire Romaine à Rome.* Par J. J. AMPÈRE de l'Académie Française, &c. Tome Quatrième. Paris: Michel Lévy, Frères. 1864.

mense; and for artistic effect, the subject, if we may say so, is too panoramic. But it is possible, as Ampère has shown in a very brilliant way, to sift a great deal of that mass of facts which goes to make up Roman history, to select the leading men, and to indicate the chief causes that made the civilized world revolve at last round a single city, obedient to a single will.

The greatest man in Roman history was Cæsar; the greatest man in modern history, to a Frenchman, is Buonaparte. Between these two men, not merely in their character and purpose, but still more in the circumstances and condition of the time, it has been much the fashion of late to draw a parallel. If it were a matter merely of literary criticism, the subject would not have much interest perhaps, except to that somewhat morbid class of mind that are ever striving to find in the past some proof of the little progress of the present; some confirmation of their glowing theory, that history does but repeat itself. But as involving a political question, affecting not merely the present administration but the whole future government of France and of Europe, the parallel between Cæsar and Buonaparte is a matter of intense interest, which it did not need the sophistry of the present Emperor of France, in his recent political pamphlet, entitled, the "Life of Julius Cæsar," to increase or diffuse.

But this political question is one not easily stated, and the method of its solution is one not easily indicated. To discuss it is to decide upon the tendency of institutions which have long since perished, and the character of men who have long since passed away. The more you consider it, the farther you are from arriving at a just conception even of its scope. But its existence is the necessary result of the historical studies of the time. The creative faculty has given way to the analytic. We do not have history now, but theories of history. As in art, it is not so much what you do as how you do it; so in history, it has come to be not so much matter what your facts are, as how you regard them. You may, indeed, like Niebuhr, re-write whole chapters of early history, or, like Cornewall Lewis, deny that they were ever written at all; but, when you have fairly entered upon fields where you are never without contemporary chronicles, it is impossible to write without feeling yourself guided, as by an unseen hand, to a far-off but definite conclusion. It is thus that many of the historians of Germany insist upon finding in the history of that divided country, all through its worst distractions, one steady, silent tendency to unity. And it is thus that Ampère, living at Rome, and unable to withdraw himself from that ever-present temptation to interpret the monuments of the past, which is one of the embarrassments, if also one of the inspirations, of the modern city, has written the history of Rome, which has lost none of its point, we may add, in his hands. After a vivid portrait of Cato, who, as Sallust said, loved to be, better than to appear, honest, and of whom even Seneca could say, that while some were of the party of Cæsar, and others of Pompey, Cato alone was for the Republic, he terminates the history of the Republic, "For, the senate conquered and Cato dead, to use the pro-

phetic expression of Thiers, *L'empire était fait.*" — " My judgment upon Augustus is that of Macchiavelli and of Montesquieu, of Voltaire and of Gibbon ; but the prejudice of the schools is against me." — " But as for me," he says again, and his words are the protest of the whole liberal party of France, " it is because I am liberal, that I hate evil done in the name of liberty."

Political discussion, however, dignify it, or adorn it, or disguise it, as we will, wearies us at last ; and we turn aside, with a feeling of relief, to those quieter and less irritating subjects which afford opportunity for no more bitter controversies than those of scholars, and for no zeal noisier than that of the antiquary. The *promenade historique* in Sabine Rome, in the time of Numa, and the chapters upon the Campagna and the primitive climate and poetic traditions of Rome, together with the brilliant essays upon the influence of Greek art upon the Roman, so well entitled, " *La Grèce à Rome dans l'Art.*" suggest topics less vexing, and in the end perhaps not less useful, than the *Agrarian Laws*, or the ambition of Cæsar.

It is to the fact, indeed, that his history was written at Rome, that it will owe much of its interest to many persons. For there, within the limits of the city itself, half buried in the ground, or scattered, broken, and confused upon the surface, lie all the memorials of its ancient career. Without going out of Rome, you may trace its architecture from the times of the kings to those of the Republic and the Empire ; and follow the progress and decline of sculpture, from the bronze wolf to the ruins of the Capitol, and from the latter to the bas-reliefs of Constantine's arch. The modern villas also are, to a certain extent, a reproduction of the ancient. Often situated upon the same spot, as the villa of the Medici, which has succeeded to the gardens of Lucullus, and the villas Massimi and Pamphili, which claim the site of those of Sallust and of Galba, there is in all of them the same *mélange* of statues and fountains and verdure which characterize the ancient luxury. *Se promener dans une villa de Rome, c'est se promener dans l'antiquité.* The piquant analogies, indeed, which are ever springing up between Ancient Rome, with its still existing art, and Modern Rome with its still surviving paganism, could not but be full of suggestions to so acute a critic and so quick an observer ; but, in bringing to bear upon them, as he has done, so much careful learning, Ampère has shown himself to be anxious for something more than mere effect.

That the Romans were not as a nation fond of art will hardly be disputed ; yet it is surprising sometimes to find how much Roman art there really was. The temples of the second age of the Republic, if all Greek in their architecture, were almost all Roman in their artists ; and it is a singular fact, that Antiochus Epiphanes, while he imitated at Antioch, with great magnificence, the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, caused a Roman architect to come to Athens, in order to finish the temple of Jupiter Olympius, of which the construction had been interrupted since the time of Pisistratus. The kings of Asia also, it is said, were obliged to employ Roman artists in Greece, in order to

counteract in that country the influence of Rome ; and Ariobarzanes II., King of Cappadocia, summoned Roman architects to Athens to finish the Odeum of Pericles, which had been destroyed in the siege of Sulla. But, besides the Roman, it is in Rome also, in the works of Phidias and Myson and Praxiteles, that you can form an idea of the principal types of Greek art.

Praxiteles, when asked which was the finest of his statues, replied, "The one which Nicias has painted." Whatever doubt may have been once entertained, it is now beyond question, that the Greeks painted their sculpture as they painted their architecture. Traces of painting have been found at Rome, both upon sculptures which may be ascribed to a Greek original, and upon those which are purely Roman. They have been found upon the friezes of the Parthenon, and of the temple at Phigalia; upon the Pallas de Velletri and the Venus d'Arles at Paris; upon the Venus de Medici at Florence, and a statue of Drusus at Naples; upon the Nile, and the pretended Antinous of the Capitol; upon the Colossi of Monte Cavallo, and the Orestes and Electra of the Villa Ludovisi. But, upon the more difficult question of modern painted sculpture, Ampère, with great politeness, avoids expressing any opinion, and wounding anybody's feelings. "We are not agreed," he says, "upon the preference to be given to the painted statues of Mr. Gibson over those which are not painted; but we are all agreed upon the talent which has produced both the one and the other."

The pretence, however, that Raphael found the models of his arabesques for the *loggias* of the Vatican in the Golden House of Nero, into the chambers of which, not then laid open, he descended from above, can hardly be sustained, though the Italian name for arabesques, *grotteschi*, whence, with some change of meaning, our word *grotesque* is derived, seems to indicate that some sort of painting was so named from its original discovery in the *grottos*, as the subterranean chambers were called, in which such mural compositions were found. Raphael had other models in the sculptured arabesques, which he might contemplate without difficulty and by daylight, among the ruins, and which the sculptors of the preceding century had admired and reproduced.

THE important subject of an organization of the national militia is fully and ably discussed in an anonymous pamphlet printed in Boston.* The writer has made the mistake of crowding into it a mass of documents, showing the need of a proper militia system, and making suggestions, — all of them of historical value, no doubt, but making the pamphlet too bulky. It would be more serviceable, would circulate more, and be read more, if these extracts were reduced at least a half, and better arranged under their several heads.

* The Militia of the United States. What it has been. What it should be. Boston: Press of T. R. Marvin & Son, 42, Congress Street. 1864. 8vo. pp. 181

For instance, no dates are given. The reader is left to guess whether a particular statement of defects in the militia organization was made recently, or in the early years of the Government.

The discussion of the subject by the author, which precedes and follows these copious extracts, errs rather, if at all, on the side of brevity. The main point of the argument, which is proved by the testimony of many eminent men, is, that "the radical defect of our militia system, and the primary cause of its failure, was the excess of numbers" (p. 21). To remedy this defect, the author proposes "for Congress, leaving the enrollment as it stands, and fixing upon the fraction they consider adequate, to enact, that one tenth or one eighth, or whatever portion, *shall be trained*, leaving the selection of ages, between eighteen and forty-five, to the discretion of the States, and leaving it also optional with them to increase the number, if their circumstances render it desirable" (p. 99). In order then to create a fit material for an efficient militia, he urges the military education of boys in the public schools. The officers should not be elected. "One of the first articles of the Swiss military system is, '*that the militia is under no circumstances a deliberative body.*'" (p. 107). They should be appointed from educated military men,—appointed, of course, by the State authorities, as prescribed by the Constitution; but all military academies should, he urges, be national, not State, institutions. As for the rank and file, there should be no exemptions except for actual physical disability, and no substitutes allowed.

"To accomplish and maintain the organization, arming, and discipline of the militia, a Federal Militia Staff is needed, and should consist of an assistant attached to each branch of the General Army Staff, devoted exclusively to the militia" (p. 105). Providing arms and equipments, prescribing the mode of instruction, and determining the organization and discipline of the force, completes the duties of the national Government. It then remains for the States to appoint a Board to examine the qualifications of officers, and a State Inspector, to act in concert with the Federal Inspector. Further details are left the States themselves. The author specially recommends a more rigid penal code for the militia, the retention of tried officers in their position as long as possible, and the rule that no commission should be granted above the rank of colonel; the necessity for all these being amply shown.

CRITICISM.

At the beginning of the present century, Alfieri said there were not more than thirty persons in Italy who really read the "Divina Commedia." If that be so, certainly the last thirty or forty years have made ample amends for the neglect,—not in Italy merely, but in Germany and England and France. All over the civilized world, indeed, with the increasing activity of mind which the present century has witnessed in political and moral as well as in scientific investiga-

tion, the remembrance of Dante has been quickened, by the observation of his almost poetic insight, into the causes and means of cure of the evils, and tendencies to evil, which afflict modern society. With the revival of the ideal of nationalities, in Italy and Hungary and Poland, or wherever else discord and oppression weighed heavily upon the hearts of men longing to be free, but ignorant of the fundamental principles of freedom, the reading of Dante has been a spiritual refreshment, an inspiration strong and pure. Now, therefore, when, after six hundred years of war and tumult, after so many triumphs in art, and so much abasement in morals, after such bitter experience of domestic weakness, and such degrading submission to foreign intervention, Italy, awakened and free, feels the throbbing of a new life through all its borders, from the fruitful plains of Lombardy to the rocky passes of the Calabrian Apennines,—it is no wonder that it pauses full of gratitude to celebrate the memory of him who first taught it to look for regeneration in union and for power in peace.

As one of the offerings from a distant land in aid of this magnificent commemoration of the birth of Dante,* Mr. Botta's book will meet with a generous welcome. As a popular exposition, moreover, of the life and the aims, the philosophy and the aspirations, of Dante, it will command general attention, and exert an excellent influence, by its lucid explanations and its sympathetic spirit; for it cannot fail to invite those who know not Dante, if such there be, to a careful study of his works. The obscurity in which, to most readers, the age of Dante is involved, arising from the various factions into which the nation was split, so often changing their objects and spirit without changing their names, is very well cleared up; and the author's remarks upon the Florentine constitution, and the aims of the Papacy as a political power,—opposed by Dante as such, as well as in its claims to spiritual sovereignty,—and upon the disturbances at Florence, which ended in the exile of the poet, are worth a good deal more to the general reader than all the conjectures and sublimities that have been hazarded upon Beatrice and the *Vita Nuova*, and the mystic meaning of both. Literally, writes Dante himself, the poem treats of the state of the spirits after death; but, allegorically, it signifies the present hell in which man does either right or wrong in his pilgrimage on earth. Again, in its historical and political aspects, the poem has two meanings. It describes the face and presfigures the redemption of Italy and the world: for it is not only the despair of his nation and his time, but its hope and its triumph, that Dante sings; showing thereby, not only his immense superiority as a poet, but that higher prophetic power which gives even to human words a saving grace for all ages. But these points are so very well brought out by our author, that we need only refer the reader to his book;

* *Dante as Philosopher, Patriot, and Poet. With an Analysis of the Divina Commedia; its Plot and Episodes.* By VINCENZO BOTTA. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1865.

while we thank him for showing how well Italians can write English when they write to instruct us in the worth of Dante.

WAR has broken out afresh between the English nation and Mr. Ruskin.* We hasten to declare ourselves strictly neutral in this contest, which, by the vigor of its commencement, promises to be both prolonged and desperate. Let us say, however, that Mr. Ruskin, who is certainly the attacking party, has, to our thinking, made a great advance since the days when his wrath was so far expended upon renaissance architects and French painters, dead centuries ago, as to leave nothing more dangerous than sarcasm for the present generation of his countrymen to fear. Having now, as we may presume, finished to his satisfaction his mediæval enemies, he turns in deadly earnest, and with what Mr. Kinglake would call the rapture of instant fight, to the herculean task of taking the conceit out of the noble British people, of which he, if any man is in that respect as in many others, the most exaggerated and undeniably type.

The first onslaught fell upon an innocent thousand or two of the unsuspecting people of Manchester, who, lapped in a fatal security, "dreaming no danger nigh," went calmly up to their Free-trade Hall to hear the distinguished art-critic discourse upon Kings' Treasuries, expecting we know not what entrancing picture of the architectural glories which ought to surround and illumine those golden depositories, and were saluted instead with such a flood of refined and rhetorical cursing as must have left them in much the same state of bewilderment as Oswald's after the objurgation of Kent,—"Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee!"

He adopts, practically, at the outset, Carlyle's estimate of the British population,—"twenty-seven millions, mostly fools;" calls without success for a show of hands to sustain him; gravely assumes, upon this, his audience to be with him, and then goes on with his extraordinary philippic against the "senseless avarice" of that "money-making mob," the English nation; telling many undeniable truths, bitter enough at least to be wholesome, but telling them in such a temper, and with such a sublime mixture of "arrogancy, spleen, and pride," as to neutralize wholly the good effect which, in a more temperate mouth, they could hardly fail of working. His indignation is hot, like that of an angry teamster with a balky horse, and without much more dignity or moral force; and his unmeasured and indiscriminate vituperation recalls his own definition of the feelings of a gentleman or a gentle nation, as contrasted with those of a vulgar person or of a mob. "For as in nothing is a gentleman better to be discerned from a vulgar person, so in nothing is a gentle nation (such nations have been) better to be discerned from a mob than in this,—that their feelings are constant and just, results of due

* *Sesame and Lilies: Two Lectures delivered at Manchester in 1864.* By JOHN RUSKIN. New York: 1865.

contemplation and of equal thought. You can talk a mob into any thing ; its feelings may be,—usually are,—on the whole, generous and right : but it has no foundation for them, no hold of them ; you may tease or tickle it into any, at your pleasure ; it thinks by infection for the most part, catching a passion like a cold, and there is nothing so little that it will not roar itself wild about when the fit is on ; nothing so great but it will forget in an hour when the fit is past. But a gentleman's, or a gentle nation's, passions are just, measured, and continuous.”— p. 41.

The distinction is not amiss, but to accept it is to rule its author out of the category of gentlemen for ever. Mr. Ruskin has no power of moral perspective. His wrath is a *dilettante* wrath, and is excited not so much by what is really base or cruel, as by what is in bad taste. At Venice, in 1850, he was intensely indignant with the Austrians for directing their guns against the palaces which contained the magnificent pictures of Titian and Veronese ; but so little indignant with their beastly tyranny over the Italian people, that he could prepare an elaborate Appendix to the “Stones of Venice,” expressly to defend it. And, in the present volume, he is very nearly as much shocked by the Swiss railways, as by the astounding luxury of a Paris lorette, or the starvation of a family of London workpeople. Lastly, from a moralist so sensitive in matters of social order, what is the significance of passages like these?—

“ Alas ! it is the narrowness, selfishness, minuteness of your sensation that you have to deplore in England at this day ;—sensation which spends itself in bouquets and speeches, in revellings and jumketings, sham-fights and gay puppet-shows, while you can look on and see noble nations murdered, man by man, woman by woman, child by child, without an effort or a tear.”— p. 40. “ Also a great nation, having made up its mind that hanging is quite the wholesomest process for its homicides in general, can yet with mercy distinguish between the degrees of guilt in homicides, and does not yelp like a pack of frost-pinched wolf-cubs on the blood-track of an unhappy crazed boy, or gray-haired clodpate Othello, ‘perplexed in the extreme,’ at the moment that it is sending a minister of the crown to make polite speeches to a man who is bayoneting young girls in their father’s sight, and killing noble youths in cool blood, faster than a country butcher kills lambs in spring.”— p. 45.

This is one of Mr. Ruskin’s illustrations of the advantage of possessing “just, measured, and continuous passions ;” and these words — we hesitate to express what seems too monstrous a suspicion — these words, in an English mouth, can only be meant for Abraham Lincoln, to whom Sir F. Bruce was newly accredited about the time when those lectures were preparing for the press. What is the value of the social and political speculations or criticisms of a man who, at the close of the American Rebellion, still regards the American President as a murderer, and the extinguished Rebel Confederacy as a noble and agonized nation ? What grief is there in the tears he sheds over the sufferings of English proletaires, and the hypocrisy and ava-

rice of English society? Under all the superficial delicacy of taste and sentiment, under all the magnificent farrago of rhetorical display, here shows forth the groundwork of vulgar bigotry, of brutal and stupid prejudice, of real charlatanism, which all the culture and study of a life of elegant leisure have failed to destroy or even to conceal. This is no reformer of social evils, loudly as he may declaim against the folly of the time; no reformer, but a conceited and bilious rhetorician, with a mind of much delicacy and power, and capable, originally, of admirable performance, but ill-balanced, ill-governed, and distorted by vanity and prejudice to a degree that makes it nearly impossible for him now to advocate any good cause, except in a spirit which makes his advocacy a misfortune.

We have been in years past among the warmest of Mr. Ruskin's admirers; and so long as he was content to be simply a writer upon Art, and a critic of artists, no one could be more ready than we to acknowledge the wonderful vigor and eloquence of his writings, the purity of his taste, and the courage and power with which he attacked vulgarity and pretence in all their forms. In respect to Architecture especially, it is hardly too much to say that he has created whatever there is of excellence in the architectural practice of England to-day; and our heartiest wish is, that the architects of our own country would take his lessons to heart in the same spirit of conscientious study with which they have been received by those of London. But, in an evil hour, Mr. Ruskin conceived the notion that he might become a political economist; he who, among all English men of letters, is, beyond doubt, the one most entirely governed by the impulse and passion of the moment, deliberately abandoned the field on which, by common consent, he had gained the first position, to enter upon the discussion of those questions, which, more than all others, demand the cool judgment, the patient and passionless reflection, and the life-long preparatory study, which only men, precisely his opposite in temperament and mental habit, can give. We might adopt his own language, and say, "Such a change is not merely Fall, it is Catastrophe."

✓ 76. A.

Of purely literary essays, we cannot recall any more thoughtful and suggestive than the two which open the very attractive volume of Matthew Arnold,* — that, namely, on "The Function of Criticism," and that on "The Literary Influence of Academies." A poet inferior only to the very best, — the author of what, without much risk, we may call the finest narrative poem in English, "Sohrab and Rustum," — a scholar whose refined appreciation of what is most excellent in the ancient classics is seen in such compositions as "Merope," and the Lectures "On Translating Homer." He impresses us even more as a conscientious and thoughtful critic, devoting himself to the study and illustration of the qualities most needed in English literature at the present day. Of the special topics he treats, several

* *Essays in Criticism.* By Matthew Arnold. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.
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belong to names which refuse to become familiar to the English tongue. De Guérin, brother and sister, Joubert, even Heinrich Heine, to say nothing of Marcus Aurelius and Spinoza, belong to that rank of authors known, not by common fame, but by special and scholarly exposition ; and even of these he rather satisfies our curiosity than stirs it to desire something more. Mr. Arnold is strongly convinced, that the continental mind, especially the French, has qualities which his own countrymen do ill to be ignorant of ; and his particular "mission," as scholar and critic, is to stand as the interpreter of those qualities. We should prefer that a volume of this kind might deal more with the large topics and the world-wide fames in literature. For we feel, that, when we are dealing with minds of the past, our best economy is to deal most with only the rarest and highest minds. But the charm of Mr. Arnold's workmanship is so great, and his quality of thought so exquisite, that we care little for the text, while we are sure of the man. As original essays, quite apart from the titles and topics superscribed, the contents of this volume have a peculiar charm and an independent value.

We have spoken before of Mr. Arnold's Lectures "On Translating Homer," and of his controversy with Professor Newman thereupon.* At that time we had not seen Mr. Newman's reply,† to which Mr. Arnold's "Last Words" were a rejoinder. A careful reading does not convince us that Mr. Newman has made a translation which, *as an English poem*, will take the place, to average readers, of many versions before the public, — some of them of far inferior scholarship and ability. But it does confirm us in the judgment, that, for the unlearned reader, especially if he be a student and content to learn, there is no other book in English that can compare with it in value, as a revelation of many of the most striking and characteristic Homeric qualities. A critic, whom Mr. Newman himself had reviewed severely, pronounced it, without exaggeration, "the most Homeric thing in English." Not that it gives, unless rarely, the flow, the majesty, and the charm which scholars are wont to find in the imperishable Greek ; but that it conveys to the careful reader, as no other book in English does, those qualities which the scholar ascertains by assiduous study, and which *put him in a mental condition* to understand and enjoy the poem itself, or a more liberal version of it. As a further carrying-out of the same powers, the scholar will find the brief essay we have cited extremely interesting, — with enough of polemic spice to pique the mind into attention, while it is crowded with the results of cautious, careful, and conscientious scholarship.

We say this with the more pleasure, because Mr. Newman's version has been treated with most undeserved disparagement and neglect. Forget it, or condemn it, if you will, as a *poem* : it remains, nevertheless,

* See Christian Examiner for May, 1868.

† Homeric Translations, in Theory and Practice. By Francis W. Newman. London : Williams & Norgate. pp. 104.

less, a *study* of the great poem unequalled in its way ; and, perhaps, the best help we can have to an unprejudiced reading of the work itself. For the strange gloss of "stateliness" and "dignity" with which our modern associations insist on clothing the picturesque and vivacious epic, needs removing, quite as much as the film of ignorance that prevents our listening to the words in which it was spoken first. It is no disparagement to what Mr. Arnold has done, by way of poetic elucidation, to say that, on many points where he has crossed Mr. Newman's path, he has decidedly the worst of the encounter.

As to the form of verse or stanza which best fits a version of the Greek hexameter, it is perhaps an idle controversy. Mr. Arnold's brief essays at an English reproduction of it prove as valuable as Mr. Newman's somewhat monotonous and languid cadence. One translator, whose name we are unable to recall, ventures in the Iliad the intricacy of the Spenserian stanza ; which Worsley had found so admirable a medium for the Odyssey. For ourselves, we incline to think that the rhymed fourteen-syllable measure, — the same employed by Chapman, but suffering comparative neglect at the present day, — when cultivated and developed up to the standard of euphony, ease, and strength now demanded, will yet prove the most adequate. If we go beyond careful scholarship or conventional smoothness, and look for the finer poetic qualities, where else shall we find them, even now, as we find them in Chapman ? A model of conventional smoothness and good taste, with considerable of manly force and vigor, we find in Lord Derby's version ; * but, within the few months since it appeared, five new competitors are stated to have entered the field, — pretty good evidence that it is not to be considered as having supplied the want. And yet it may not be too much to say, that, for the average English reader, with average English taste, it is the most satisfactory version that has yet appeared.

Without encumbering himself with hexameters or rhymes, or any of the metrical absurdities which sometimes beguile unwary translators, Lord Derby has wisely adopted that simplest and most useful of all metres, the heroic blank verse. "In the progress of this work," he writes in the preface, "I have been more and more confirmed in the opinion which I expressed at its commencement, that (whatever may be the extent of my own individual failure), if justice is ever to be done to the easy flow and majestic simplicity of the grand old poet, it can only be in the heroic blank verse." His management of this measure evinces much skill and judgment ; and his verse is, except in a few instances, strong, clear, polished, and harmonious. In respect to an almost literal fidelity, he is also entitled to high praise ; and, though the necessities of a translator sometimes compel him to weaken the force of the original by the adoption of a too diffuse style, his sins

* The Iliad of Homer, rendered in English Blank Verse. By Edward, Earl of Derby. New York : Charles Scribner & Co. 2 vols.

in this particular are comparatively few. Much of the spirit and vivacity and homely simplicity of the original have been preserved ; and the language of the translator is uniformly correct and dignified where these characteristics are justified by the original.

It is well that these beautiful and not too costly volumes have done something to nationalize among us the taste for this fascinating study ; but wish that some publisher might feel justified in offering to American readers the advantage of comparing it with Newman's *Iliad*, with Worsley's *Odyssey*, and with some one or more of its five successors in the field.

G. C. M. —

THE author of "*Atalanta in Calydon*,"* by a single effort, has placed himself in the foremost rank of the younger English poets ; and, if the future productions of his pen redeem the promise of his first poem, he will prove himself the undisputed successor of Tennyson and Browning, and their worthy rival. Adopting for his theme a well-known Greek myth, he has treated it with so much power, with such an affluence of imagination, and such a command of the resources of his art, as to make his comparatively brief tragedy one of the most remarkable productions of its class, which, so far as we remember, has been written within the lifetime of this generation. Thoroughly classic in spirit and form, it bears enough of the marks of modern taste and culture to make it welcome even to those who care little for the Greek drama. The story itself is one of the saddest of the Greek fables ; but it is admirably suited to Mr. Swinburne's purpose, and in its development he has shown at once how thoroughly his mind has been saturated with the influence of Grecian literature, and how rich and various are his powers. His imagination is vigorous and healthful ; and, if his diction is sometimes too copious and affluent, it is never weak or commonplace. There are single lines and passages of the most exquisite beauty and finish scattered all through the poem, which linger in the memory long after the reader has closed the volume. Indeed, Mr. Swinburne's skill in versification is scarcely less striking and admirable than the strength of his imagination and the warmth of his fancy. In only one respect is his versification justly open to criticism : the exuberance of his imagination sometimes renders him obscure, by leading him to multiply metaphors and comparisons ; but this obscurity is never, we believe, the result of ambiguity in the mind of the writer, while his verse is always smooth and graceful. From powers of so high an order much may be anticipated ; and we shall look with great interest for Mr. Swinburne's next volume, which we see is already announced as in press.

THE most elegant volume which has issued from the American press during the current year is the new selection of "Gems from

* *Atalanta in Calydon. A Tragedy.* By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Boston : Ticknor & Fields. 1865. 16mo.

Tennyson."* Of the contents of the volume, we need only say that it comprises most of the favorite pieces to which every reader first turns in any selection from Tennyson; and the paper, presswork, and binding are unexceptionable. But the chief attraction is in the engravings, thirty-two in number, which are not only beautiful as pictures, but are real illustrations of the author's meaning. Many, perhaps most, of them, we are glad to say, are by American artists and engravers; while those to which English names are attached have been selected with excellent judgment. Where all the illustrations are so meritorious, it might be difficult to select any for special praise; but we have been particularly struck by those from the pencil of Hennessy, and by a little sea-view by Kensett. In no respect is this book inferior to the best illustrated editions of the poets which have appeared in former years; and the illustrations, we think, are better than we have seen in any similar volume.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGICAL AND RELIGIOUS.

Congregationalism; what it is, whence it is, how it works, why it is better than any other Form of Church Government, and its Consequent Demands. By Henry M. Dexter. Boston: Nichols & Noyes. 8vo. pp. 306.

The Radical Creed; a Discourse. By David A. Wasson, at his Installation as Minister of the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society of Boston. With the Installation Services. Boston: Walker, Fuller, & Co. pp. 40.

Address at the Funeral of Rev. Samuel Abbot Smith. By Thomas Hill; with the Discourse by Rufus P. Stebbins on the Sunday following; and a Sermon by Mr. Smith. Boston: Walker, Fuller, & Co. pp. 32.

The Nation's Sacrifice; Abraham Lincoln. Two Discourses by A. D. Mayo. Cincinnati: Robert Clark & Co. pp. 28.

East and West. By the Same. pp. 33.

Sabbath Psalter; a Selection of Psalms for Public and Family Worship. Compiled by Rev. Henry J. Fox. New York: Carlton & Porter. pp. 236.

Reminiscences, Historical and Biographical, of Sixty-four Years in the Ministry. By Rev. Henry Boehm. New York: Carlton & Porter. 12mo. pp. 493.

HISTORY AND POLITICS.

Life of Michael Angelo, by Hermann Grimm. Translated by Fanny Elizabeth Bunnell. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 558, 519. (A brilliant and enthusiastic sketch of the period and the group of celebrated men famous as the age of Michael Angelo. It is somewhat overcrowded with incident, though generally picturesque and clear; and the translation, while mostly easy and idiomatic, sometimes leaves the author's sense obscure, betraying here and there an ignorance of detail in the translator, which careful editing should remove. It is one of the most beautiful works of the American press, and deserves a more full review, which we hope to give in January.)

* *Gems from Tennyson. With Illustrations by W. J. Hennessy, J. F. Kensett, S. E. Hinge, Jr., F. O. C. Darley, &c., &c.* Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865. 4to.

Thoughts on the Future Civil Policy of America. By John William Draper. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 325. (We are disappointed of the review we hoped to receive of this very valuable and striking book. As a picturesque exhibition of the physical condition of American life, the facts of climate, and of physical as connected with political geography, together with the parallels furnished by other times and lands, it stands alone. In some of its most brilliant passages, such as that on what we owe to Asia (p. 72), and on the career of the Saracens in Europe (pp. 179-198), it forms both a parallel and a sequel to Professor Draper's History of the Intellectual Development of Europe. With its many merits, we think, however, that its value as a discussion of political philosophy is injured by the form and style of Lectures which it adopts.)

The Works of the Right Honorable Edmund Burke. Revised edition. Boston: Little & Brown. (A very convenient and beautiful library edition.) Crown 8vo. Vols. i. ii. pp. 537, 576.

Speeches of John Bright, M.P., on the American Question. With an Introduction by Frank Moore. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 12mo. pp. 278.

POETRY AND FICTION.

Companion Poets for the People. Illustrated.—1. Household Poems. By Henry W. Longfellow. 2. Songs for all Seasons. By Alfred Tennyson. 3. National Lyrics. By John G. Whittier. 4. Lyrics of Life. By Robert Browning. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 16mo. pp. 96. 5. Voices of Nature. By William Cullen Bryant. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Poetry of the Orient. By William Rounseville Alger. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo. pp. 337. (An edition of this work, numbering sixteen hundred copies, was published in 1856. It is now out of print. The present edition is enlarged by considerable new introductory matter, and by over one hundred additional specimens; also by an Appendix, consisting of poems not of an oriental character.)

Works of Charles Dickens; Household edition. Pictures from Italy and American Notes; 2 vols. Also, The Uncommercial Traveller. New York: Sheldon & Co. pp. 285, 318.

My Married Life at Hillside. By Barry Gray. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 12mo. pp. 290.

Denis Donne. By Annie Thomas; Belial. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Standish; a Story of our Day. Boston: Loring.

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An Intellectual Arithmetic, upon the Inductive Method, with an Introduction to Written Arithmetic. By James S. Eaton. Boston: Taggard & Thompson. pp. 176.

Chambers's Encyclopedia; a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People. Vol. vii. Numismatics—Puerperal Mania. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 8vo. pp. 828.

The Tenth and Twelfth Books of the Institutions of Quintilian, with Explanatory Notes. By Henry S. Friezer. pp. 175. **Hand-book of the Steam Engine,** containing all the Rules required for the Right Construction and Management of Engines of every class; with the easy arithmetical solution of those rules, constituting a Key to the Catechism of the Steam Engine. By John Bourne. pp. 474. **On Radiation:** the "Rede" Lecture, delivered before the University of Cambridge. By John Tyndall. pp. 48. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

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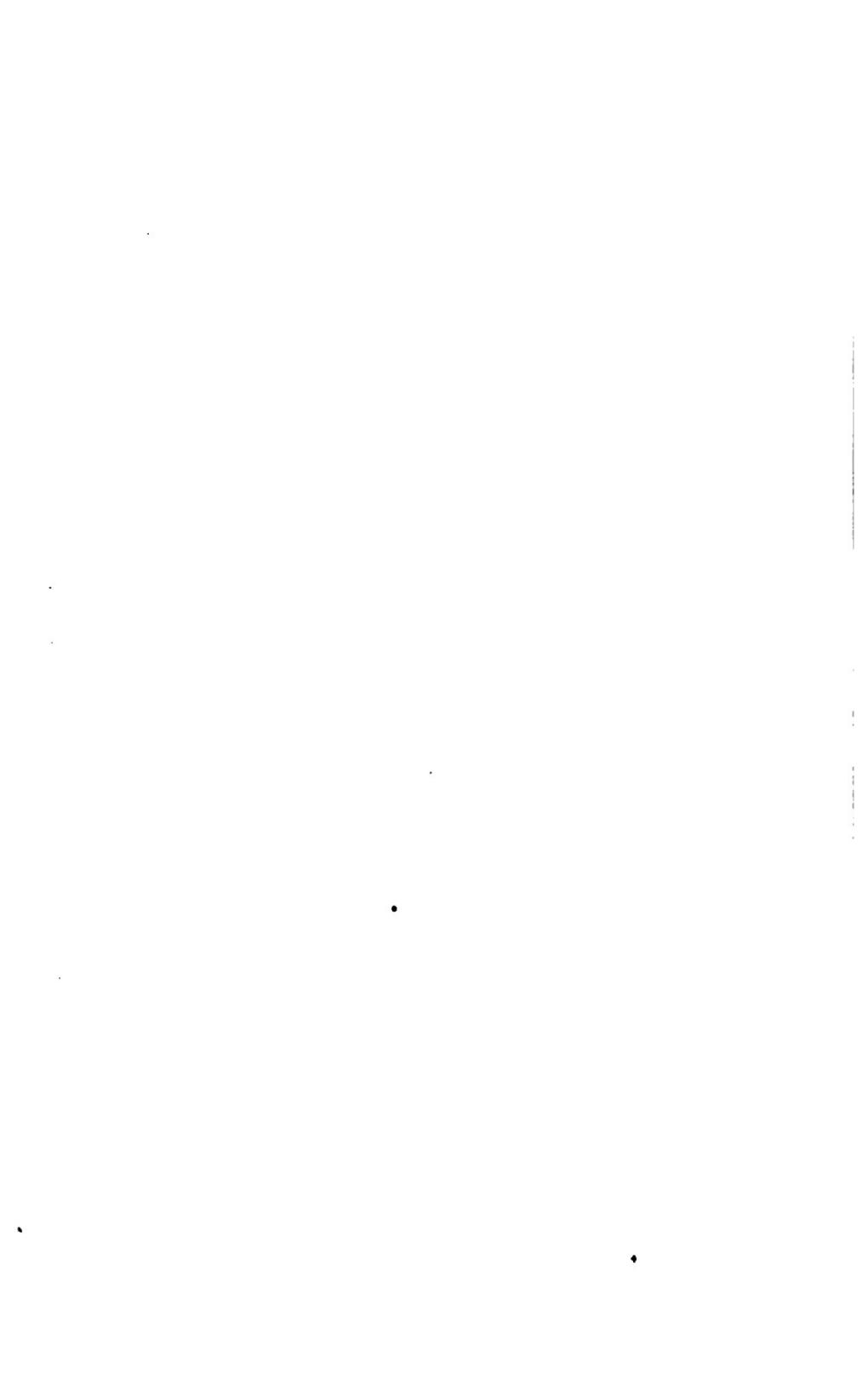
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